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# The Alaskan Churchman

XVII.

JANUARY, 1923 OCT 2 1926

NO. 1



PUBLISHED † QUARTERLY  
AT THERED † DRAGON  
CORDOVA † IN THE  
INTERESTS † OF THE  
CHURCH'S † WORK IN  
† ALASKA †







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**The Alaskan Churchman  
Scriptorium**

**The Red Dragon  
Cordova, Alaska**

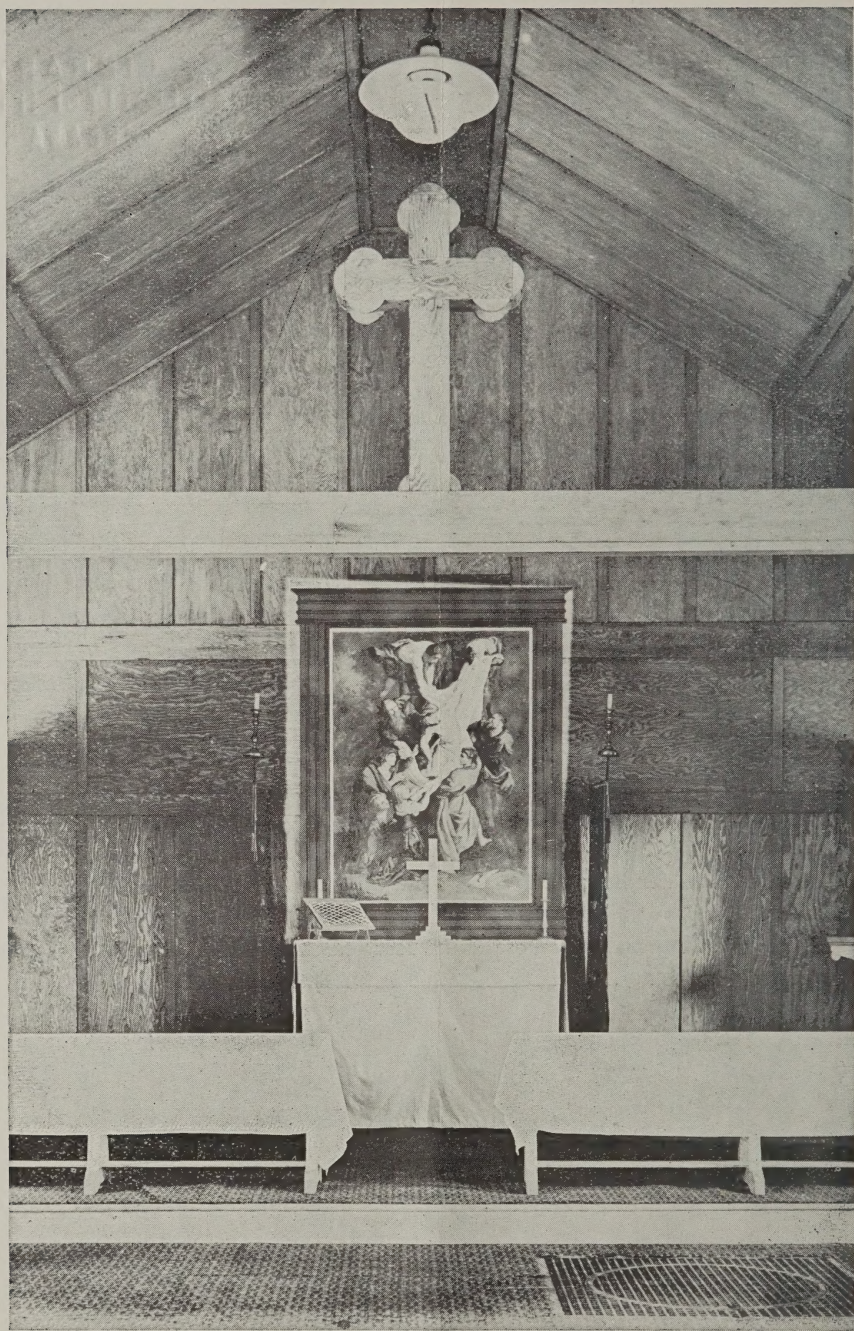


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St. Georges Church,  
Cordova



# The Alaskan Churchman

Founded by Reverend Charles Eugene Betticher, Jr., 1906.

Published Quarterly at the Red Dragon, Cordova, in the Interests of the Church's Work in Alaska.

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Editor and Manager.

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Associate Editor.

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To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

JANUARY, 1923

## From the Mountain Top

The Associate Editor Talks

We have decided that, metaphorically speaking, the place for our Associate Editor is on top of Mount McKinley. Not because our associate is so hard to get along with that we must put him a long way off, but in order that from a great height he may get a broad view of things in general and report to the Churchman the results of his research.—Ed.

### On Mountain Tops in General

There is plenty of precedent for the location of the observer on a mountain-top. Through ages man's ambition has been to reach a summit whence he could look over the whole world for observation. Alaska is a peculiarly favored spot. Amid the busy toil of cities and crowded communities, affairs of local, social, political and business interest becloud one's mental horizon. Here in Alas-

ka we look from a long way off on the world in general. The stagnation from a business standpoint, in which the Territory has rested for many years, permits us to read much. Our location is so isolated that the affairs of many countries pass before us as a panorama. And a proper place from which to view these things is Mt. McKinley. The first mountain of North America, nearly five miles high, whose snowy summit was first conquered by the late Archdeacon Stuck, stands on its wide pedestal and looks down with contempt on such puny hills as Mount Katmai, Drum, St. Elias, Rainier, Whitney, Pikes Peak and other footstools. The Canadian Rockies pale into insignificance before it. Down its glacier-covered sides run riotous streams falling so far at times as to lose coherence and resemble great bodies of billowy mist. It is a good mountain to see things from. If we fail to make correct observations, the observer alone is to blame, for we are above the fog and the snow comes but rarely.

### On the Church in Alaska

The condition of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Alaska is not flourishing. We see good work being done in spots, especially in our Indian schools and hospitals. But in the larger towns, with a few exceptions, things are bad. In some localities where thriving parishes once existed, there are no priests. The people have drifted away, some back to the States; some to other towns in Alaska, leaving but a fraction of the former population. Neat churches and parish houses are left to decay. To other towns, more prosperous, it has been impossible to induce clergymen to come and take charge of the empty churches. It looks to us as though the injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel" were being

construed by our theological graduates to mean, "Go into a soft parish where the people are congenial and the social conditions good, where the salary is ample and the work light, where the prospect for advancement is pleasing and the climate temperate, and there 'worship God in the beauty of holiness.'" For a number of years Alaska has been calling for workers—not theoretical workers, intrigued by the glamor of romantic tales and filled with hazy ideas of placer mining camps and stampedes, look upon Alaska as a story book adventure, but those who honestly desire to work for the Glory of God and the joy of achievement.

#### **On the Political Condition of Alaska**

In the view of a man on top of a mountain the recent speech of Senator Borah, wherein he flays the policy of centralizing all governmental power in the hands of bureaus, is peculiarly applicable to Alaska. The learned Senator from Idaho deplors the taking over of activities formerly looked upon as the province of state regulation by the general Government. Mr. Borah should study the form of government of Alaska for a short time. We venture to say that his recent outburst would be but a mild thing as compared to his later ebullition. Between the Departments of Interior, Agriculture, War, Commerce and their concomitant bureaus, Alaska is almost-governed from a distance of five or six thousand miles by people who have about as much knowledge of its affairs as the ordinary Alaskan has concerning the proper method of governing Liberia.

#### **On Things in General**

But judging from the last two paragraphs it might appear that the top of this mountain is a place where one acquires and nurses a grouch. This is not true. No person who

loves Nature and in whom the spirit of freedom dwells, can long remain cantankerous here. A few hours on skis, rushing with the speed of an aeroplane, and one reaches the foot of the mountain and the pretty town of Anchorage. At Anchorage three thousand people dwell in modern houses with fine stores and business blocks. Here the Government railroad maintains its offices and shops. The local priest in charge has a good parish, his people are active and energetic, and he and his excellent wife find plenty to do in various church activities. The railroad just completed connects the great Interior valley of the Tanana with the coast at Seward, a distance of over six hundred miles. The trip which once took a month or more is now accomplished in less than three days. The contrast in travel between a dog-sled and a modern sleeping car is great. Only a short time ago the chilly traveler crawled out of his sleeping robe to rustle wood for a fire with which to cook his bacon, or, if short of grub, as sometimes occurred, to look up a snowshoe rabbit or porcupine. Imagine the contrast with the present day pioneer on that trail, who wanders forward into the diner and orders his ham and eggs!

And so we go back to the top of our mountain whence the Editor has banished us. When we next bring down the result of our musings, the early spring will be here and we trust that things will look a lot brighter.

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Four hundred subscribers to the Alaskan Churchman have not paid us since the year 1920. Repeated bills have been disregarded and these subscriptions have been cancelled at last. Prompt payment in advance will warrant a regular edition. Are you one of those in arrears?



# The Dragon and It's Day

By KATHERINE WILSON

There are ghosts in the shadowy corners of the Red Dragon. I saw them the other day as I sat before the glowing embers of the wood-fire on the wide and hospitable hearth and watched the flames nod and blink at recollections conjured up by the rector of St. George's, as he told me the story of the place. They are friendly ghosts though some are ragged and unkempt, with eyes bleared from too much looking upon the wine when it was red; and some are gaunt from hunger; and some are bearded giants whose lips hang loose with curses while their hands clench ready for blows. Friendly all, these ghosts, for none ever came into the warmth and light of the Dragon but he was seeking company and cheer. In the old days they lingered there to sleep, to wrangle, to sing, to pray, to fight, while the fire crackled on the hearth and the smoke from a hundred pipes curled into the rough-hewn rafters. Today they linger still, profane and gentle, rugged and weak, proud, abject and alien, in the smooth-ceiled angles of the mellowed room. One glimpses them lurking behind the neat chintz curtains at the windows. One finds hints of them beneath the orderly array of magazines on the great reading-table, the scars in whose grain bespeak their lasting presences. One sees them in the splotches on the polished floor, faint figures grimly eloquent of joyously gory encounters and fistic victories. While at the place where on Sundays the altar was wont to rest, let down by block and tackle from the joists above, pale figures

waver in the falling twilight, dim spectres of thoughts and dreams and happy memories once brought in honor to that holy place. Ghosts, indeed, a rare and motley company!

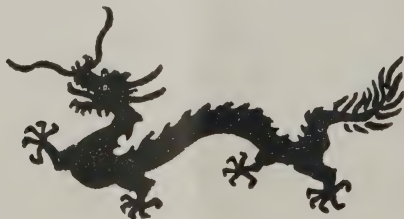
Other times and other manners! The day is past when the Red Dragon, as a frontier mission of the Episcopal Church, served as the amusement rendezvous for as rough and lawless a band as ever filled a beer-mug with twenty-dollar pieces for a sky-pilot. The building of the Copper River and Northwestern Railway, which brought Cordova into existence, and in its train three thousand pick-and-shovel men, lumber-jacks, engineers, dynamiters, surveyers, clerks, adventurers and what-not, has long since been completed. The twenty-six saloons that graced the business street of the town have given way to ladies' specialty shops and fancy groceries. To share the honors with the Red Dragon as a social gathering-place have come the Elks', Eagles' and Masonic Halls, the Northland Club and the Empress Cabaret, not to mention the movie! There is no longer any lack of a decent place for men to gather. There are no longer men to fill such a place. The three thousand workers that floated in with the ties and rails have floated out again, or remained to settle down in homes of their own. The ubiquitous phonograph has vanquished the town piano. And three churches have grown up where none had grown before. The old day of the Dragon is gone. With its crew of wastrels and gentlemen, workers and strays, Indians and dogs, its original mission

has passed. Where once a hundred wayfarers sat in a murk of tobacco-smoke over poker and billiard games, today a dozen young fellows from the railroad offices and a few of the elders about town play chess or solo and read the late magazines. Evenings that once gave occasion to pugilistic bouts and verbal combats, now serve for sociables by the Women's Guild. The Outlook has supplanted the Police Gazette for popular reading, and contributions to the Dragon's support are tendered by personal check on local banks instead of by furtive deposits in the old donation-box.

Times have changed. We pioneer now by electricity to the accompaniment of radio concerts. For the stir of the old frontier days we have substituted jazz. Mr Volstead and Mr. Hays have relieved the missionary of many of his former concerns. Red Dragons have ceased to be red, and, outwardly at least, the riotous are no more.

Who shall say that we have fallen on evil days? Shall it be the ghosts that lurk there in the shadows, peering out with wondering eyes upon the peaceful scene? There is the boy that mushed over fifty miles one night because he "had to get at a piano," played Brahms and Chopin for twenty-four hours at a stretch while the Dragon gentry gathered round en-

thralled, and then with a farewell wave of the hand, mushed back again. And there is the handsome and inebriate Captain, who used to lurch in of evening, abstract a volume of Kipling or Stevenson from the Dragon shelves and lurch out again, and who, after having cut his own throat in a drunken delirium, quoted Patrick Henry with grim humor. And there is the thin and wiry cowboy lad from down Arizona-way, with the marks of the spurs still fresh on his high-heeled boots, who toted wood for the Dragon to pay for a meal, and then sat on the hearth and wrote perfect Alexandrine verse. . . . Shall the ghosts of these find fault with the quietude that has fallen on the place? Shall the roisterers and strays? I think not. For whether or not they knew it, the thing their souls were seeking then through book and pencil and key, through billiard game and fistic bout, is the thing that is here today in the Dragon's twilight. Sincerity, beauty and truth—out of the turbulence of the old days the spirit of these persists. And if sometimes in the colorlessness of ultra-respectability one is moved to lament the passing of more vivid times, there is balm in the knowledge that the essence remains, that vital pigment which, through all the days, tinges with ruddy hue the eternal current of life.







Alaskan Road-house



Cutting Wood at Anvik

# A Northern Potlatch

By W. C. DENNY, Tanana Crossing

To those in the conventional bounds of civilized society the social usages of an Indian potlatch may seem rather strange in contrast. However, the rules, if they may be so called, are none the less binding.

Years, perhaps, of hardship and toil in frozen wastes are represented by a single potlatch, so the people are in reality well aware of the forthcoming event.

Following weighty and lengthy conferences, messengers are sent to the surrounding villages and camps. To be a messenger is indeed an honor for he is dispatched from home amid much singing and beating of drums.

Upon drawing near to a village or camp the messenger stops and fires a suitable salute with his ever-ready Winchester, burning up expensive ammunition with child-like abandon. A delegation conducts the courier to "a cup of tea" which, in the parlance of the land, means all one can eat and often a very generous portion to carry away.

Time is an unknown factor with the native. Therefore, when the proper amount of parleying is over the invited guests gather up their finery and amid a deafening clamor of howling, yapping and dog-barking, the teams are hitched up and the merry jingle of the dog-bells echoes on the clear, frosty air. After the first mad dash of the start is over, the dogs settle down to their regular traveling pace.

Often the guests may travel for several days or even a week, so regular

routine work of the trail is soon taken up. Brief stops are made for "boiling the tea," and when the day's travel is over camps are quickly and skillfully made. The travelers relax around leaping fires for a short time, a few desultory dog-fights are stopped, and the Great Silence of the North reigns.

Dawn sees the brigade on the trail for another day. An early camp will be made but a few miles from the destination. Here the final preparations for the big time in the next few days are made. The gay dresses of the women are brought forth, beaded coats and moccasins are donned and a happily expectant crowd seeks a few hours' rest on the beds of spruce.

At an early hour the visitors pull up to the village—but not to enter; custom requires that an additional invitation be given, so a delegate comes out from the village and delivers the welcoming ovation, a salute is fired by the visitors, which is answered in town by the entertaining Indians. A song in the strange, wild harmony of the Northern Indian is started, and the moosehide drums boom forth a welcome. Thus is a fitting entrance effected.

Preparations for the first big feast have been under way since early morning, the young men and women doing the cooking. Great heaps of frying-pan bread reeking with grease, are stacked up, and piles of choice cuts of moose, caribou and fat mountain sheep. Ducks in battalions, also swan and geese are added, the lowly



porcupine being an additional delicacy. Huge kettles of (bul) blue-berries cooked in moose fat are waiting.

The prospective feasters are wont to pass in and out of the cabins when the cooking is going on, no doubt in contemplation of forthcoming gastronomic delights.

A small boy lustily beating a tom-tom summons the hungry horde into the big cabin, everyone bringing his own dishes and a sack of generous proportions. A new bolt of calico is broken open and spread round in front of the diners, who sit cross-legged on the floor. There the table is set and each family group is entitled to the portion of cloth that is directly in front of it.

Heaps of food are placed before the visitors and hosts. Often this pile of food represents one's social status. It is here that the sacks are brought into use by the happy Indian, who carries home many tempting meals for the future.

The extent of the potlatch is reckoned by the number of days of feasting followed with long speeches by the elders and much singing and dancing at night. The gifts to be presented after the village larder is exhausted, are arrayed where all may see them, lines being stretched on which are suspended the blankets, guns, bolts of calico, clothing, etc.

The final day of the potlatch is the one big event of the affair. Then the last big speech being made and the last songs sung, the man who is either giving or is in charge of the potlatch comes forth with a large white blanket, a suitable speech of presentation is made and the gifts are bestowed.

It is only when one realizes the struggle these natives make in earning

the wherewithal for a potlatch, that one can understand what these gifts mean to the child-like Indian.

The women play an important part, for the seemingly inexhaustible supply of fancy moccasins, winter mittens and mosquito gloves, are the results of long evenings of toil. The fine, soft caribou and moosehide, tanned by the laborious primitive process, make one appreciate the patience with which these people are endowed.

There is no lingering over farewells after the gifts, and one by one the visitors hitch up their dogs and depart. Strange in contrast is the departing. Gone is the finery, for when one goes to a potlatch wearing a finely beaded coat he must give it to one of the entertaining villagers. So back into the nondescript garments of every day life and out on the trail goes a silent, subdued, but intensely happy Indian.



Three Graces



On the Trail



Allakatet



# Trails and Trials

By REV. B. W. GAITHER

That which comes from the heart should go to the heart, and I cannot write of trials without opening my heart to you.

The Church people know something about the trials the missionary must endure. Doubtless the idea of hardship has stuck so hard and fast in some minds that it has received undue emphasis. No one, except the doctor, the lawyer and the minister, wants to hear a fellow prattle about his troubles. I shall not do that, but I want to tell you of our chief limitations and how the resultant trials react upon the character of the missionary to make a better Christian worker.

First it should be said that the worker in Alaska today escapes many of the hardships which the missionaries of the early days had to bear. In those days it was a matter of pitching camp and of rushing into the work which was urgent.

The missionary today is a home maker. He settles down, and the work is regulated much like the general church work in the States. Every opportunity is used to improve working conditions and to install home comforts and labor-saving arrangements, and to beautify the home. Life becomes very livable, and especially so when children come to bless the home.

Today supplies of every description can be imported from Seattle and delivered at river points within a remarkably short time. The quality of the goods shipped is excellent, the Bishop's commissary office attending

to all the business necessary. The theory that eggs and butter in the Yukon must "taste" is fallacious, for waxed eggs and creamery butter from Seattle when kept stored in a good cellar will not acquire the stale flavor during eight months' storage. Vegetables, viz, potatoes and the ordinary root crops, which in many cases are grown by the missionaries, can be stored an equally long time, and with sufficient care even longer. Apples, oranges and lemons will keep for six months, possibly longer with the best of care. In addition there are reliable brands of dried and canned fruits and vegetables to support the other or to meet the possible emergency of a crop failure or a "frozen cellar."

Game abounds in the mountains, so good meats are to be had in plenty in the game belts.

Again, there are many families in the white settlements as well as a goodly number of genial bachelors, and the social contact is delightful, affording ideal diversion. More could be said, but let us proceed with the theme.

Even at best the conditions of living are hard enough. The missionary and his family must of necessity do practically all of the menial work. This, within itself, would not be a point in question, but it raises a difficulty because it demands so large a part of the time and energies of the workers which must be subtracted from the work of teaching, healing and spreading the Gospel.

Again, there arises another difficulty, viz., that of the conflict between

various duties. The sick and suffering must get first attention, preaching the pure word of God second and teaching third, the home and family fourth, correspondence fifth, with studies and other office work rounding out a good half dozen. The administration of Native affairs comes properly under the head of teaching, for through the Native council we are faithfully working to instil the principles of fellowship and the ability to settle differences in this spirit.

Where the zeal to do exists wonders can be accomplished, yet it is impossible to spread oneself out enough to cover all the ground. We try to make a good job of the work in hand and then take up the next in importance. Eventually all departments receive some attention, and progress is made all around, even though it may be at the snail's pace. So long as there is progress we have a safety valve for courage, patience and nerves.

There is a third major difficulty—but so much has been written about this difficulty from every Mission field that I shall only mention it, reserving the right to discuss it in a future article. It is the need of money to develop and expand the social service work.

These conditions, I believe, are attendant upon missionary work, not only at Eagle, but everywhere.

It is good to have these difficulties. We may, like the great missionary, St. Paul, rejoice in our infirmities.

Gold to be purified is subjected to terrific heat; and it was in the white-hot furnace that God walked with His faithful servants.

So the trials of the life and the work take the missionary to God, to depend upon Him as never before. The resultant power that is manifested in the believer is the reaction of

character that makes a better Christian worker.

Now a talk about trails!

Everyone is the better for a vacation—a change of place, and accordingly the missionary stands up better under the demands of the work if he refreshes the body and spirit and rests the mind by an occasional “dog mush” or a hunting trip, or by camping in the hills.

In the summer with pack, knife and gun, over niggerhead flats and moss-covered hill tops the way leads one to the haunts of the moose or the caribou and the bear, or if you choose into the high, stern crags where the Bighorn gambols happily.

It is a narrow trail, a trifle wider than a man's foot, and often in the moss it is lost and in the niggerheads it is bewildering and laborious. Creeks and rivers must be forded and many falls may be had on slippery rocks in a swift stream. But it is a good trail for it will take you into the heart of the hills and lead you home again.

But winter comes and the frost king seals the streams and mantles the earth with snow. Over stretches, that in summer were traversed with toil and sweat, the toboggan or sled glides at six miles an hour, and travel on the streams is the easiest of all. The trail may be broken out and hard from frequent use, and the team will “hit it off” at a ten mile clip to work off steam, or perhaps six inches of new snow lies in the trail. Then the musher goes ahead on snowshoes, breaking the trail, and the dogs trot gaily in his wake, apparently enjoying the joke hugely.

Instead of leaving home it is better to take the home along. So into the big basket sleigh go robes, pillows and carbon stones, then the home in several distinct personalities, and more robes on top.



Over the hill and far away,  
With a skookum team and an elegant  
sleigh.

Goodbye little house! You look for-  
lorn.

Sit tight Little Home! Mush on.  
Mush on.

Vacation! Now we will have one.  
About thirty miles apart are com-  
fortable claims where the mail carrier  
stops. But we are under no contract,  
neither bound by schedule. We will  
stop wherever it best suits our fancy.  
Everything necessary to fitting out  
the new home is on the sleigh. It  
matters not where we go we will be  
at home every night.

Joyce Kilmer has said something  
about this kind of vacation and has  
said it very grandly:

"If you call the Gypsy a vagabond  
I think you do him wrong,  
For he never goes a traveling but he  
takes his home along,  
And the only reason a road is good, as  
every wanderer knows,  
Is just because of the homes, the  
homes, the homes to which it goes.

Yes, the trails are all good. God  
bless men who made the trails.

The Natives call the Christian life  
"The White Trail." God grant us  
grace to help them—one and all, white  
and Native—to "mush" the white trail  
and to go, in the concluding words of  
Kilmer's poem to "the golden town  
where golden houses are."

Blessed is He who made "The White  
Trail."



A Bus Corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty Second Street,  
North of 68°

# Impressions of Kodiak

How can I find on adequate simile for the Alaskan coast? Superlatives fail; statistics and dimensions weary. Yet I must not confess entire impotence. Imagine the Bernese Oberland stretched out along the ocean; the Hebrides, the Balearic Islands, Corsica, Sardinia, and Mt. Desert, scattered off-shore a few miles, with one island larger than Switzerland guarding the approach; glaciers almost beyond counting, beside which the Mer de Glace is insignificant, slipping down to salt water; the Black Forest spread over half the landscape; bear and deer peering out at the passing boats, and millions of salmon disporting themselves within reach. Take away all the ancient historical associations, leave the vastly larger part apparently untouched by man; multiply by ten, and drop a few bright, enterprising, American towns and three or four 18th century Russian settlements as salient points. If your fancy can paint such a picture, you will have a shadowy notion of what we have been seeing from the decks of the S. S. Admiral Evans, these August days. I have made many voyages; but this is the most wonderful of all.

I am writing in the harbor of Kodiak, the chief town of Kodiak Island. We entered Saturday evening at sunset; and all the bells of the ancient Russian church chimed out a welcome to us. Scattered along the shore are Indian cabins; further back are shops, a tiny inn, bright, attractive homes, freshly painted, an ample schoolhouse. On the hillside is the Government Agricultural Experiment Station; fur-

ther along a big cannery puts up salmon and herring; and on a little island guarding the harbor mouth stands a great Government wireless station, with its dependencies. Not far out of town is one of the few cattle and sheep ranches of Alaska. There should be many more, for here we are in the latitude of Aberdeen, and the winters are much milder than in Idaho or New Hampshire. One is conscious of a feeling of remoteness, however. This is a far frontier indeed. And last evening, when I entered the little church for the service of the Eve of Sunday, it was like something unreal, visionary,—a transplanted bit of that old Russia which, with all its faults, was Holy Russia still, and shall be Holy Russia again, please God, once the Red Horror has passed.

The Church is wooden, built in 1793; bright with ikons, some of real artistic merit. Before the ikonostasis stood the venerable priest who has been in Kodiak almost all his active life; and half the village was assembled, men on one side, women on the other, to join in the office. The choir was a male trio, apparently all of Aleutian blood, and with really magnificent voices, who sang the glorious Russian music superbly, though by ear. Indeed, one of them seemed to know the Psalms and the long antiphons and responses by heart, and put his prayer-book in his pocket. Mingling with their voices could be heard the flute-like notes of the children, and one or two soaring sopranos from older women. I tried in vain to think of a country church at home where, even on Sunday, there would have



been music at all approaching the dignity the artistry, the harmony of this. My Slavonic is limited to a few phrases, which it was pleasant to recognize recurrent in the psalmody. But, after a little, I turned to regard the children. Dainty, prettily dressed, reverently attentive, answering duly, they were very models of good little girls and boys. The youngest, perhaps seven, in white, showing in her features several strains of racial admixture, was really lovely as she knelt, stood, prostrated herself, with the complicated triple signing which the Orthodox use, nor ever looked around in momentary distraction. There was no sermon; but the service, with its much incense, its many lights, the oft-repeated opening and shutting of the Holy Doors lasted two hours, the congregation standing or kneeling all that time with unflagging attention. Surely the eldest Sister of the Christian family has something to teach the rest of us yet.

This is our outermost point; from here we begin the return to Seattle. So it seems the natural place to begin record of impressions such I have shared with the readers of these columns after many journeys. (I am our from reference books of any sort and word-of-mouth information is rather uncertain, so I will not guarantee dates or figures as more than approximately accurate). This huge island, Kodiak, has never yet been explored interiorly, though hunters penetrate its fastnesses sometimes, searching for the great Kodiak bear, mightiest beast on our continent. A few isolated salmon canneries are sheltered in coves, like Alinak, where we spent today taking on ten thousand cases of salmon. But hour after hour the mountainous shores slip past, empty, forbidding—nay, menacing, since reefs project far out and these waters are

none too well charted. Kodiak, the one village, has less than a thousand people at its busiest. Afognak, the next island, was a Russian penal settlement, receptacle of criminals for whom Siberia was too mild a place for exile but it is inaccessible to large boats, so we see little of it. Here in Kodiak there are Russians of the old stock, Aleuts, Scandinavians, Chinese, who work in the canneries during the season and return to Seattle at its end, Americans from "Outside," and mestizos of every possible genealogical permutation. The little inn is thronged with prospectors, waiting to get round the end of the island over to the newly reported oil fields of Cold Bay; and there is much discussion of formations, seepage, and the financial outlook, as the neat Indian maids serve excellent food. The village school has less than one hundred and thirty pupils, and three teachers, and the visitor is struck by the careful enunciation of the children, many of whom speak Russian at home and learn English as if it were a foreign tongue, painstakingly and grammatically. The Orthodox church is the only one in the village; but on the island just outside, where the Government radio station is placed, the Baptists have an orphanage where about fifty Indian children are sheltered.

It will be ten or twelve days before we reach Seattle, our starting point; that makes the whole voyage approach four weeks in time and something like five thousand miles in distance traveled. So, at this ultimate Thule of the journey, I mean to set down some "useful information" for others who may be moved to come this way themselves.

Alaska, as every one knows, has 600,000 square miles of territory—in all of which vastness the total popula-

tion, white, Indian, and Eskimo, is estimated at 50,000, less than half what it was some years ago, and still falling off. The Russians first colonized it, chiefly interested in its furs and fisheries; and America acquired it fifty-five years ago for \$7,000,000, the negotiations being conducted by Wm. H. Seward, then Secretary of State. Seattle is the gateway to Alaska; and two lines of passenger steamers sail regularly from there. The C. P. R. boats from Victoria, B. C., also reach southeastern Alaskan ports. (The Seattle Chamber of Commerce will gladly furnish full information to applicants. I know.) From Seattle it is a week's sailing to Cordova; on to Anchorage and round to Kodiak is another week; a third week brings us back to Ketchikan, the southernmost Alaskan town; and about three days

in British Columbian waters will see us back at our starting point, D. V. The inclusive fare for the whole journey is \$145. The Admiral Evans, on which I write, is clean and comfortable, though rather crowded with seventy-five or eighty first-class passengers; the food is extraordinarily good and, on the whole, well served; and the officers are competent and courteous. During the tourist season all accommodations are engaged long in advance; and most of the cabins have three berths, which means a certain amount of "roughing it" for travelers accustomed to the privacy of single-berth cabins. Cargo is the first consideration, naturally; and the passenger traffic is secondary. But, on the whole, it has been a voyage as enjoyable as wonderful.—Presbyter Ignotus, Living Church, Nov. 25th. 1922.



Reindeer



# Two Woodcuts



By E. P. Ziegler



Alaskan Boanerges



The Cache



# Farthest North College A Success

(Fairbanks Daily News-Miner)

"The opening of this institution, the first of higher learning and technical training in the Northland, is a potent sign of the times. It speaks progress. It tells the world that Alaska is going ahead. It proclaims, in its name, the fact that agriculture and mining are twin resources of this rich domain. It gives denial to the popular fiction that Alaska is a forbidding, frozen upheaval of ice and snow. It emphasizes the real Alaska. It will be a helpful factor in service to Alaska."

The above quotation is the first paragraph of the address delivered by Governor Scott C. Bone at the dedication of the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines September 13, 1922.

Now that the College has been in operation for a period of two months it is interesting to get a close-up view of this "Farthest North" institution and see whether or not it is and will continue to "be a helpful factor in service to Alaska."

It must be kept in mind that people are pretty much the same in all sections of our country; the proportion of pessimists and optimists maintains a fairly constant ratio, radicals and conservatives are limits between which a safe equilibrium is maintained, and for everyone bent on tearing down, two or more are building up. Conscientious critics voiced their opinions, which, from a careful survey of the beginnings of other similar institutions, are found to be identical in all material respects. The date of opening having been determined some contended it would be impossible to open

on time; others were sure no students would attend and still others stoutly maintained the Federal endowment of \$50,000 would not be forthcoming for the year 1922-23. All such prophecies ran the natural course, met with the usual and natural acceptance or rejection, were helpful in a measure and are now no more.

On September 18, the day of opening, six students enrolled. It so happened that President Bunnell expected just about that number and had ordered textbooks and supplies accordingly. This modest beginning was due for a hundred per cent increase, and before the end of the first month, there were twelve students enrolled—one general science; two home economics; eight mining engineering, all Freshmen; and one Agriculture, taking senior class work.

One of the most frequent inquiries is: "How do you get out to the College from Fairbanks?" Well, here is how it is done. Right here in the land so many good people in the States still persist in measuring in terms of Eskimo, igloos, polar bear, dog-teams, snow-shoes, and endless frozen tundra. One gets up in the morning, eats breakfast, goes to the depot, buys a round trip ticket from Fairbanks to the College station, a distance of three miles on the Government Railroad (the charge is 25c) gets on the electric car, "Tanana," leaving at 8:30, and after getting off at "College" on the campus, walks a few hundred yards to the College building, hangs up his hat and coat and goes to the lecture room or the laboratory just the same

as do some several hundred thousand college students in the rest of Uncle Sam's domain. One can return to Fairbanks on the noon car at 12:30, or on the evening car at 4:15.

In this first year the College has one building only, a two story frame structure, fifty-two by eighty-three feet with concrete basement. It is well arranged for handling the various kinds of work necessary. Its heating, electric light and pumping plant occupies a portion of the basement. The service thus far is perfect. The balance of the basement is used for a chemistry and physics laboratory, a shop and living rooms for the engineer. On the next floor are the President's office and the College bookstore. Here also you find the library. It has had a really wonderful beginning. Already it contains many autographed volumes from big men given to the "Farthest North" College because they believe in Colleges and education and progress, and because they can see a future for any section of our country where American enterprise is invading the wilderness and building. The library contains over two thousand bound volumes not many for a library, but a good beginning. In the reading room are all the papers published in the Territory, donated to the College by the publishers. On this floor is the geological and mineralogical laboratory, not a laboratory in name only, but a real work-shop, equipped with the necessary apparatus and specimens. This department has already assembled between nine hundred and a thousand specimens, including the standard educational series. Before the year is over it will have the best collection of Alaska specimens ever assembled, a work when once well done will not have to be repeated every year or so.

The third floor is given over to

Home Economics, the Agricultural and Civil Engineering departments. The assembly room is used for classes in mathematics and for the drafting tables. It is particularly well suited for this work. The agricultural laboratory is well equipped, but of course needs more room inside, and buildings for work that cannot be carried on with the present facilities. Off the foods laboratory is the lunch room, which is one of the College's most appreciated conveniences. Lunches are served at the noon hour from twenty-five to thirty-five cents.

This is a college in the beginning. Its object is to be of real actual service to the people of the Territory. A short course in mining began November 6. It will run for a period of ten weeks, at the end of which time the same work will be repeated for the convenience of those who are unable to take the work now. The Farmers' Short Course, to cover eight weeks, begins January, and a Short Course in Home Economics, covering a period of twelve weeks, begins February fifth.

There was some alarm expressed when so many of the Fairbanks High School students left for the States to attend College. There is no occasion for either alarm or worry. The College will admit them to advanced standing upon their return, if they are found to be prepared. It won't discriminate against them, although it is unfortunate that they are missing the great opportunity of having what is equivalent of individual attention, so much needed by the average Freshman.

It is interesting to note that two of the students, the McCombe boys, are from Dorval, Quebec. They heard of the college when in Vancouver and lost no time in hurrying North. It is a safe prediction that as soon as the work of the college is known, for

every one who hurries away to attend college two will be hurrying here to avail themselves of the exceptional advantages afforded.

The College is going to have a phenomenal growth. With the exception of one only, all the members of the present graduating class of the Fairbanks High School are planning to attend the "Farthest North" College next year. Without question as soon as funds are provided and the necessary buildings are constructed, students will come from all parts of the Territory, as well as from the States.

President Bunnell believes that everything the student requires should be furnished him as near cost as possible. The College book store is handled on this plan, and as soon as a dormitory is constructed it is ex-

pected the same policy will be maintained in boarding and housing students. With adequate facilities President Bunnell points out that at least a hundred miners and prospectors could take the short course in mining, have all the advantages the college can afford, and at an expense far below what it now costs to live in a cabin in town.

Not unlike other institutions of its kind the rapidity of its growth will be gauged to a certain extent by the amount of funds available for its maintenance. Two additional buildings are of vital necessity next year; one a School of Mines building to make space in the present building available for other purposes and the other a dormitory. The building program of course should include a library and a gymnasium.



An Alaska Cabbage Patch





Hunters Starting Out



Four Little Ones

# NOTES



## ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, KETCHIKAN

REV. R. C. JENKINS, D. D.

Priest-in-Charge

Many interesting services have been held in St. John's Church recently which deserve special mention, and the church on these occasions was well filled; in several instances benches and chairs had to be brought in to accommodate the crowd. The church seats comfortably three hundred people, but for special occasions it is not large enough.

The Union Thanksgiving service was well attended, and the offering of \$65.50 given to the "Arthur Yates Memorial Hospital."

After that came the interesting Christmas programs of both the Indian and white Sunday schools. The Japanese children attend the white Sunday school. Then came the Christmas Day services, when the Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 and 11 a. m. The church was beautifully decorated for the Christmas season.

A largely attended service was held on Sunday evening, December 31st. when the Masonic Lodge attended in a body. At all these special services the vested choir rendered excellent music.

Dr. Jenkins has been Chaplain of the Ketchikan Masonic Lodge during the past two years, and has been appointed again for this year. He is also Chaplain of the Elks' Lodge.

A large Indian watch night service was held commencing 11 p. m. on the last night of the old year, and ending at 1 a. m. in the New Year. It was most impressive to see and to hear

about 150 Indians thanking God for His goodness unto them during the old year, and invoking His blessing upon them and the Church in 1923.

A goodly number of white people were also present at this service.

The missionary work in Ketchikan among the whites, Japanese and other nationalities is very encouraging and none of it is neglected, for the church is for all, still Dr. Jenkins' whole heart and soul is in the Indian work. The Indians love the Church, the Gospel, and are reverent and devoted in worship. He ministers to the Teimshian and Thlinket tribes, and although at one time savages, enemies, and killing one another, are now under the power of the Gospel living in peace and harmony and worshipping in the same church.

Dr. Jenkins willingly gave the Church on Sunday evening, January 14th, for the use of the Indian choir of the Metlakatla Christian Church, when they rendered a beautiful Christmas Cantata. The Church was packed to overflowing with hardly standing room. All nationalities came to hear them, and the offering for the evening went to the above choir, with grateful hearts for their excellent music. They all had splendid voices. Surely God has done much for the Metlakatla Indians, first through the Church of England, who gave them Father Duncan, and through our American Episcopal Church later. The history of these people is very interesting; how Father Duncan labored among them, first in Metlakatla, B. C., and later established themselves on an island 15

miles from Ketchikan, built the town, church and school, and named it Metlakatla, after the town in B. C.

The Metlakatla Christian Church is Father Duncan's old church. During Bishop Rowe's last visit here, he went there to examine and to baptize candidates for baptism, and on that occasion administered the Holy Communion to over one hundred communicants. The Bishop gives licenses to the elders to carry on, and to conduct the services in Father Duncan's old way until conditions straighten themselves, and something permanent can be done for them.

Dr. Jenkins was privileged to attend Father Duncan's funeral on September 1st, 1918, and to take part in that solemn service. In order to show our readers what our Church is doing for the Indians, we give the program in full as rendered by the Indian Metlakatla Christian Church choir, in St. John's Church on Sunday evening, January 14th. The choir-master and all taking part are Indians, no whites.

### PROGRAM

"Glory to God," a Christmas Cantata by E. K. Heyser, to be rendered by the choir of the Metlakatla Christian Church. Forty voices, with orchestral accompaniment, under direction of B. A. Haldane, choir-master.

1. Prelude ..... Orchestra
2. "Sing, O Heaven" .....  
..... Choir and Women's Chorus
3. "Every Valley" ..... Soprano Solo  
Mrs. Martha Ridley
4. "O Thou That Tellest" .....  
..... Choir and Women's Chorus
5. "He Shall Come Down Like  
Rain" ..... Duet  
Mrs. Martha Ridley  
Miss Lillian Hudson
6. "He Shall Reign" ..... Choir  
Intermission

7. "Night Over Judea" .....  
..... Soprano Solo and Choir
8. "Glory to God" .....  
..... Mixed Chorus and Choir
9. "We Come" ..... Choir
10. "Sleep, Holy Babe," .....  
Baritone Solo with Mixed Quartet  
Obligato. Messrs. Walter Calvert, Will Lang, Winifred Haldane, Mrs. Martha Ridley and Miss Lillian Hudson.
11. "Mortals, Awake" — Final Chorus  
All the names on the program resemble English, because it was Father Duncan who gave each family their name and surname when he established work among them.

R. C. JENKINS.

### HOLY TRINITY CATHEDRAL Juneau, Alaska

Two years since my return to Alaska! How rapidly the time passes when we are busy—and every one seem to be busy in the North. As one looks backward over a period of considerable length there are few landmarks of time few outstanding events which seem deserving of a place in the memory. Yet there is no time in Alaska when life seem to drag, a monotonous routine of daily duties. Every one in this country has a purpose in view, a reason for being here—he would not stay were it not so. There are no "home ties" or childhood associations to prevent one from leaving. Perhaps the greatest element in the "lure of the North" is this very thing—the possibility of leaving when there is no longer a desire to remain in the country.

Two years have made very little change in the outward appearance of Juneau, but the change in personnel has been great. There is a nucleus, a substratum of comparatively permanent residents; but a very large



percentage of the population is composed of transients—two years being the usual term of residence. This constant change of personnel is more noticeable in the Church than elsewhere. It is discouraging to have to say goodbye to those who have closely identified themselves with the life of the parish, and to find that a certain line of activity must be given up because of lack of leaders, or workers in that particular line. But it has its compensations. It is always a pleasure to meet new people and to welcome them into the Church's family. They come from every country on the globe, and from all kinds of parishes and missions—"High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, and no church." Sometimes to enter heartily into the life of the Church of their temporary abode, to minister to others; sometimes to be ministered unto; sometimes as visitors, ships that pass in the night. On the whole, the office of a clergyman in Alaska is largely that of a "Chaplain-at-large," serving the whole Church. Such work is necessarily transitory, and shows little permanent results.

There is, however, an element of permanency in the work. "Here have we no continuing city" may be said with a considerable degree of literalness of the whole world today; and we must learn how to use the few years of sojourn in a profitable manner. So in Alaska we learn to be opportunists; but also try to lay permanent foundations. Our Church School work is not large—the number of children in Juneau in proportion to the adult population is very small. But we maintain the standard curriculum, the use of the Christian Nurture Series, so our pupils will be able to take their proper places in school work when they go elsewhere.

The lack of a Parish House has greatly handicapped the work among the children and young people. For years the basement of the Church has been under course of improvement, and gradually it is becoming habitable. Two coats of kalsomine on the cement blocks have given it quite a cheerful appearance. Last spring a partition was put in, making two good dressing rooms and a lavatory was added. A new floor is needed; but the young people found that by using a liberal amount of powdered borax the old one could be used very well for dancing. Recently a good pool table was donated by a faithful member of the Cathedral, and the boys find it very pleasant amusement for rainy days and nights.

We had a very joyous Christmas. The children's service was, as usual, a great event for the little ones—and some of the "old children" seemed also to enjoy it very much. A generous amount of spruce and hemlock artistically arranged made the basement look very pretty, and a large spruce tree beautifully decorated gave the interior a very bright and pleasing appearance for the children's service. Needless to say, the children all were made very happy.

The Midnight Mass was a service long to be remembered. A well trained choir of sixteen voices sang the full choral service in a very devout and inspiring manner. "Santa Claus" and his cult may be very popular as a Christmas observance, but judging from the size and character of the congregation, the Christmas Mass has not lost its place in the hearts of the people. Representatives of all religious bodies, clerical and lay, Protestant and Catholic were present to offer their homage to the Christ Child. "What a beautiful and inspiring service" was heard on all sides.

The midday service at Douglas was also well attended. To the tourist Douglas and Treadwell present the appearance of deserted villages. Yet St. Luke's Church has a small band of faithful and loyal communicants who have never allowed their interest to lag. In spite of the decreased population, and financial reverses, the weekly congregations are nearly as large as when the towns were most prosperous, and the Treasurer's Annual Report for 1922 is as satisfactory as any in the history of the Mission.

The work in Juneau has been more satisfactory the past year than was expected. Last winter the financial outlook was not good, and there was a feeling of despondency quite prevalent throughout the whole town. Many people were leaving for greener pastures, and the prospect for an active year in the Church was not bright. But the Alaskan spirit is not easily conquered, and we weathered the storm; and the Church work was more encouraging in every way than during the previous year.

The Ladies' Guild has had a very successful year, and closed its books with a substantial balance in the treasury. The financial part of its work, however, is only one line of its endeavors. Making new members feel at home in the Church; calling on new arrivals in town, and adding to the social life of the parish—these have been duties well performed. The poor have not been forgotten; and the sick have been cheered by visits and flowers sent with the Guild's message of interest and sympathy. The Guild has also provided for an orphan of the Near East, for one year.

This winter there is a hopeful spirit predominant in business circles, and that reflects cheerfulness all around. We have lost some devout and faithful

people from the Cathedral—we shall miss them! But many new faces are to be seen in the congregation, and we anticipate a live and happy year in the Church's work.

CHARLES E. RICE.

#### ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, Cordova

The annual Bazaar given by the Women's Guild was held on the evening of November 25th. It was successful in every way, receipts being \$430. This affair represents the diligent and untiring efforts of a dozen earnest and devoted women. The proceeds will go toward the running expenses of the Church and Red Dragon Club House.

The Red Dragon Club House is now open every day and evening from 2:30 to 10 p. m. Although it is not patronized as in past years, one will find a goodly number of men and boys enjoying its hospitality.

Mr. Frank Foster, the Associate Editor of this magazine was elected at the last election to the Alaskan Legislature. Both Mr. Foster and the Alaskan Legislature are to be congratulated. We shall miss him on his attendance to the session at Juneau.

#### ST PHILLIPS CHURCH

Christmas 1922

Abstract of a sermon delivered by Rev. H. P. Corser, at the unveiling of a new pulpit presented to the Church by Dr. Gordon Smith:

"Sacred to the preaching of God's word." What is the significance of such an inscription? We will be led to one answer to this question by noting certain changes in thought that have come over the more serious minded writers on education. Only a few years ago they were prone to over-emphasize the material side of education. It was thought that if you

taught the practical side of education, and also those things which would lead the way to health, the results would be the best possible. It is strange that so many were led by such a doctrine. Has it been found that a sound body insures a sound mind? Hosts of detonsiled, deadnoided young pagans have been found jolly attractive, and yet irresponsible and unreliable. They seem to be lacking in power to do what they should. This is further illustrated in the attitude of the average voter. The average voter has been described as a moron, one whose intellect froze at perhaps the age of 12 or 13. The result is that he has not the power to think out questions of state. He looks at the state as a sort of Alladin's lamp, that can bring forth something out of nothing.

But what has this to do with the preaching of God's word? Before the first Christmas there were great poets and philosophers and the like, but the world was not getting anywhere. Christ promised power to his disciples and there came Pentecost as a result. Peter who had shown himself naturally to be a coward, so much so that the props of all his religion were knocked down by the sneers of a servant girl. After the power came, he could tell all the authorities backed up by the great Roman power where they belonged.

One great proof of the divine claims of Christ is that though not many of the wise were called, that in three centuries the church became so powerful that Constantine, politician as he was, realized that to save the state the church must be a part of the state. The first great message then in the preaching of God's word, is that Christ is the source of power.

What is another? If you place before men an ideal and a wealth, with-

out giving a means of attaining to that end, they are made poorer. The promise is for those who confess Christ before men. There are those who object and say, "I do not believe in magic. What is the use of saying a few words? It is the life that we want." True, but what strengthens life? Hosts of men have vague ideas knocking about to find an entrance out but these ideas have no power until they are put into words. A statement that contains the whole truth and nothing but the truth leads armies, and is more powerful than guns and cannon.

In these days the Christlike spirit is becoming more powerful continually. One social organization gives as a reason for its existence the fact that it backs up the Boy Scout movement, another that it takes care of public playgrounds, and another that it supports a model orphanage. But what has been the result too frequently of this social work? There was only one leper out of ten when healed who returned to give thanks. Social worker after social worker has given up exhausted by this power that comes from Christ and confessing him. The second message that comes from Christmas is that confessing Christ is the great channel through which God's power comes.

What is the third? It brings joy. What kind? There is a joy that a small boy has when he teases, there is a joy in running to a fire, there is a thrill in hearing the crash of a burning building, there is a joy in an entertainment that is questionable, there is a joy in the evil, but the preaching of God's word is entirely different. It tells the joy of possession. The meek inherit the earth which is another way of saying that honey catches more than combative bumptiousness. There is a joy in hav-



ing a new nature. The peacemakers, those who make team work possible in state, community, national, and even world life acquire a new nature. They become the children of God. Then after Christmas comes Easter. God's word tells of an eternal life where we have the joy of action, of living, going on through the ages.

We have now seen how God's word is a power, how it opens up to us the source of power, and how it brings joy, and what could be greater than to help to give it unto men?

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**ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION, Ft. Yukon**  
**VENERABLE FRERERICK DRANE,**  
 Archdeacon in Charge

The Celtic Cross marking the grave of the late Archdeacon Stuck was dedicated July 30th. by the Rt. Rev. Isaac O. Stringer, Canadian Bishop of the Yukon Territory. The memorial sermon was preached by Rev. J. H. Moody, the Canadian Priest-in-Charge of the Mission at Rampart House, Y. T. These two clergy of the Canadian Church being in Ft. Yukon at the time awaiting transportation, one to Dawson, the other to his charge up the Porcupine River.

The Cross is a large concrete erection, bearing a brass plate, with this inscription: "Hudson Stuck, D. D., F. R. G. S., First Archdeacon of the Yukon. Nov. 11, 1863—Oct. 10, 1920. Well Done Good and Faithful Servant."

It makes a dignified and fitting memorial to the man, who perhaps next to the great Archdeacon McDonald, the first missionary to these parts and the translator of the Bible, the Prayer Book and the Book of Hymns in the Native language, will always be the greatest name connected with the work of the Church in this section.

The green altar hangings and dor-

sal were dedicated to the memory of Archdeacon Stuck, Sunday, Nov. 5th. This memorial is the work and the gift of the Woman's Auxilliary of St. Stephen's Church. The bead work with which it is embellished is very artistic. This altar cloth, together with the white one as a thank-offering at the time of the signing of the Armistice, form two of the most valuable and ornamental altar pieces of the Church in Alaska.

The hospital while threatened by the washing away of the bank during the past summer, seems to be safe for another year. The action of the river can never be forecasted, but the channel during the latter part of the summer, undoubtedly worked down stream, so that the real cutting is now below the hospital.

Due to the action of the river, the Church had to be moved. The work was done without extra charge for wages by the local congregation. Bishop Stringer of the Canadian Church, took part in the work while awaiting transportation elsewhere. Several of the white men of the community also gave of their services.

The run of salmon on the Yukon and its tributaries was next to nothing this year, as might have been expected. The result of the operation of the canneries is now showing, and proves the wisdom of having them removed, elst the salmon of the interior of Alaska might soon have been a thing of the past. There will be a shortage this year and the dogs, men and natives must depend on game for their dogs this winter. Rabbits are more plentiful and ptarmigan may be plenty. Archdeacon Drane will cut his dog team down to five dogs instead of seven.

What the winter will mean to the natives cannot yet be said. On the lower Yukon they may be able to do

a little fishing through the ice; but the Koyukuk region may be in want. The money that was raised for the Allakalet, in the Koyukuk region,

three years ago, met a vital need and enabled the Mission to keep alive its dependents. This year shift will be made if possible.



Mission Grounds



Double-enders

# Appeals

1. For St. Mark's School, the sum of \$200 as an annual scholarship for ten of the children of this boarding school. These appeals sometimes bring in new scholarships, and we assure our readers that the appeal is urgent. For this past year our expenses amounted to \$10,000 with resources totaling only \$5,000, leaving the balance to be raised by Bishop Rowe. This means an ever-increasing burden on him and the rest of the workers. Send in your scholarships either direct to St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, or mark "Special for St. Mark's, Nenana," and send to the Treasurer of the Missionary Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

2. For Christ's Church Mission School, Anvik. The above appeal should also be applied to the Anvik School, as the needs are the same.

3. At St. Mark's, Nenana. Clothing of all kinds for boys and girls of from three years to fifteen. Quite often we experience a shortage of clothing for the boys and girls entrusted to us at

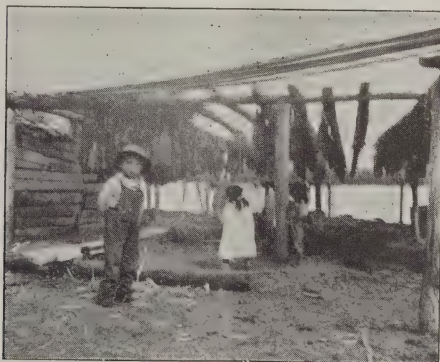
our boarding school. Then when there is clothing to spare, it is possible for us to trade the same to the Natives of the vicinity for such necessities as fresh meat, berries and mocassins, which we must have for the children. The Natives in turn profit, for from us they can thereby obtain better clothing than can possibly be procured at the stores, in exchange for articles that are not always negotiable at the stores.

4. Material for making dresses is also asked for, as the girls at St. Mary's are taught to sew and make their own clothes.

5. Books and magazines are requested for St. Mathew's Magazine Committee, Fairbanks. There is a ready call for all that you can send.

6. Books, subscriptions to magazines for the Red Dragon Club House, Cordova, Alaska.

7. Good colored prints of religious pictures, Seman or Medici prints, books on art with reproductions, for The Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium.



An Interior of a Back Yard



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

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- Asheville—Mrs F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.  
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 Spokane—Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St., Spokane, Wash.  
 Washington—Mrs. F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.  
 Western New York—Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.

## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan postoffices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Anchorage. Other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail.

All points in the Interior receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik re-

ceives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any article which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, The Red Dragon, Cordova, Alaska.

# Directory of Alaskan Workers

## BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office, 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

## ARCHDEACON

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (1915), Fort Yukon, Alaska.

## MISSION STATIONS

**Allakaket**—(P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River) — St. John's-in-the-Wilderness:—  
Deaconess Murial A. Thayer (1921).  
Miss Lossie de Rosset Cotchett (1921).

**Anchorage**—Outlying Camps, Railroad Work, etc.:—  
Rev. Burdette Landsdowne.

**Anvik**—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. Henry H. Chapman.  
Rev. John B. Bentley, assistant (1921).  
Miss Marguerite Bartberger.  
Miss Susan E. Smith (1921).

**Chena**—St. Paul's Chapel:  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Chena Native Village**—St. Barnabas':—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Circle City**—Church of the Heavenly Rest (vacant).

**Cordova**—St. George's Church, Red Dragon Club House and Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium:—  
Rev. Eustace P. Ziegler (1909).

**Chitina**—(Visited from Cordova).

**McCarthy**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Kennecott**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Douglas Island**—St. Luke's Church:—  
(Visited from Juneau).

**Eagle**—St. Paul's Mission:—  
Rev. B. W. Gaither.

**Fairbanks**—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room. Camps visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood. (Vacant).

**Fort Yukon**—St. Stephen's Mission and Church.  
Ven. Fred'k Drane, Priest-in-charge.  
David Wallis, Staff Reader and Interpreter.  
Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital.  
Ernest A. Cook, M. D., (1922)  
Miss E. B. Gunz, R. N., (1920)  
Miss Lillie J. Ames, R. N., (1921)  
Miss Lucy Vigus, R. N., (1922)  
Miss Annie P. Cook, (1922)

**Ketchikan**—St. John's Church, Hospital and School:—  
Rev. Richard C. Jenkins, D. D.  
Miss Barlow.  
Mrs. J. H. Molineux.  
Miss Edith Harper.  
Miss Lillie Julia Ames (1921).

**Juneau**—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—  
Very Rev. Charles Rice, Dean.  
Camps visited: Douglas, Thane and Perseverance.

**Nenana**—St. Mark's Mission (See Tanana Valley Mission).  
Rev. Robert G. Tatum (1921).  
Miss Alice Wright (1914).  
Miss Katherine N. Bridgeman (1921).  
Miss E. M. Nixon (1921).  
Miss B. B. Backnall.

**Nome**—St. Mary's Church. (Vacant).

**Point Hope (Tigara)**—St. Thomas' Mission:—  
Rev. F. W. Goodman.  
Miss Emilie Grunason, R. N.  
Tony Joule, Assistant Teacher.

**Salchaket**—St. Luke's Mission. (Vacant).

**Seward**—St. Peter's Church:—  
Visited from Anchorage.

**Sitka**—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

**Skagway**—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

**Stephen's Village**:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

**Tanana**—St. James' Church. (Vacant).

**Tanana Indian Village**—Mission of Our Saviour:—  
Deaconess Mabel H. Pick.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana Crossing**—St. Timothy's Mission:—  
Rev. Arthur Wright.

**Tanana Valley Mission**—Including Native Missions on the Tanana River; Nenana, Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing:—  
Visited from Nenana.

**Valdez**—Epiphany Church and Everyman's Club House:—  
Visited from Cordova.

**Wrangell**—St. Philip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

**Missionaries on furlough in the States** (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City):—  
Miss E. J. Ridgeway.  
Deaconess Gertrude Sterne.  
Rev. W. A. Thomas.  
Mrs. W. A. Thomas.  
Rev. John W. Chapman, D. D.  
Rev. Edwin Hughes.  
Deaconess Fannie E. Cleaver.  
Rev. Grafton Burke, M. D.  
Deaconess Harriet M. Bedell.

## The Woman's Auxiliary to the Presiding Bishop and Council.

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### OFFICERS OF THE MISSIONARY JURISDICTION OF ALASKA.

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President—Mrs. Lou Smith, Cordova.

Vice President—Mrs. E. L. Harwood, Cordova.

Secretary—Mrs. George Harmon, Cordova.

Treasurer—Mrs. Fred Tracy, Cordova.





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Alaskan Summer

# The Alaskan Churchman

Founded by Reverend Charles Eugene Betticher, Jr., 1906.

Published Quarterly at the Red Dragon, Cordova, in the Interests of the Church's Work in Alaska.

**REV. EUSTACE P. ZIEGLER,**  
Editor

**FRANK H. FOSTER,**  
Associate Editor.

**KENT G. ROBINSON,**  
Business Manager

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1922, at the postoffice at Cordova, Alaska, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

APRIL, JULY, 1923

## Editorial

By **FRANK H. FOSTER**

Alaska has been greatly honored by a visit from the President of the United States; the first President who ever found time to call on us. And not only Mr. Harding, but Secretary Work, Secretary Hoover and Secretary Wallace with many other notable personages, have come and in a brief survey have looked us over to learn something about Alaska at first hand.

And we have looked them over. Many Alaskans never saw a President. He will go forth and tell the people of the United States proper what he thinks of us. His views will have wide and well merited publicity. What we think of him and his party will not matter much as we are few and isolated.

Much to the surprise of some of us we found the President "just folks." A great big thoughtful, brainy man, but withal "just folks;" calm, kindly, eager for information, sweet to his wife and very pleasant and loving in his manner to the children.

And the Secretaries, too, have been a pleasant disappointment. In contrast to our preconceived ideas of statesmen whose massive brows and high foreheads wear the frown of deep meditation; who stalk to and fro showing by their various attitudes that great problems vex their souls; whose words of wisdom drop from their lips in measured cadence, every word a gem of analytical expression. Far from such mistaken conceptions we find Mr. Hoover and Mr. Work plain, ordinary, keen-minded business men, eager to learn, quick to catch a joke and just as anxious to go fishing as any freckle-faced kid you ever saw. Mr. Wallace is a little different. He, too, is keen and clever and anxious to go fishing but in contrast to the bashfulness of Messrs. Hoover and Work he likes to joke with the ladies.

We liked the Presidential party, every one of them. And we hope that next time they come, they can stay long enough to go out with us and get some trout or possibly a brown bear or moose.

Then, too, there were the ladies of the party. Like their husbands they are our kind of people. The "First Lady of the Land" likes ice-cream cones, kids and doughnuts. She is very proud of her big talented husband and seems to like him exceedingly in spite of the many years she has been married. And Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Work are just as sweet and democratic as she is. We have an idea that any one or all of these ladies would like to don overalls and go berry pick-



ing and we have a suspicion that either of them could make a pretty good blueberry pie.

Thank God we live in a country where men and women who dwell in high places have not forgotten the "common touch"; whose Chief Executive is fond of dogs and children and not too proud to shake hands with and talk to a sourdough.

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## Change in Business Management

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Owing to the increased circulation of *The Alaskan Churchman* and the consequent increase in the amount of labor required to get out this publication, it has been necessary to place the business management of the publication in a separate department. Mr. Kent G. Robinson, who has had much experience in handling the circulation and business end of various periodicals has agreed to take this task upon himself and it is with much pleasure that we introduce him to the readers of *The Alaskan Churchman*. All communications with reference to this de-

partment should in future, be addressed to K. G. Robinson, Business Manager, *The Alaskan Churchman*, Cordova, Alaska.

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## Copper-Tints

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A most attractive book of Cordova sketches, sixteen in number, embellished with numerous drawings and woodcuts has made its appearance. This collection of short stories and anecdotes adds materially to the too scant history of Alaska. The collection rings true to the atmosphere and life of the Copper River country, and Cordova is proud of this contribution as coming from its parts.

The author is Katherine Wilson, a Western newspaper and magazine writer, a native of the State of Washington, of pioneer stock, her grandparents on both sides having crossed the plains with ox-teams. Miss Wilson has been in Cordova for the past year and if "Copper Tints" is suggestive of Alaskan color her novel now under way will add greater lustre to the historical and literary contributions of Alaska.



# President Is Acclaimed In Cordova

By KATHERINE WILSON

Precisely on the stroke of ten o'clock yesterday morning, as the bugles on board the Henderson struck up the President's salute, the Chief Executive of the nation appeared on the deck of the Henderson, and then, while the band broke into the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," stood with hat held to breast and head bowed, through the rendering of the national air. On the dock the welcoming committee of citizens stood waiting with bared heads. The ceremony over, the President then walked across the gang-plank and was greeted by the reception committee, with each of whose members he shook hands and chatted cordially for a few moments. The President was alone, Mrs. Harding having remained aboard the Henderson on the advice of her physicians, who deemed the glacier journey too much for her strength. Members of the Cabinet and their wives and secretaries, Dr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Christian, and Admiral and Mrs. Rodman had left the ship and boarded the train just before the President appeared.

After a few moments chat with the reception committee the President, accompanied by the committee and the usual bodyguard of Secret Service men, made his way to the observation car at the end of the train. With great interest and a profound sense of the personal power and dignity of the nation's Chief Executive the gath-

ering of Cordova citizens met to welcome him studied the face and bearing of the man as he passed by. President Harding is a strangely moving and impressive figure. He is graver, sterner, than four years ago when he assumed the highest honor and responsibility in the gift of the nation. Those who saw him again yesterday could not fail to remark the evidence of the weighty burdens that have rested upon him in the past three years of his great incumbency, as revealed in the deeply chisled lines of his strong and powerfully sympathetic face. A man profoundly human, instantly responsive to the touch of emotion, but stoically controlled. Mr. Harding draws to him irresistibly the hearts of the people.

The incidents of the journey to the glacier yesterday were singularly impressive of the fact of what a really democratic people we Americans are. Seated in the observation car of the train the nation's Chief Executive chatted and "swapped" stories with the different groups that from time to time came back from the other cars to meet him, and as casually, unservedly as the most ordinary citizen. Instantly at the touch of his strong, kindly hand, one is put completely at ease, made to forget that this is the President of the most powerful nation in the world, and becomes sensible only of the fact that he is a friend and neighbor. One seems to have known and possessed his friendship

always, to have individual and special claims upon his personal interest. In not another country in the world today is it possible for such a scene to be enacted as that in which the President of the United States sits as any private citizen with other citizens, and talks of the common, everyday affairs of his own and others' lives.

Replying to a regret expressed over the inability of Mrs. Harding to make the glacier journey, Mr. Harding said: "She was more sorry than you that she had to omit it. But Mrs. Harding so loves to meet people, and does it with so much enthusiasm and zest, that she invariably over-reaches her strength. We have had to insist upon her taking a proper rest. But I am sorry you couldn't know her. You'd like her. I like her myself!"

The President remarked that everywhere he went he met men that had at one time or another been newsboys on his paper in Marion. "You know in 1920 there was an organization of former Marion Star newsboys, who worked in the campaign—there were two or three hundred of them. And we find our old boys everywhere. Mrs. Harding remembers them better than I, because in the days when we had to grub for everything that we got, Mrs. Harding worked with me on the paper, and she handled the circulation. So she had charge of the newsboys, and she knew every one."

The glacier did the President due honor by conducting itself in impressive form, roaring and cannonading a salute as the party approached, and giving an exhibition of its vast and mysterious power in several tremendous demonstrations. The day, which had threatened rain, turned out to be an ideal one for a view of the great mass, the gray of the sky bringing out in contrast the vivid green-blue of the riven face. To the constant clicking

of cameras and the grinding of moving picture machines the activities of the glacier, the movements of the party and particularly of the President, were caught on the films. Among the visitors accompanying the party was Theodore M. Edison, of East Orange, New Jersey, son of the famous inventor. Young Mr. Edison was brought forward and introduced to the President, who expressed his pleasure in meeting him and afterwards, when Mr. Edison had moved away, the President turned and called to him, "Mr. Edison, give my regards to your father when you write to him—will you?"

The return journey was begun about one-fifteen o'clock, and as the train was boarded the President mounted to the cab of the engine and drove the train for twenty miles. That the Executive has improved as an engineer since his experience on the Government Railway was evidenced in the entire ease with which the train was brought to a stop—none but a skilled hand being suspected by those on board as having touched the throttle.

A delicious luncheon was served in the dining car by the Copper River and Northwestern Railway Company on the return to town, where the train drew up at the dock at four o'clock. Here an automobile was waiting, and as the President approached it Mrs. Harding appeared on the deck of the Henderson, and crossing the gangplank, joined her husband. To her then Mr. Harding presented the women members of the reception committee, and after a few happy greetings, the Executive and the First Lady were driven off for their view of the town.

Perhaps the most beautiful and touching—and to the President the most pleasing episode of the entire Cordova visit—was that which met



him at the summit of the driveway at the Forestry buildings, where the children of Cordova, grouped on the hillside in the form of a great letter A, broke out at the President's approach in the singing of "Alaska, My Alaska." At but one other town in Alaska had the President seen the children massed, and the sight was beautiful to him. In his address delivered a few moments later from the bandstand at the head of First Street he spoke feelingly of the incident and paid an eloquent tribute to the children of Alaska and to all children, for whom he is known to have a vast affection.

At the bandstand, following a drive through the town, Mr. Harding was introduced to the townspeople by Mayor Council, and as he appeared, smiling and genial, was greeted by prolonged shouts, cheers and waving of hats and hands. "Fellow Americans," he began, and paused. "As the sourdough President I might say, Fellow Alaskans. But I prefer to say, Fellow Americans, for above all else we all are that." Mr. Harding then went on to say with what delight he had viewed all the beauties and wonders that he had seen on his way over the Territory. "But the finest and most beautiful of all the things I have seen was that sight that greeted me just now as I came to the top of the hill and saw your children grouped there in the form of the letter A, and heard them sing the words of their own song, 'My Alaska.' I have seen your wonderful flowers, and they have been beautiful. But after all, the most beautiful flowers in the world are those that bud and blossom in the home. These are the flowers of life. And in them is vested all that makes life precious." The Executive went on to say that he believed profoundly in the future of Alaska, but that that future will be realized and accom-

plished largely by the children of Alaska, by the flowers of that citizenship he beheld today.

Following the President Mayor Council introduced successively Secretaries Work, Wallace and Hoover and Speaker Gillette, of the House of Representatives, who humorously rallied each other on their respective claims upon the "ownership" of Alaska through their Departments, and in turn expressed their delight in the revelations of the Alaskan journey and the great promise in the future of the Territory.

Following the national dignitaries Governor Bone made a brief and felicitous talk, in which he expressed the pleasure of Alaskans in welcoming the Presidential visitors, after which Mr. George C. Hazelet, on behalf of the Chamber of Commerce, presented Mr. Harding with a communication in which the attitude of the Chamber on the various points at issue regarding Alaskan administration was expressed. In this Mr. Hazelet told the President that Cordovans have no grievances; that the recommendations were made in response to his request and in the hope only of being of service. He ended by expressing the pleasure of the Chamber of Commerce in that privilege.

Incidental to the speech-making Mayor Council presented to the President, on behalf of the people of Cordova, a paper-weight of copper glance, artistically inlaid with colorful copper ores, and to the three Secretaries stick-pins of malachite. Mrs. Harding, who occupied a chair beside the President, and who happily responded to an introduction to the crowd gathered about the stand, was presented by Mrs. Council, on behalf of Cordova women, with a beautifully fashioned Attu basket of the finest weave. To her, also the officers of the Camp-fire Girls pre-

sented, through Mary Scott and Verla Greenig as spokesmen, a bar-pin and bouquet of wild-flowers, gifts which Mrs. Harding charmingly accepted.

At the close of the addresses Mr. and Mrs. Harding descended to the street where, standing together, they held a general reception to the townspeople, shaking hands with scores that came forward for the privilege. They then re-entered their automobile and were driven back to the dock, where they went aboard the Transport Henderson.

In the course of the next hour the

Secretaries held open hearings at the Northland Club, where suggestions were heard regarding affairs under administration of the different Departments, after which the Cabinet members also returned to the Henderson, and shortly after five o'clock, under brilliant sunshine, the great Transport slowly drew away from the docks, preceded by one destroyer and followed by another, and while the Navy band played from the forward deck, steamed slowly out of the harbor.—Cordova Daily Times, July 21, 1923.



A Camper's Paradise Near Cordova

# Cordova Makes Suggestions To The President

The recent visit of the President of the United States accompanied by three members of the Cabinet, has called forth many expressions of opinion from various parts of the Territory regarding the wants and needs of Alaska.

A clear and concise statement of what the Cordova Chamber of Commerce conceives to be the most important of these needs, was presented to Mr. Harding. The statement is short and may prove enlightening to some of the readers of The Churchman and we take pleasure in reproducing it.—(Ed.)

## TO THE PRESIDENT:—

In response to your expressed desire for the opinions of Alaskans concerning the present governmental needs of Alaska, we have the honor to submit to you the following brief summary of our attitude, as a body, with respect to the principal points at issue:

### Government

We do not favor the vesting of complete jurisdiction over the whole of Alaska in a single Department of the Government. Realizing that the various proposals for the government of Alaska which have been put forth from time to time have met with opposition, varied in degree as well as in kind, we feel that most Alaskans would more nearly approve a scheme of government along lines similar to that proposed in the so-called Curry Bill, provided that the Development Board, under whose direction all the

various bureaus now operating would be united and co-ordinated, were composed of bona fide resident Alaskans.

### Roads and Trails

To a large extent, the most vital immediate need of Alaska is the building of roads and trails. This need is general, there being hardly any section of the Territory where the extension of such means of transportation is not urgently required. The request heretofore made by the Alaska Road Commission for a million dollars a year for ten years, for the purpose of building a constructive system of roads and trails to form a network over the entire Territory and make the country cohesive, should be granted. Patchwork appropriations, hardly large enough to perform necessary maintenance work, will not suffice. In this connection we have heretofore gone on record, and take this opportunity to reiterate our position to the effect that the provisions of the Federal Highway Act should be extended to Alaska.

### Fisheries

Our attitude on this question has been expressed repeatedly to Congress and to Secretary of Commerce Hoover. We favor the enactment by Congress of laws to regulate the Alaskan fisheries, and specifically the enactment of the bill known as the Substitute for the White Bill, which was drawn in October, 1921, as the result of a conference between Secretary Hoover and the Alaska salmon packers. Failing the adoption of that law by Congress, as a necessary expedient



we favor the establishment of Presidential reservations, although opposed to the principle thereof. Under such reservations, regulations should be promulgated which will permit a maximum pack consistent with the perpetuation of the supply.

#### Mining and Land Laws

We do not favor the enactment of a separate set of mining laws applicable to Alaska. The development of the mineral resources of the Territory would be hindered thereby, because capital would hesitate to invest under a set of mining laws different from those it had been accustomed to work under in the States.

It might be that changes in the land laws could be made that would stimulate and encourage settlement, and anything which would bring about that result is highly desirable. We feel, however, that the rules and regulations of the United States Land Office should be liberalized in order to do away with vexatious delays in the securing of titles. In this connection it undoubtedly would greatly assist the legitimate settler, prospector and mining developer if there were a Deputy Commissioner of the General Land Office assigned to Alaska, with headquarters in the Territory, who could pass on land matters without the necessity of their being referred to Washington, five thousand miles away.

#### Amendments to the Enabling Act

We recommend that two changes be made in the Enabling Act by amendment:

First—Eighty-two per cent of the Indians in Alaska, over the age of twenty-one years, are illiterate. At the recent elections approximately one thousand Indian votes were cast, over twelve per cent of the total voting population of the Territory. It is safe

to say that seventy-five per cent of these Indian votes were cast by persons who could neither read nor write and who had but a slight idea of what or for whom they were voting. Unscrupulous individuals have handled this vote as a unit. An amendment to the Enabling Act should be made, imposing an educational test on all voters.

Second—The First and Third Divisions of the Territory contain over three-fifths of the total population and a much greater proportion of the white residents, excluding the Indians. These two Divisions pay ninety-two per cent of the taxes of the Territory. They are represented in the Territorial Legislature by one-half the total number of Representatives and Senators. We believe that an amendment to the Enabling Act should provide for representation in the Legislature on the basis of population.

#### Shipping

We do not favor the embarkation of the Government in the shipping business in Alaska. The present service is as good as the business conditions and the population of the country warrant. The ships operating in Alaska are adapted to the service and the freight rates are as reasonable as the seasonal traffic and the amount of freight carried permit. There is no volume of freight going out of Alaska, except that furnished by the canneries in the Summer, and the ore shipped by the Kennecott Copper Corporation. Until there is more freight to be carried, another competing steamship line would serve only to force out transportation facilities which we now possess. Ships will go where there is freight to be carried, and until Alaska furnishes a greater outgoing tonnage the establishment of a Government steamship line would, in our opinion, result in a heavy operating

loss, and eventually result in decreased service.

### Aids to Navigation

The growing commercial importance of Alaska necessitates a constructive policy by the Bureau of Lighthouse of the Department of Commerce relative to improvements in aids to navigation at various points in Alaska. In this respect our views have already been communicated to the proper department of the Government, and we recommend the following:

1. Lights and fog signals on Barwell Island and on the South end of Rugged Island, entrance to Resurrection Bay.
2. Light on Cape Junken.
3. Light on Pye Island.
4. Light on Point McKenzie, Cook Inlet.
5. Light and fog signal on Pearl Island.
6. Fog signal at Point Retreat, Lynn Canal.

In this connection we believe that the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Bureau should wire drag the Western part of Prince William Sound, including the main channels of Cook Inlet, Unakwik Inlet, the Northwestern part of the Sound, and all approaching bays and inlets between Perry and Glacier Islands. There should also be a survey and a wire drag of Evans Bay, the East side of Evans Island, and Earlington Passage. There should be a wire drag for a rock reported in 1921 about three or four miles Northwest by North mag. from center of Storey Island, approximately latitude 60 deg. 48 min. North, longitude 147 deg. 47 min. West.

### Colonization

We favor a conservative system of colonization and immigration, provided it is always borne in mind that the colonist on agricultural land in Alas-

ka is limited as to what he can produce, and even more so as to market. In our opinion, colonists should be selected from those nationalities whose native countries have similar climatic conditions, and care should be taken not to encourage a greater number of immigrants than the country will support. It must also be borne in mind that the colonist will probably be compelled to put in a part of his time at some other form of labor, and he should therefore be encouraged to settle near mines or other industrial enterprises. There is an opportunity for the establishment of local fishing enterprises on the colonization plan. Communities of fishermen with their families might be established in many places on the coast, for the purpose of salting and canning various kinds of fish at different seasons of the year.

### The Pribilof Islands Seal Herd

We favor the Government's taking such steps as will protect this herd, a valuable natural resource, from its enemies in the sea, and also from unrestricted killing by pelagic hunting.

In this regard we believe and assert that as a permanent policy the net profits of the Government's operations in connection with the seal herd should be covered into the general fund of the Territory. The Federal Government should not take for itself the entire benefits of the natural resources of the Territory. Otherwise, the Territory can never become self-supporting or readily secure moneys required properly to develop its resources along lines desired by Alaskans.

### Revenues From Natural Resources

The natural resources of Alaska are almost entirely in the hands of the Federal bureaus. They are thereby removed from the taxing power of the

Territory, and the ability of Alaska to raise necessary funds is thus greatly restricted. If this situation is to continue, it would seem but simple justice that the bureaus which collect the revenues from these natural resources should contribute generous proportions thereof to the general fund of the Territory. In this respect we recommend that the amount of moneys received by the Territory from the revenues of the National Forests in Alaska be increased from thirty-five per cent. In addition, we recommend that a percentage of the receipts of the United States Land Office in Alaska be covered into the general fund of the Territory.

#### Game Laws

We believe that the present game laws adequate if properly enforced. Violations of the game laws are rare among Alaskans, especially so among those who live in the hills and to whom the wild game, in many instances, means life. There are violations of the law by alien fishermen along the coast, and especially in

Southeastern Alaska where halibut fishermen slaughter the deer in and out of season. This condition could be remedied by more liberal appropriations for the employment of game wardens and other officers to enforce the law.

#### Alaska Railroad

We heartily favor the building of branch lines and spurs to the Alaska railroad, so that the same can be made of greater use to that section of Alaska which it serves, and be the active force that it was intended to be in developing the latent resources of the Territory.

#### Roads in National Parks

We heartily favor the construction of roads in and adjacent to the National Parks of Alaska, in order to make their wonders and beauties accessible to tourists. Roads in Mount McKinley National Park would bring a great volume of tourist travel, and thereby aid the Government railroad.

Respectfully,

CORDOVA CHAMBER COMMERCE.



A Prospector's Home



# Mission Work In Ketchikan

By ELIZABETH M. MOLINEUX

Ketchikan is the first stopping place in Alaska, after leaving Seattle. A fast boat and no storm makes it in fifty or sixty hours. The scenery between the points is beautiful. On either side is a succession of islands, varying in size from a bare rock, a resting place for gulls to an area of several hundred square miles. All these larger islands are densely wooded and in most of them the shore line rises rocky and precipitous.

The narrow channels are deep and still; the feeding grounds of halibut and salmon. The water is darker in color than that of the other oceans, or of the Pacific in other parts.

The first place sighted is the village of Saxman with its ruined houses and pretty outlook. Then the town of Ketchikan, where you land on wooden streets and still see the water under your feet as you go around the town. The town is built on the sea-shore on piles. There are no sandy beaches here, which is rather a disappointment, if you look forward to sea bathing. But it is too cold for that even if we had the beaches.

The climate is variable but it rarely gets too hot. The early darkness, in winter, makes the long days of summer a pleasant change.

Ketchikan is on the island, Revillagigedo, and the isolation gives chance for one's mentality to range out in many directions and the Indians make a problem for that same mentality to solve.

There are two places adjoining here where there are a good many people,

adults and children, who belong to the Church and whom we help at Christmas time. The larger settlement is Metlakatla. A great many of the people come here for help and advice and to trade baskets for clothing and many other things. Loring, a little village on this same island, is the second place. There are about twelve children, all of whom have been baptized in St. John's Church at Ketchikan.

Quite a number of the Metlakatla Indians are also baptized and confirmed in St. John's. When Bishop Rowe paid a visit there the last time, he baptized forty-two and confirmed two. A most wonderful sight to see.

Fred Benson, one of the young men there, is a very earnest and good young man and the Bishop is looking towards him for the ministry. At present there is a lady missionary there, Mrs. Minthorn, widow of the late Dr. Minthorn, who was a great friend of the Indian and was with Mr. Duncan for many years. This is provided for by the Duncan fund as well as Fred Benson's support. He is in charge of the congregation, assisted by twelve elders.

## Church

The Mission work of the Church is three-fold: Spiritual, physical and mental or educational. First on the list is St. John's Church which was built by the Reverend Thomas Jenkins, now of St. David's Church, Portland, Oregon. This church is a very pretty and churchly edifice. It has several memorials, a font, Bishop's chair

and stool, Eucharistic candlesticks and Litany desk. As the population is a floating one, the number of communicants varies. But the membership averages one hundred for white people and over two hundred for Indians. There is a mixed vested choir, a good organ and several Indian men are members of the choir.

The sittings are divided among the white people and the Indians. The Indians sit on the Gospel side and the white people on the Epistle side. The Indians are naturally reverent and dignified toward Holy things and they like to come to church. In the winter when they are not working, they take up religious meetings for recreation. All the Indians like to have their children baptized, consequently, there are many baptisms. A great many of these little ones die and then again some live to grow up but are not strong physically. "As brave as an Indian" or "as strong as an Indian" does not apply in this case.

#### Sunday School

Connected with the Church is a large Sunday School for the white children, with an attendance of about seventy-five children in all. Miss Barlow is the superintendent and there are four other teachers. There are a number of Japanese children attending this school, too. These little girls and boys are men and women, in the making and are going to be splendid when they grow up. Some of the members are formed into a Junior Auxiliary and do good work for Christmas and Easter. They meet on Saturdays during Lent and before Christmas. Their Easter offering this year amounted to eighty-seven dollars, which went towards the Mission apportionment.

There is also an Indian Sunday School with about seventy-eight members, big and little, with Mrs. Moli-

neux in charge, with no other teachers at present, as there is no minister here. As these children do not know much English, they have picture charts and cards. The older ones, who read, have the Bible and Bible stories. Some of them know their Holy Cross Catechism very well and the older ones know the Church Catechism. As the parents were very poor last winter, the Indian School's Easter offering was only seventeen dollars but it meant a great deal to them. It is an interesting and beautiful sight to see a tiny Indian child go up to the plate and put his mite-box on, with perhaps, an older brother urging him on, for the Indian child is rather shy. As these children attend the Mission Day School, they do their other work there.

#### Guilds

There is a Guild of white women and one for the Indian women.

The Ladies' Guild (white) consists of twenty ladies, some of whom are not members of the Church but all are good and loyal workers. They meet every Wednesday afternoon and make things to sell in November of each year. The money is put towards some worthy object in the Mission. Last year they painted the hospital, which needed it badly. They also assume the responsibility of paying the salary of an organist and take care of the choir vestments. This Guild also contributed twenty-five dollars towards the expense of Mrs. Harmon, the Women's Auxiliary delegate from Cordova to Portland last Fall. They are responsive to any calls for charity and relief which lies in their power. Miss Barlow is the president.

The Women's Guild (Indian) consists of thirty-six members, seventeen of whom live in Metlakatla part of the year. This Guild meets every Wednesday at the Indian school and learn

to cut out and make garments for themselves and their children. Once a month they meet as a Women's Auxiliary and have tea and cake and each one is supposed to pay ten cents. Last Fall they sent twenty dollars towards the United Offering to Portland, which meant a great deal to them. As most of these women have children in the school they usually have some problem of health to ask about, and very often they are given a lesson on health and hygiene, and food, with its preparation.

We have a sewing machine in the school and many of the women can use it. The Guild is a great help to them, for if material is donated the garments, when finished, can be sold to them very cheaply. They do not like to beg, but many of these women have eight or nine children and they have to dress decently to live in a town. So many of the Indian mothers do wonderfully well, as they are very unselfish and want their children to look nice and they are willing to go without things themselves. They always express themselves as grateful for what is done for them in this line. They also feel privileged to call upon men in case of sickness. After the Christmas tree this last year one of the mothers came for me to go to her house at twelve o'clock midnight as her little boy was "dying." I went and stayed until two in the morning and gave him some castor oil, which seemed to help him.

Last year I had the Red Cross nurse who was visiting here, give them some lessons and they certainly have profited by them to a great extent. We had our closing meeting on Wednesday, with thirty-six members present. When they had finished up their sewing, ice cream and cake were served. It is a treat to see these sad-faced, fawn-eyed women enjoying a

little tea-party in my large room upstairs over the school.

### Hospital

St. John's Mission Hospital was begun in a very small cottage in 1904. It assumed its present site and part of the building opened about 1911, with a cash account of \$619.66, of which \$30.35 was an offering taken up in St. John's Church. The remainder was subscribed from outside. The equipment was brought from the Bishop Rowe Hospital at Skagway.

The hospital assumed its present proportions through the kindness of Mrs. Yates Ward, of Rochester, N. Y., and the name was changed to Arthur Yates Memorial Hospital, in honor of her father, of sainted memory.

This gives the impression that the hospital is endowed, which is not correct. This has been the only hospital in the vicinity for many years until this year, when the Roman Catholics have erected one here. It was thought that this fact would injure the Church hospital but the people have been loyal in patronizing the old building which has carried them through many years of trials and sorrows and happiness. But things do not last forever in this climate and many parts of the old building are giving out. It is built on piles which need replenishing very often. With the growth of the town, it ought to have had a new building. Such a building consisting of one story could be easily erected in the space on which the first hospital stands and the present building used as an annex for nurses and Indian work. If some one would only start the ball rolling every one would be enthusiastic and help. But the first push is the difficult thing at present. It does seem a pity that Bishop Rowe, in his declining years, should have to see his work supplanted after his heroic efforts to



help in every capacity the need as it appeared in pioneer days.

When Miss Barlow took charge of the hospital in 1914, there was a debt of two thousand dollars. Since then it has been paid off and the hospital has been self-supporting, with strict economy on her part and with no help from the Board of Missions, or the Bishop. In this crisis, however, the Bishop has been kind enough to help and has put in a very good X-ray machine. This is a great help as there is much of that work needed here for broken bones and internal injuries. If there were no machine here the patients would have been forced to go to the Roman Catholic Hospital to get a picture taken. The result of this complication can readily be seen.

Miss Edith Harper, who has been here over five years now, does the X-ray work. She took a course while out on furlough in March.

Installing this machine takes the nurses' dining room from them and they have to eat in a little cubby-hole off the kitchen. Then, too, the sitting room has to be used for an extra patient quite often. So they have no place to sit, except in their small bedrooms, which are rather dark and gloomy. When the staff was supplemented by Miss Katherine Bridgman coming from Nenana, there was no bedroom for her. Consequently, she sleeps over at the Indian school, in the room formerly used for Indian patients. As the water in this building freezes as it runs, in the Winter, the prospect is not alluring. The school room is the only room which can be kept warm in this building.

There are so many sad cases coming to the hospital every day or so, that the story could never be told. But a few could be mentioned here. One of a blind man burned, neck, shoulders, back, ears and legs was a par-

ticularly sad story. He was in the hospital for nine months and then went to Seattle for skin grafting. He became quite well and was a constant visitor at the hospital where the nurses read to him from some favorite author. He died this year from other causes than his burns. Another man was brought from the Stikine River with a broken leg. He had crawled ten miles after his leg was broken to get to some one to aid him. He was in the hospital for months and is now well and gone back to prospecting. He sends greetings once in a while to the staff and is deeply grateful for his restoration to health. Another, of an old pioneer, McHamilton, who had cancer and was practically dumb beside. He was operated on and after a few months was well enough to go to work again. A week ago a lady was brought from one of the boats. She was on a pleasure trip to Alaska from Minnesota for the health of her husband. She was taken so ill that she was brought into the hospital and died the next day. The husband was very grateful to think that his wife could have all the necessary care.

Another of an Indian man brought in from camp, insensible. He was cared for and was able to go to work again in a few days. He had a wife and large family and his wife had a new baby a few days ago. She will go out with him again as soon as she is able. He comes around with a smile on his face and says, "I feel fine" when asked about his health.

So many of the children here have been born in the hospital that it is quite a family place.

The report of the Arthur Yates Memorial Hospital is appended for 1922:

Number of beds .....	11
Patients carried from 1921 .....	6
Patients admitted .....	176
Operations, major .....	36

Operations, minor .....	13
Births .....	16
Deaths .....	10
Number of hospital days .....	2008

#### Donations

Union church service .....	\$64.50
St. John's Church .....	10.00
Talbot & Spaulding .....	15.00
J. W. Bold .....	8.00
J. Cordell .....	2.00

The report for St. John's Dispensary at the Indian School for 1922 is as follows:

Five patients were cared for.

George Mather, six years old, bronchial pneumonia. Father and mother came with him and stayed. Mabel Mather, elder daughter, at the same time was in bed two days.

Harry Mather, nine years old, tubercular meningitis. Died.

George Logan, age fifty-five, from Kasaan, Cancer of the liver. Died.

Amy Booth, eleven years old from Metlakatla, tonsilectomy. Mother and father stayed with her and extra bed and food were furnished.

Albert Dundas's wife from Metlakatla, stayed one day and died later from blood poisoning.

Extract from the newspaper speaks for itself.

"Mike George, a Native, forty-five years old of Hyaburg, died this morning at St. John's Mission School. He was brought into town several days ago, suffering from cerebral spinal meningitis and the doctor who attended him never held out any hope for his recovery. The body will be taken back to Hyaburg for burial. George was a well respected Native of Hyaburg and leaves a wife and several children.

All of these cases, with many others last year and the year before, are strictly charity and there is no fund to finance this work.

#### St. John's Indian School

St. John's Indian School was started over twenty-five years ago under Miss Agnes Edmond and has continued steadfastly since that time until the present. This last year, September to June, there has been an enrollment of sixty-two children, with an average daily attendance of thirty-four. The pupils range in age from four to seventeen. In mentality, the range is from one to ten years in the same ages. They are very different from the Indian children of the Plains and seem to have very little ambition or powers of endurance. A good many of the larger children or rather boys have gone to Metlakatla this year and girls have married and have babies already. The older boys like to go to Metlakatla as they have ground there to play base ball and a hall for basket ball. While I have a board platform here quite large, there is no place to play but in the schoolroom. I have to turn that inside out so often for meetings and parties and evening entertainments, that I often wish a part of the platform were covered in. It rains so much here, that an enclosure is absolutely necessary for anything that resembles a gathering.

All grades have been taught from "None to Seventh." There is quite an improvement in the children this year. Several are beginning to want to make their grade and have a little more ambition. This is due largely to the fact that they have had better food, less Indian food and more of the proper kind of nourishment. They have been kept cleaner and warmer also, than formerly.

The sewing school has been conducted as usual and some cooking has been taught. The art classes have shown unusual ability. Some of their original water colors of Alaska scenes show real talent.

Children of three tribes come to school: Tsimpsean, Thlinket and Haida. The Tsimpseans are in the majority. Subjects taught are language, reading, arithmetic, writing, geography, history, music, drawing, physiology, physics and calisthenics. The textbooks for non-English speaking people are used for language and spelling; for the other subjects the same books as the public schools. There are a great many little children coming on this year. It is a very pleasant sight to see so many of them, giving their "Salute to the Flag" and saying their Prayer in the morning and in the evening; the little girls making their curtsy and the boys salute in farewell to the teacher. While it may not be strictly the Church's business to educate these dear children, yet it is a good and gracious work which the kind friends Outside have done to support this work and the result cannot be estimated now but it will surely show some day.

Bishop Rowe sent one of the big girls to Chemawa Indian School last year and an extract from one of her letters shows her appreciation:

"I am always so thankful that I came to this school. I am in the employes' dining room now and I learn all kinds of new dishes, how to cook them. I have been already in sewing-room and laundry. I will write to Bishop Rowe when I am not too busy."

The girl problem in this town is a very sad one. There is no work for them except in the Summer at the canneries. They try to earn enough money to buy their clothes for Winter but that is as far as they can see. After that they are on the street and usually a baby has to be cared for, as the next step in the tragedy. Sometimes some of the parents come to the teacher in the night, asking her to go to some resort and get their "Annie"

or their "Mary" out. This entails a bed to be supplied to the delinquent after she is brought out. Such experiences makes me wish for a little home where an orphan girl could be taken in and kept. I find that in talking with the girls it is more often necessity than depravity which causes their trouble. An employment agency is maintained at the school where the white people can get an Indian woman or girl to work by the day. But the demand is very small for that kind of work, as there are no people here who hire much help.

Christmas and New Year at the Mission is always very interesting. The children gave a nice program last year, consisting of recitations and carols. They had a large Christmas tree beautifully decorated. I wish we had its picture, but the man who was to take it did not come, so we could not get one. There were about one hundred and eighty in the room. All had candy and a gift.

The school children have their dolls for the girls and other nice gifts sent this time from Washington, D. C., supplemented from St. Mary's, Burlington, New Jersey and Auburn, New York. After the program, a real Santa Claus gave the presents and the children and parents were very happy.

Then at New Years, there was a big party, with two hundred present. They had cake, coffee, sandwiches, apples and candy. After the feast, the older men made speeches, most of them complimentary to the teacher as hostess. Then the floor was cleared for dancing for the younger people. There was a Filipino orchestra and the teacher played the piano. The older ones who had attended the watch-night meeting the night before in the Church, enjoyed watching the younger set dance.

At midnight, old and young formed



a procession and marched up to the teacher, wishing her a "Happy New Year" and the older ones always add "God bless you."

It is so much easier to do the work one finds to do than to write about it. So many new things come up day by day and when one gets time to write about them some of them are forgotten in the daily round. But if the kind friends Outside who have helped will continue to furnish the workers with

ammunition it will help win the war against vice, ignorance and disease, which we are trying to fight here. I feel sure that if more people realized the need they certainly would help.

ELIZABETH M. MOLINEUX.

**Hospital**

Miss Henrietta Barlow.

Miss Edith M. Harper.

Miss Katherine Bridgman.

**Indian Work and School**

Mrs. J. H. Molineux.



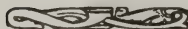
Sluice Box

WITH bounty far beyond our grandest  
dream,  
God pours His beauties on Alaska's  
land.  
Her mountain peaks in snow-white  
splendor stand.  
Peak beyond peak, their ranges tower  
and gleam;  
Their outlines mingle with the sky  
and seem  
A part of Heaven itself, and to be  
fanned  
A roselike hue, by that celestial band  
Whose warmth is love, at morn and  
evening's beam.

Soft billowy clouds and skies of clear-  
est blue  
Arch overhead, and birds and beasts  
rejoice.  
Majestic rocks add glory to the ground  
And myriad flowers of every subtle  
hue.  
All these are Thine, and we would lift  
our voice,  
O God, in praise and gratitude pro-  
found.

—Jessie Van Brunt.

Richardson Highway, July 1, 1923.



# NOTES



On May 1 the Board of Missions appointed Miss Eola H. Clark as teacher of St. Mark's School, Nenana; Miss Agnes Willing as nurse in St. Mark's Mission, Nenana; Miss Ella B. Lucas as Missionary worker at Christ Church Mission, Anvik.

The Rev. Grafton and Mrs. Burke returned in June to Fort Yukon, after their year's furlough. The Rev. Wm. A. and Mrs. Thomas returned in July to St. Thomas' Mission, Point Hope, from their furlough, and the Rev. Dr. John W. and Mrs. Chapman returned in August to Anvik after their furlough.

After five years at St. John's, Ketchikan, the Rev. R. C. and Mrs. Jenkins have returned to the States. The people of Ketchikan, as a token of their appreciation, presented Mr. Jenkins with an address and a gold watch before his departure from there.

## ST. JOHN'S MISSION, Ketchikan

The Bishop visited this Mission January 29 to February 9. Two classes for Confirmation were presented and thirteen were confirmed.

Several conferences were held with the Metlakatla Indians. Licenses were issued to several leaders who will act as Lay Readers. One young man was accepted as a Postulant.

St. John's Indian School, under Mrs. E. M. Molineux, had a large enrollment and was making progress.

The Arthur Yates Hospital, under the superintendent, Miss H. Barlow, assisted by Miss Edith M. Harper and

Miss Katherine B. Bridgman, was continuing its good work. This hospital has done the sole work for over 20 years. The building is old. It was the rectory converted into a hospital and met the needs up to the present. It was the best we could do. With the Roman Catholics coming in the past year and building a new, up-to-date hospital, the question arose as to whether we dare go on. We decided to do so though handicapped. But we have faith that our friends will not fail in supporting and helping our endeavor.

The Bishop visited the Missions of Wrangell and Juneau, the report of which may appear in notes from these places.

St. George's, Cordova, was the next Mission visited. From this place the Rev. E. P. Ziegler accompanied the Bishop to Chitina, Strelina and Kenecott. Returning to Chitina, the Bishop separated from Mr. Ziegler who returned to Cordova, and struck inland to Gulkana and Gokana, where he expected Reverend C. R. Wright to meet him with the dogs so as to visit St. Timothy's, Tanana Crossing. Mr. Wright failed to meet him, owing to the depth of snow and no trail. At Gulkana and Gokana the Bishop found about 45 Indian families. In conferences with them the Bishop was importuned to give them a teacher for their children, there being 48 of school age. Their eager plea was pathetic. It seems as though the Church ought to be able to give to these people and their children the opportunity of some education they so eagerly plead for.

The Bishop returned to Cordova,





School House and Church at Seward

spent a Sunday there and went on to Valdez, returning to Cordova for Easter. The next Missions visited were Anchorage and Seward. It is taken for granted that notes of this visitation may appear under the head of the respective Missions.

In Seward we are happy in having the assistance of Mr. A. E. Rucker who acts as Lay Reader under the Rev. B. Landsdowne of Anchorage. The women of Seward are working hard to equip their beautiful church with all the appointments for worship. Though the Church is a splendid building, yet the chimney was defective from the first, and the Bishop made arrangements to build a new one from the basement, by which the basement can be used as a Parish Club. Improvements on the rectory at Anchorage were also attended to by the Bishop.

#### HOLY TRINITY CATHEDRAL

Juneau

To The Alaskan Churchman:

It is rather hard luck to be called upon to write some notes for The

Churchman during vacation time. A man sweltering in the heat of some large city in the States would imagine that perched upon one of the snow-capped mountains of Alaska, with the wonderful beauties of nature spread at his feet it would be a delightful vacation task to write for any paper—except the "Menace." But we do not have that kind of vacations in Alaska. A writer in one of the recent issues of the Witness said that for a vacation one needs two things—a change of occupation, and a change of scenery. My vacation last Summer was spent at the General Convention, and this Summer it will be spent wielding a paint brush, between Sundays. That seems to meet the requirements. The change from a "parson" to a steeple-jack is certainly a change of occupation, even for a "High Churchman." And a few days' work on a building sadly disfigured by the ravages of an inclement atmosphere makes a very pleasant change of scenery.

But what about time for writing? I hoped to find it on rainy days. But



Holy Trinity Cathedral and Deanery, Juneau.

one of the greatest of Alaska's surprises is the fact there has been no rain since the painting-vacation began! Sunny California, without the sizzling heat is the dream of all globe-trotters, and it is realized in Juneau this Summer. It does one good to be out of doors these days; and even running up a forty-five foot ladder to reach the gables and scrambling over the roof to paint the Cross is a pleasant and thrilling task for a novice. But time for writing "Notes"? It might be found at night, after the day's work is done. But there is no night! At ten o'clock the sun is still circling high in the heavens, with no apparent intention of ever setting. We could form some conception of the delights of that Country of which it is written "There shall be no night there" were it not for the burden of the flesh which requires sleep.

We shall have to imagine that it is night. The Union men must quit work

at five; but if the amateur expects to accomplish anything he must work till about eight. An hour is spent in getting rid of superfluous paint and eating dinner, and then we are ready for writing.

But what shall we write of a "missionary" character? It would be easy to write about painting—how it should not be done, and what kind of paint not to use. Many are the suggestions and criticisms offered by the multitudes that pass by daily. Of course it is all wrong, in methods and kinds of materials used! But somehow the work succeeds in face of predicted failure. The "man up a tree" sometimes knows his business, and sometimes accomplishes his purpose. And the completed work on the Cathedral is satisfactory, even in the eyes of professional painters. The work on the Deanery also looks encouraging, and the end of the painting-vacation is not far distant.

We must add a word of appreciation of Ecclesiastical architects who can build a Cathedral sixty feet long on a fifty foot lot, and have enough space left over for a Deanery! All Missionaries, doubtless, have seen some evidence of this kind of engineering skill. It looks fine on paper—the blue-prints are wonderful. But when the neighbors utilize the same plans of economy of space, and shut us in on all sides, the practical result is not so fine. It requires some engineering skill on the part of the painter to adjust his ladders so as to reach the almost inaccessible points through the net work of wires without danger of falling, and possible danger of electrocution—and probable elocution, if he is not a parson.

But as to "Missionary work"—there is little to write at this season. We had a very active and prosperous Winter, but that seems ancient history, and there is little activity in Church matters during the Summer months other than holding the regular services. As soon as school closes the children scatter to the four winds—some to the States and others to work in canneries, sawmills and mines, where the wages are good and the work not too hard. Of our whole Church School half a dozen remain in town. The boys find greater attraction in out-door sports, so our Club room will not be used again until the rain drives them in again next Fall.

The Guild also is having a vacation from June till September. The last work before adjournment was to give a food sale, from which about \$60.00 was realized—almost enough to pay for the paint on Church and house.

The Guild had a very busy year. The regular financial budget assumed was heavy; but all items were paid, a considerable amount donated to cases of charity, and \$60.00 contributed to the

Near East Relief Fund. In visiting the sick in hospitals and homes and providing flowers for them, and welcoming strangers in town, there has been sufficient work to keep all members busy. The social life of the parish has also been well attended to by the Guild—notably a splendid meal and entertainment was provided for a "Get-together Dinner" in our hall, where 100 were served, and so much interest and enthusiasm was aroused that it was voted to make it an annual affair. The season closed with a picnic under ideal conditions. A small gas boat was chartered to make the trip to a beautiful little island about nine miles from Juneau, where a fine sandy beach gave ample room for the children to wade and romp to their hearts' content. Here, under a cloudless sky of deepest blue, surrounded by verdant mountains crowned with snow, from which many waterfalls were tumbling into the bay; with a temperature just right, a day was spent that will long be remembered by the thirty-eight who were so fortunate as to go—an ideal ending of a busy year.

The attendance at the services during the Summer months is always uncertain. If the weather is fine picnics, automobile and boat parties, and fishing are just as attractive as in the States! Usually there are more strangers present in the congregation than actual residents of Juneau. We do not quite have the Pentecostal conglomeration, but we do have visitors from all parts of the United States and many foreign countries. They all express their appreciation of the privilege of attending "their own Church" in this distant land.

The bishop of Alaska has very little time to spend at his Cathedral. In fact the term "Cathedral" seems to be somewhat antiquated as referring to



the headquarters of any Bishop, as they so seldom sit in their "chairs." A berth (in Pullman) would be a more suitable emblem, and for the Bishop of Alaska a pair of snow-shoes, or a sled. There are so many Mission stations in Alaska that have no clergyman in residence that the Bishop feels that he must supply the lack of priests and give most of his time to those places. However, we had the great pleasure of having him with us one Sunday in February, and his words of cheer and encouragement make a lasting impression. It chanced to be about the worst day of the Winter, and the trip across the bay to Douglas for the evening service was interesting, to say the least. The dinky little ferry boat rolled and tossed as few boats can and land right side up at the dock. It was like trying to ride an animated icicle. But the Bishop is as good a sailor as he is a "musher," so did not mind the shaking up. The storm did not prevent an appreciative congregation from assembling. The Church-people of Douglas are not "fair-weather Christians."

The return trip was not quite so rollicksome, as the manager of the ferry decided it was not safe for the small boat to go out again, so sent a much larger one. The next night the Bishop left for a long journey to the Westward and Interior. We would like to have a detailed account of that trip, the Bishop spends his time working, not writing, so we shall have to imagine the details.

#### ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, Cordova

Dr. and Mrs. Chapman and Miss Chapman passed through Cordova. Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler had a too few minutes' visit with them before leaving for Strelna on a morning's train. We also had the pleasure of an early

morning call from Miss Eola Helen Clark, a graduate of this year's class of the Church Training and Deaconess' House, of Philadelphia, and Miss Alice Willing, a graduate of the 1917 class of the same school, who have just been appointed missionaries to the Alaskan Indians by the Department of Missions of the National Council.

Miss Clark's home is in Plymouth, Conn. Miss Willing's home is in North Hill, Cornwall, England. The latter has just completed a three years' service in the Liberian mission field. They will be attached to the Nenana Mission.

#### A LETTER FROM DR. CHAPMAN

Steamer Alaska, July 26, 1923

My dear Mr. Ziegler:

It has been a very great satisfaction to us to have seen Cordova, even for so short a time as the boat lay at the wharf this morning.

I am sure that it would have been a matter of astonishment to some of our friends in the East to find here a town of normal activities, with normal people, except perhaps, for a little more willingness to take trouble for a stranger, than one ordinarily meets within the larger cities.

I was glad that you and Mrs. Ziegler had a glimpse of us all and that Mrs. Chapman and my daughter and Miss Lucas were all able to get to the depot before the train took you away.

We have had a most delightful journey so far, with quiet weather on the ocean. At Wrangell we saw Mr. Corser for a few moments and were glad to find him looking well and as usual very enthusiastic about his people.

We passed a week in Seattle, making purchases and arranging for future shipments. We were very delightfully entertained there on several occasions. Our Bishop, I am happy

to say, was looking well when we left him. Mr. Horton told us that his health had improved during the last few days.

While in Seattle I had an opportunity to see the radio set that has been assembled for our use at Anvik. The receiving set is the same that Dr. Mc-Millan is taking with him on his Arctic expedition. The transmitting set is also, I believe, about equal to his in efficiency and I was told that I should probably be able to correspond directly with the young man in Seattle who assembled the set, using continuous wave transmitters and the International Morse Code. Very generous donations were made by manufacturers of apparatus in Chicago and the experiment will be watched with great interest in amateur radio circles. It would take a long time to tell of all the favors that I have met with, on account of this venture. The technical staff of the American Radio Relay League, in Hartford, have given me invaluable assistance.

I purchased a sawmill and a tractor to run it, and to haul out logs and do other work around the Mission, while in Seattle. I was taken to see one of these outfits at work in the woods in the neighborhood of the city, and was very much pleased with the prospect of having a similar one at Anvik. The mill and boiler that we have used for so many years are no longer dependable. Beside this, the timber along the banks of the Yukon, near Anvik, has been cut for various purposes and some means of tapping the belt farther back has become a necessity. The tractor will enable us to do this and will also be of great service in plowing, grading and so on.

Letters received from Anvik while we were in Seattle were hopeful in tone and conveyed notes of progress.

So we are looking forward hopefully

to the future, while we are cheered by the remembrance of an unusually happy year in the United States.

With the best of good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN W. CHAPMAN.

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#### ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, Anchorage

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In "The Story of a Varied Life," by W. S. Rainsford, we find the following account of an experience he had on one occasion when he was preaching in an English church: "The choir sat underneath the pulpit in an immense square pew surrounded by a rail along which ran a heavy old red curtain. As soon as I entered the pulpit, one of the choir rose and drew the curtain round the three sides of the pew open to the congregation. Then he seated himself beside one of the girls and put his arm around her waist, drew her head down on his shoulder. Then he looked up at me and winked. This was too much for me, so I walked out of the pulpit, across the chancel to the rector and said, 'Your choir are behaving in a most unbecoming manner. I cannot go on with my sermon till it is stopped.' The rector got up, walked over to the square pew, tore the curtain away with one jerk, and then went back to his seat and I went back to the pulpit and preached my sermon."

Here at All Saints' Mission our choir has behaved in a most unbecoming manner, and among its members were two ministers' daughters and the wife of a certain colonel, the man who built the Alaska Railroad. While they were with us they were most faithful and regular. Then came the day when they left us and went "Outside." They returned to the States to make their home, and our choir received a knockout blow. We found

that we could not get along without them. We tried hard.

The one remaining member, a doctor who never missed a Sunday, held out to the bitter end. For a few Sundays we were forced to do the best we could without a choir. The congregation tried bravely, but it was not what it used to be.

Necessity is the mother of invention and Alaska is the land of surprises. Not long after the departure of our choir members a boat came into port bringing a young woman, a music teacher and a member of our Church, for whom we did not have to search but one who came and made herself known to us. One day when we were wondering here to find one who would act as the leader of a Junior Choir, we heard strains of music coming from the church. A woman's curiosity got the best of her and lead her to the Church where she found this young woman who was straightway carried off to the rector who enlisted her in the work of training and leading the Junior Choir. Three times they have sung at the morning service. A person who had been sceptical as to the value of a Junior Choir made this remark: "Well, I didn't imagine the young folks could sing so well." And they are doing better every time. We miss our old choir very much, but soon we expect to have another one just as good.

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All Saints' Mission, Anchorage, suffered a great loss when it bade good-bye to Mrs. Frederick Mears, for six years the leader of the choir. Faithful service, such as hers, is warmly appreciated where people come and go as in Alaska, for except for an intermission while Colonel Mears was in France serving our Army, there have been few Sundays that her lovely voice did not lead the singing. She was of those

who assisted in giving this little Mission Church its start, and by her sweet voice helped hold together its ever shifting congregation. Her place cannot be filled, even though another voice takes the place of hers, for her gracious presence will be gone, and we who remain will ever feel the impress of her personality in our Church, and wish her all good things wherever she may be.

The Junior Guild of All Saints' Church has made a good start with eight members.

The girls are busy doing different kinds of fancy work for a bazaar and strawberry sale to be held in the near future. The girls meet every Tuesday afternoon and every fourth Tuesday a special meeting is held at the home of one of the members and refreshments are served.

It is hoped that the Guild can assist the Church in some material way.

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### ST. THOMAS' MISSION, Tigara, Point Hope

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Dear Bishop Rowe:

All goes well at St. Thomas' Mission. Our people join with me in sending you their heartiest greetings and good wishes.

I reached here August 10th and found everything in excellent shape and the faithful Tony on the beach waiting to welcome me. The same night I returned to the cutter to continue the voyage to Barrow. It was a hazardous one for soon we ran into the "pack-ice" and for days we were bucking the ice-floes seeking a channel. At times it seemed impossible to get through but Captain Cochran held on although the cutter lost two anchors. Finally a line was found and on the tenth day we slipped into Bar-





row and made fast to the shore-ice which was about six miles off-shore. It was a triumph of achievement on the part of Captain Cochran and his officers for not only were all obstacles overcome but it was the first time since 1898 that the cutter had gone into Barrow as the first ship of the season.

At Wainwright I found one of our Point Hope natives—Susie Porter. She had married a Wainwright native and was living there. An attack of pleurisy left her in bad shape and one lung was already affected with tuberculosis. I was able to get her on the cutter and put in the Barrow hospital for treatment and observation.

September and October had many good days so I was able to get all the buildings in shape and “snugged-up” to withstand the wintry blasts.

I am busy arranging a translation of the Church Services into Eskimo. This has never been done and our people want it. The start was made with the Lord's Prayer which I taught to the whole congregation. It pleases the Natives greatly to be able to say this Prayer in their own tongue. Now we say it in Eskimo whenever it comes in the Church Service. At the opening of the school exercises I always use

it. The older children know it and can teach it to their parents in the Igloo. This is but another illustration of the truth of Is. II. v. 6: “A little child shall lead them.” I hope to be able to get morning and evening prayer, the Communion Office, and some selections of the Psalms translated while I am here. It is arranged as a phonetic, interlinear, self-pronouncing translation so that it will be the easiest thing possible for Mr. Thomas or any other missionary here to follow.

Tony is doing excellent work and is a valuable help. I cannot speak too highly of his work and his example.

For the last ten days of October there was an incessant gale, and winter came riding in upon its wings. The thermometer dropped to four below zero, the ice-pack moved in to the beach and the frost did the rest in binding all together. When the gale ceased, seal hunting began. Some natives furnished us with an exciting morning last week. They had gone away-out on the ice when a great section broke off from the beach and floated down with the current leaving the hunters marooned. Their plight was noticed and they were signalled to return. In the meantime the Mission Kayak was launched on the open

sheet of water and the natives were rescued.

This letter goes out by the first dog-sled mail of the season. When it reaches you it will be near Christmas. May it convey to you, and Mrs. Rowe, and Mrs. Fullerton my cordial greetings and earnest wishes for an abundance of blessings on you all.

I am, always yours faithfully

FREDERIC W. GOODMAN.



Whale Bone

#### ST. TIMOTHY'S MISSION St. Timothy, Alaska

All the people returned from their spring hunting and trapping in time for Easter Sunday and beginning with that day we had the first influenza epidemic that has ever visited these people, to our knowledge. Fortunately

ly it was very mild, and although every one was ill, and quite miserable for several days, there were only four deaths, two of them were old medicine men, an infant, and a young man.

Archdeacon Drane arrived during the second week of the epidemic, and needless to say, we were very glad to see him. He spent five days with us and we were sorry he had to hurry on as the trails were almost gone and he wanted to reach Fairbanks with dog team if possible.

As most of the people remain here during the entire summer months, we are having a summer school term. School started the 4th of June with 32 children. We are trying to encourage the children in agriculture on a larger scale, and to this end each child has a "school garden."

#### CHRIST CHURCH, Anvik

In happy contrast to the frequent storms of the past winter, Easter Day here dawned clear and fair. We had a celebration of the Holy Communion at 8:30, at which six people from the village were present. There was a second celebration at 10:30. The Church was crowded at this service. The offering amounted to a little over ninety-one dollars. We sent this to our friend Father Amphilohy, the priest in charge at Russian Mission. Since the revolution in Russia his salary has been cut off and he has had a struggle to get along. We have sent him contributions from time to time and he writes the most friendly and appreciative letters in reply.

The Woman's Auxiliary met on Tuesday afternoons during Lent, under the leadership of the ladies of our staff, and sewed moccasins for the mission children to earn money for their Easter offering. In this way they earned about twenty dollars.

This was in addition to the amount contributed at the 10:30 service.

Mrs. Bartberger has taught the children to sing the chants at morning and evening Prayer, and it is a joy to hear their clear and hearty singing.

Recently I received a letter from a man who lives twenty-five miles down the Yukon from here, saying that his oldest daughter had died on the 13th of May as the result of a severe hemorrhage, and asking me to come and see him. He wrote: "We want you you to be present any time so that we can prey all of us for her. . . . She was praying all the time and I don't want to bury her without prayers." Mr. Bentley and I went down in the launch and brought the body to Anvik for burial. The girl had been in the Mission at one time and her father said to me, "She belongs there and I want to have her buried near the Church."

It is a pleasure to see the kindly way in which the children here receive newcomers. As soon as a new boy or girl comes to live with us, the other children share their toys with the new arrival, instruct him in the ways of the Mission and do everything to make him feel at home. Hospitality to strangers is a virtue that is born in these people.

The attendance both at Church and day-school has been very good throughout the year. Miss Smith has labored faithfully in spite of cramped quarters and lack of proper equipment. Often during the winter, children from the village walked bravely to school in spite of severe weather. Neither cold, snow nor rain has kept our faithful communicants from gathering at the Church Sunday after Sunday. "Give God the glory."

HENRY H. CHAPMAN.

## ARCHDEACON'S LETTER

Ft. Yukon, Alaska, July 5, 1923.

The Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital, is still safe for another year, and the river bank at Ft. Yukon cut but little this year. During the break-up there was one of the worst floods in the history of the place, according to the old-timers. However, the high elevation of the hospital kept it out of the water, and while the bank cut rather badly in some places it did not cut a great deal in front of the hospital. At this rate the hospital is safe in its present position for at least two or three years more. By that time it is possible that the course of the river may again swing, and make the bank secure. However, all this is a matter of conjecture, for no one can know what course the river may take with each succeeding year, and when it does start cutting away the bank it is possible for it to make great inroads in a short time.

We are looking forward to the return of Dr. Grafton Burke and family with pleasure. They were expected in by the first of July but were detained in Seattle due to illness of their elder son Hudson. Dr. Ernest Cook has ably filled the position of physician and surgeon in charge during the furlough of Dr. Burke, and we shall remember with gratitude his faithfulness, and his real interest in the natives and all who came for his services. We are also indebted to Mrs. Cook, his mother for her willingness to give herself to the work, no matter how hard, or how menial it happened to be. As housekeeper she served with splendid efficiency.

The summer itinerary is as follows: Circle, July 11-12, Eagle July 15-16, Stephen's Village July 22-23, Rampart July 24, Tanana July 25-29, Allakaket for the month of August.



The building of a new school house at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness is the main feature of the visit to the Allakaket. The old schoolhouse has been warped and twisted and is in a dangerous state. As it was not intended for a schoolhouse in the first place it has always been most unsatisfactory. The new building will be larger and the space will be designed to meet the needs of a school.

The Archdeacon hopes to be back at headquarters at Ft. Yukon by the middle or last of September.

With our ambition to train for service the native boys and girls of our mission stations, from time to time we have promising material and in some cases we are fortunate enough to secure for them support while being educated in first class schools in the States. This spring our oldest girl, Nena Jennie, of the St. Mar's Mission School, Nenana, was sent out to be with Miss Landon at Berkeley, Cal., to study preparatory to taking a nursing course. This is the first of our girls to go out from Nenana. But there is John Fredson now at Sewanee University, (The Church University of the South), who is looking forward to medical service. Also Moses Cruickshank, who is studying at the Mt. Hermon School in Massachusetts.

The letter that follows is one from Moses Cruickshank, which suggests to us the feeling of a native boy from Alaska, adjusting himself to the new and strange conditions in the far away school in the States. The letter is to his sister living at Ft. Yukon, who was kind enough to allow the readers of The Alaskan Churchman to share it with her.

Mt. Hermon School, Mass.,  
Dear Sister:

I have had only one letter from you all up there. It was from brother Arthur. I surely was glad to get it,

too. How is everybody, especially Father and Mother? Tell them that I pray for them and think of them every day.

Dear Sister, you know that I was taken by the missionaries when I was a small boy and have been with them ever since. Many a time I have thought of you all, and wished that I could have stayed with you all. Father and Mother consented to my being taken by the missionaries, and now I am out in this land which is so new to me. I am here to learn so that I may be able to help my people when I get back there. John Fredson, too, is learning to be a doctor to help his people when he gets through. I am thinking to be a minister, but I have not quite decided yet. If it be God's will, he will show me in some way what to do.

I am very sorry that I was not able to send you some Christmas presents, but I was not able to get them. Will you please send me one pair of moc-casins, or anything made of moose skin, to keep as a remembrance of you all? Whenever I get homesick, I look at some of the pictures of Alaska, but I have not anything to remember you all by. I am sending some pictures in this letter. I have a picture of brother Arthur taken when I was traveling with Mr. Drane a year ago.

I will tell you something about this school. There are over 600 boys here. The school is on some hills by itself. There are big buildings here made of stone. We have lessons every day, except Sunday and Monday. We go to Church everyday. There are very beautiful churches in all the towns and cities out here.

Give my warmest regards to Father and Mother, and all, and God bless you all and take care of you.

Your loving brother,  
MOSES JOHN CRUICKSHANK.

Here is also another letter, which speaks of the deep feeling of our native boys. It is from the eleven year old Joe Druck, who was taken out to an Indian school in Oregon by the Burkes last summer, with expenses paid by the father John Druck. It tells the loving father of the sad news of the death of his younger brother who was placed with him in this school in Oregon last summer, only to succumb to some sickness in May.

Chemawa, Oregon, May 28, 1923

My dear Father:

I am just telling you about my brother. Please Father, don't be sorry much. This is a little room for us to live, and He could take us any time He wants to. And my brother is a lit-

tle boy and he got no sin, and He call him. My brother died May 25, 1923. I wish you don't sorry about William. Please Father be brave. We are all going to die and I don't be sorry too much. We will see him if we die too, so please don't be sorry. My brother got nice box (coffin) and over his face a glass, and his hair is nice combed, he got nice clothes on and he looked nice. If he die at home he would not have that kind of clothes. He had had two box.

Please Father, don't be sorry about it and send for me quick. Tell my Mother not to be sorry too. I kiss you hundred times, and my mother, too.

Goodbye, goodbye,

JOE DRUCK.



Mining With Windlass in the Interior



Alaskan Hunters





Making Hay While the Sun Shines in Alaska



An Alaskan Potato Patch

# Appeals

1. For St. Mark's School, the sum of \$200 as an annual scholarship for ten of the children of this boarding school. These appeals sometimes bring in new scholarships, and we assure our readers that the appeal is urgent. For this past year our expenses amounted to \$10,000 with resources totaling only \$5,000, leaving the balance to be raised by Bishop Rowe. This means an ever-increasing burden on him and the rest of the workers. Send in your scholarships either direct to St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, or mark "Special for St. Mark's. Nenana," and send to the Treasurer of the Missionary Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

2. For Christ's Church Mission School, Anvik. The above appeal should also be applied to the Anvik School, as the needs are the same.

3. At St. Mark's, Nenana. Clothing of all kinds for boys and girls of from three years to fifteen. Quite often we experience a shortage of clothing for the boys and girls entrusted to us at

our boarding school. Then when there is clothing to spare, it is possible for us to trade the same to the Natives of the vicinity for such necessities as fresh meat, berries and mocassins, which we must have for the children. The Natives in turn profit, for from us they can thereby obtain better clothing than can possibly be procured at the stores, in exchange for articles that are not always negotiable at the stores.

4. Material for making dresses is also asked for, as the girls at St. Mary's are taught to sew and make their own clothes.

5. Books and magazines are requested for St. Mathew's Magazine Committee, Fairbanks. There is a ready call for all that you can send.

6. Books, subscriptions to magazines for the Red Dragon Club House, Cordova, Alaska.

7. Good colored prints of religious pictures, Seman or Medici prints, books on art with reproductions, for The Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

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- Asheville—Mrs F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.  
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 Western New York—Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.

## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan postoffices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Anchorage. Other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail.

All points in the Interior receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik re-

ceives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any article which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, The Red Dragon, Cordova, Alaska.



# Directory of Alaskan Workers

## BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office, 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

## ARCHDEACON

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (1915), Fort Yukon, Alaska.

## MISSION STATIONS

**Allakaket**—(P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River) — St. John's-in-the-Wilderness:—  
Deaconess Murial A. Thayer (1921).  
Miss Lossie de Rosset Cotchett (1921).

**Anchorage**—Outlying Camps, Railroad Work, etc.:—  
Rev. Burdette Landsdowne.

**Anvik**—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman, D. D.  
Rev. Henry H. Chapman.  
Rev. John B. Bentley, assistant (1921).  
Miss Marguerite Bartberger.  
Miss Susan E. Smith (1921).

**Chena**—St. Paul's Chapel:  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Chena Native Village**—St. Barnabas':—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Circle City**—Church of the Heavenly Rest (vacant).

**Cordova**—St. George's Church, Red Dragon Club House and Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium:—  
Rev. Eustace P. Ziegler (1909).

**Chitina**—(Visited from Cordova).

**McCarthy**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Kennecott**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Douglas Island**—St. Luke's Church:—  
(Visited from Juneau).

**Eagle**—St. Paul's Mission:—  
Rev. B. W. Gaither.

**Fairbanks**—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room. Camps visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood. (Vacant).

**Fort Yukon**—St. Stephen's Mission and Church.

Ven. Fred'k Drane, Priest-in-charge.  
David Wallis, Staff Reader and Interpreter.

Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital.  
Rev. Grafton Burke, M. D.  
Miss E. B. Gunz, R. N., (1920)  
Miss Lillie J. Ames, R. N., (1921)  
Miss Lucy Vigus, R. N., (1922)  
Miss Annie P. Cook, (1922)

**Ketchikan**—St. John's Church, Hospital and School:—

Rev. Richard C. Jenkins, D. D.

Miss Barlow.

Mrs. J. H. Molineux.

Miss Edith Harper.

Miss Lillie Julia Ames (1921).

**Juneau**—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—

Very Rev. Charles Rice, Dean.

Camps visited: Douglas, Thane and Perseverance.

**Nenana**—St. Mark's Mission (See Tanana Valley Mission).

Rev. Robert G. Tatum (1921).

Miss Alice Wright (1914).

Miss Katherine N. Bridgeman (1921).

Miss E. M. Nixon (1921).

Miss B. B. Backnall

Deaconess Eola H. Clark.

Deaconess Alice Willing

**Nome**—St. Mary's Church. (Vacant).

**Point Hope (Tigara)**—St. Thomas' Mission:—

Rev. W. A. Thomas

Miss Emilie Grunason, R. N.

Tony Joule, Assistant Teacher.

**Salchaket**—St. Luke's Mission. (Vacant).

**Seward**—St. Peter's Church:—  
Visited from Anchorage.

**Sitka**—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

**Skagway**—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

**Stephen's Village**:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

**Tanana**—St. James' Church. (Vacant).

**Tanana Indian Village**—Mission of Our Saviour:—  
Deaconess Mabel H. Pick.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana Crossing**—St. Timothy's Mission:—  
Rev. Arthur Wright.

**Tanana Valley Mission**—Including Native Missions on the Tanana River; Nenana, Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing:—  
Visited from Nenana.

**Valdez**—Epiphany Church and Everyman's Club House:—  
Visited from Cordova.

**Wrangell**—St. Philip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

Missionaries on furlough in the States (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City):—  
Miss E. J. Ridgeway.  
Deaconess Gertrude Sterne.  
Rev. Edwin Hughes.  
Deaconess Fannie E. Cleaver.  
Deaconess Harriet M. Bedell.

## The Woman's Auxiliary to the Presiding Bishop and Council.

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Treasurer—Mrs. Fred Tracy, Cordova.



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"OLD TIMER."

# The Alaskan Churchman

Founded by Reverend Charles Eugene Betticher, Jr., 1906.

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REV. EUSTACE P. ZIEGLER,  
Editor

FRANK H. FOSTER,  
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KENT G. ROBINSON,  
Business Manager

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In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

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OCTOBER, 1923

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## Editorial

With this number, the Churchman rounds out its second year under the present management. Some of our readers have criticised our policy. Some have written nice things about us. Many have been good enough to write us in appreciation of the illustrations and art work of Editor Ziegler. Some of our subscribers have failed to renew their subscriptions. Whether this was because of neglect or for the reason that they did not consider the publication worth the money, we know not. We have honestly tried our best to make this little magazine interesting and instructive. The work of the editor and his staff has been given freely and gladly without recompense except the joy

of achievement. The only expense has been the printers' bill and the postage. The dollar you have sent or failed to send, for your subscription hardly pays the actual expense of publication. If every one of our subscribers would take ten minutes to get another subscriber, we would have enough dollars to be assured of the survival of the magazine. We put in a lot of time and effort at this end. It doesn't seem as though we were seeking too much of you. Think about it but don't think so long that you will not have time to get the subscriber.

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Over five million cases of salmon containing two hundred one pound cans were packed in the waters of Alaska the past season. The value of the pack amounts to something like thirty-five million dollars.

The Bureau of Fisheries, under the jurisdiction of Mr. Hoover, has promulgated regulations covering a part of the territory and has signified its intention of extending the reserves to the rest of Alaska. Every thinking person who has knowledge of the situation, concedes the necessity of these reserves or similar measures. A few more years of the practically unrestricted fishing which has been going on for the past ten years, and the Alaska salmon would join the class of the roc and the dodo bird.

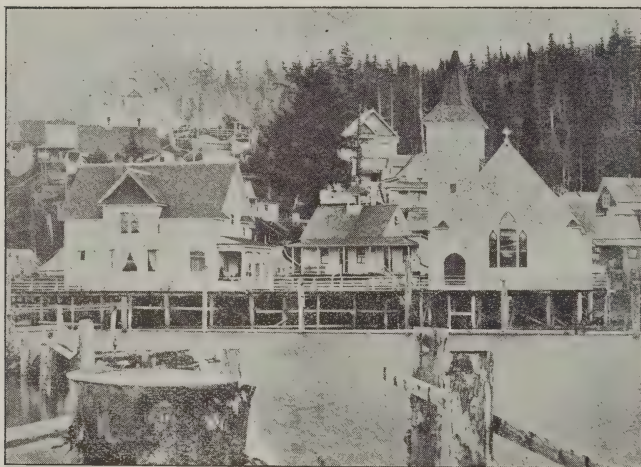
In times past the necessity of so regulating the salmon pack as to insure an adequate escapement to the spawning beds has been clearly recognized by both cannerymen and fishermen. But the cannerymen are not residents of the territory and their stockholders are interested mainly in the dividends derived from the business. The fishermen, too, are seasonal workers in greater number, coming in

the cannery boats from the states for the summer fishing season and returning after the pack is put up. The cannery superintendent must put up salmon or there will be no dividends and if there are no dividends, there will be no jobs. And so both cannerymen and fishermen have combined to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Mr. Hoover has seen Alaska, has turned his attention to the best method of solving the problem of allowing the greatest possible pack commensurate with an adequate number of spawning fish and the people of Alaska have all confidence in his ability to handle the situation with the same

broad minded fairness and competence that has marked all his doings.

The Editor of the Alaskan Churchman is in receipt of a letter from Charles E. Bunnell, M. A., president of the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines of Fairbanks, Alaska, asking assistance in making a file of the Alaskan Churchman. If any of our subscribers have any of the following and would be willing to contribute them to this institution it would be much appreciated. Vol. I., 1, 2, 3, 4., II 1, 2, 3., III. 1., V 2., XII. 4. XIII. 1., XV. 3, 4., XVI. 3., XVII. 1, 2, 4.



Ketchikan, Alaska.



# The Trip That Failed

By CHAS. W. SCARBOROUGH

"Relieve parties on Wrangell Island at all cost. I will pay the bills."  
(Signed) V. STEFANSSON.

The above wire had come the width of the Continent from New York to Seattle, and thence by cable to Stefansson's agent in Nome, Alaska, and and though brief, it was none the less full of meaning to us in the Northland, for well we knew how imperative was the need and how hazardous was the undertaking.

The party referred to consisted of four people whom Stefansson had placed on Wrangell Island the year previous with twelve months' food supplies and a promise to relieve them the following season. It was to be their duty to hunt, trap, prospect and carry on scientific investigation.

Wrangell Island lies in 179 Longitude West, 71 North Latitude. It is directly north of the north coast of Siberia and just in the edge of unexplored seas. Only five boats have ever landed there.

Stefansson's agent in Nome set out immediately to charter a boat to go on the relief expedition, and though there were a number of trading schooners in port, each captain in turn gravely shook his head and said: "No!" Then one of them added: "Cap' Joe might try it with the Teddybear." But Captain Joe Bernard was away somewhere on the Siberian Coast on a trading cruise, and though he was overdue, no one worried about that, as it was a regular thing for Captain Joe to be overdue. Only last fall he had sailed out dangerously late for a

two-weeks' trip to Siberia and had been gone until the following July, with never a word from him until June, when that good Samaritan of the North, the U. S. Cutter Bear, plowing along the Siberian Coast looking for his bones had discovered the Teddybear shoved high and dry by the storms and ice of the fall before. Captain Joe and his crew of two were well, and preparing to launch the battered little vessel for the belated homeward trip. Once he had been three years overdue. He had sailed around Point Barrow, thence east along the North Coast of Alaska and Canada, past Herschell Island, the mouth of the McKenzie River, Baily Island, and on into the land of Stefansson's "Blond Eskimo," before Stefansson ever saw that country, living with the people, trading, gathering scientific data and specimens. The doughty little Teddybear and her brave captain had sailed countless miles of uncharted Arctic seas together. No man in all the Northland was more ice wise, more capable or more fearless than he.

That very night Captain Joe made port, and when approached as to the Wrangell Island trip shook his head and said: "No, it can't be done—not this year, as the season has not only been a very late and cold one, but there have been no storms to break up the ice, even if it had rotted, and then the wind has not been right this summer."

But, when pressed, he not only consented to try the trip, but said that I and my cameras might go as well.

And so we set to loading the little schooner, while the old-timers sat on the beach, or in the pool-halls, or restaurants of this picturesque little mining town of the Far North and discussed our prospects of ever returning.

Nome has no harbor, so our goods were lightered out by natives in walrus-skin boats. Nearly fifty tons were stowed aboard—far over the little schooner's capacity. Then we took on three white men, a native and his wife, and seven sled dogs to leave on the island.

By the time the load was on, a spanking breeze had sprung up and the surf had begun to pound in lively fashion. We went out with the last load in a little skin boat, doubly loaded, and with two drunken men and five nervous dogs to add to the seriousness of the situation.

It was a long, hard pull against sea and wind. The little boat would ship the top of every comber, so it was not only a case of pull for our lives, but bail for our lives as well. We just made it—that's all, thoroughly wet, thoroughly exhausted and thoroughly frightened—with the life saving crew coming out to rescue, while the Sunday afternoon crowd on the beach held their breaths.

So, thrill number one was over.

Hurriedly we set sail, not waiting to start the engine. In a jiffy we were off for the north. We fairly flew before a stiff gale, and the next day we had logged the Diomedes Islands—those stepping stones across Bering Strait, between Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, and East Cape, Siberia.

At the Diomedes we met the Arctic ice and for five long weeks it was with us every minute, day and night—always a great white menace.

It was our original intention to beat up the American side to about Point Hope and then shape a course north-

west for our destination. But, at the Diomedes we learned that a boat had just come down from Point Hope, and had reported that ice conditions were not favorable. So we chose to try the Siberian side, and make it across the hundred-mile strait to the island.

We were well in the Arctic ice now and the fight was on. Some days we would make fairly good time, because for long stretches the coast line would be low and the water shallow, giving us a chance to work between the heavy ice which would ground in shallow water, and the shore. Then we would come to some bold headland which not only came to, but into the sea, and here the water would be deep, and the big ice locked horns with the big cliffs. Here, we would slip into some place which we hoped would be safe, and as innocent bystanders, watch Nature's age-old battles, until tide, or wind or current would unlock the horns and let us slip through.

Some days we would buck ice all day only to make a bare two or three miles. Again we would work for hours trying to get through some "almost hole," using poles or putting lines out ahead to some big grounded berg, or cutting a few inches off some immovable berg with ice-picks and axes, trying to help the engine. Maybe, even then, we would have to give up and wait for a slacking of the ice.

But the slackening didn't always come—sometimes it got tighter, instead, and then it was a battle as well as brawn. The little schooner would be brought alongside of some mighty berg with a side sloping down to, and out under the water, so that when the squeeze came, we were shoved high and dry onto the berg where we lay on our side until the squeeze was over. It was no place for kid gloves. It was no weakling's

task in nerve or good right arm—but it was excitement—adventure. Ever uppermost in our minds was the thought of the helpless ones on the Arctic island who were depending on us, and who, no doubt, at that time—that very time, were building signal fires every night and talking, thinking, praying and dreaming of home, sweet home; possibly looking at their meagre food supply, their diminishing ammunition cache, and then at the graves of the ill-fated ones who reached Wrangell Island from the Karluk wreck, but who perished there.

So, thoughts like these made the task lighter and the arm stronger.

But there is a point where even need and determination must bow to conditions and judgment. It was at Cape Van Karem that the last hope died. We had tried for three days to round the point that would give us a few more miles of comparatively open water. But that mile of heavy ice refused to move an inch. The last days we had worked hard all day to gain a hundred yards.

Late in the day we sighted a little schooner bucking her way down from the north. She made within half a mile of us and gave up. Her captain came over the ice to us, and we learned that conditions were the same, or worse, up the coast.

He told us of one schooner crushed in the ice—losing everything, the crew barely escaping with their lives.

It was growing late in the season. From the top of the cliffs beside us, it was white ice as far as the eye could see, and the sky beyond showed ice blink. So, with heavy hearts we bowed to defeat, and on the turn of the tide, poled the Teddybear around and started back for the home road.

It was now the first of September and young ice was forming every night. Our little ship was loaded

below her water line, and the young ice reaching above her ironbark sheathing, cut like steel. Every piece of tin and every piece of board was brought into play to help us get south. And now we started to trade off our supplies, and a new and very interesting field of study and picture opened up to us.

The hinterland is dull, drab and uninteresting but the coast line and its people is a veritable gold mine to the scientist, to the student of mankind, to the hunter, artist or photographer. Here, you will see surprising, interesting and revolting incidents pass in review like pictures on a screen.

The Siberian Chuckchee is an Eskimo, though he speaks a different language from that of the Alaskan native. However, no doubt he is the father of the Alaskan native, if, indeed, he is not the father of all of America's aborigines.

At Cape Prince of Wales it is less than forty miles to the hands across the sea. East Cape, Siberia, can be plainly seen from the American side on a clear day. Then, there are two islands at almost equal distances apart to help fill this small gap. So, the natives have since time immemorial, crossed and recrossed the Straits in their skin boats.

Nor, think you, these natives are of recent origin. Time waves a beckoning hand in the study of them. Far away, in the time of the dinosaur, dragon and mammoth—back in the dim, distant past when the peoples of the earth must have groped for existence, this ice-bound outer-rim of the world seems to have been peopled.

At numerous places along the coast, we noticed that the igloos were built on little hillocks. At first thought we supposed that such spots were selected for getting a better view of the surrounding hunting grounds. On investi-



gation, we soon discovered that the native buildeth where he listeth, and the accumulation of ages had made the hillocks. On digging down, both in places now inhabited, and into hills showing no recent residence, we discovered unmistakable evidence of a people of a long gone yesterday—bits of old ivory, ivory implements of the chase, seal-oil lamps, all black with age, and other implements, the use of which is now hard to even guess.

Near one village a small river came down to the sea. In an acute angle, a piece of high ground was being encroached upon by both river and sea. Here, without effort, one could find innumerable evidences of prehistoric habitation, under nearly forty feet of an overburden of silt and gravel.

Not only is the Chuckchee's past with its shroud of mystery interesting, but his present, as well. Few places on the globe today, show so little change from the primitive as here. The hand of civilization has lain very lightly upon him—no schools, no missionaries have ever fallen to his lot. The gospel of sanitation is a closed book to him. Yet, with all his ignorance, poverty, filth, squalor and suffering, which such conditions will bring in so rigorous a climate, he is one of the most hospitable and friendly people it has ever been my lot to meet. He keeps open house, not only to his friends, but to any and all strangers who come within his gate.

If you are hungry you may be served with fish, whale, seal, polar bear, walrus or reindeer. This may be cooked or dried, though most likely it will be taken from a cache in the ground, where no precautions have been taken to keep the meat and the dirt from being the best of friends; and in most any of the advanced stages of decomposition—and served

raw. Meat is food to the Chuckchee, be it cooked, raw or rotten.

If you are not hungry—and most likely you are not—as a matter of social form the tea pot is brought out and tea is served. Cube sugar is served with the tea, but never in it, as it is a process of nibble and sip.

After tea—the housewife—or one of them; for there may be one, two, three or possibly four—will lick the saucers clean, or to a state which she regards as clean, but as Nature has not endowed her to be a washer of cups, she calls the ever-present dog for that task.

If your muckluks are wet, or your clothes are worn or torn—such needs are attended to at once. What the Chuckchee lacks in cleanliness, he at least tries to make up in hospitality.

He is very fond of his offspring, takes good care of his old and is kind to everyone. In spite of the narrow little life he leads—in spite of the treeless, trackless, storm-bound, ice-cursed land in which he lives, his smiles, like his beads, are always on. With such a sunny disposition, he is naturally a very sociable fellow.

Often, we would meet a skin boat going up or down the coast for a visit. The boat might have a load of from five to eight tons consisting of the family of father and mother—or mothers, their numerous children, a dozen or more dogs, a camping outfit and possibly a goodly supply of trade goods, consisting of numerous seal skins filled with seal oil—which is both food and fuel, walrus skins, ivory, meat, etc. These combined pleasure and trading parties are mostly going to ascend some river, well into the interior, where they meet the reindeer men and exchange their goods for deer meat and hides, the latter being a most important article of clothing.

One would suppose that when win-

ter comes with its long nights and bitter cold, all—or nearly all movement would stop, but the reverse is true. It is then that the sleighing, hunting and trapping is good, and it is then that business and social life is most active. The hunter will track his polar bear far out over the ocean ice, or stand by some seal-hole by the hour, spear drawn, waiting for Mr. Seal to come up for air. During the winter, social life in the effete East is most active, and so it is also in North Siberia. Practically whole villages will travel by dog or deer sled to visit other villages. Big games, athletic sports and dances are held, where hearts as well as prizes are competed for. It is at these meets that the young folk are usually mated. There seems to be no form of marriage whatever, but when a couple are once mated, there is seldom a separation. Family quarrels and bickerings are almost unknown. Trouble between men, families or villages is practically nil. There is nothing combative or criminal in the Chuchchee make-up.

Coming to a little village early one bright morning, we espied a herd of reindeer feeding on the slopes just back of the igloos, and as we were out of fresh meat, we stopped to trade for one. When I say "trade," I mean trade, for it is all trade or barter—money being practically unknown. We found the inhabitants not yet astir. On entering the igloo of the chief, we found them still in bed—the chief, his three wives and their many offsprings.

As in all igloos, the combined bedroom and parlor consisted of an inner room about seven by ten feet and about five feet high, constructed of deer skins with floor covering of the same. In here it is almost air-tight and is heated with a seal-oil lamp which is kept burning constantly. As it is always warm, the whole lot

sleeps with nothing on or over them.

As soon as we had stated our mission, one wife arose, came out, put on her clothes, started a fire and put the tea pot on. As she came out I thought of Eve in the Garden before the fig-leaf became so fashionable, and I wondered if baths were in style in the Garden.

After tea, the dishes were licked and put away. Then the deer were driven down; one being selected, roped and slaughtered. An elder son did the roping as dexterously with his walrus skin rope as a Texas cowboy would have done with his pet manila. As the deer expired, water was poured on the wound and on the mouth, giving the departing spirit a drink.

The skinning was done by the three wives. The movie-camera clicked as the trio—stripped to the waist, pulled with hands and teeth on the skin. After the skin was removed, the legs were cut off near the body. When we protested, we were told that if the deer were permitted to go with his legs intact, he would return, over the ice, and lead the other deer away.

Besides the natives, there are a few Russians—usually of the worst type, infusing their bad blood and worse manners into the harmless natives. Here and there we found a few white traders, and among them we met some fine fellows. One such, I visited far into the small hours. Over our pipes he told me his story. He had come here more than twenty years ago, a young man of good family and education.

"It's the same old story," he said, "of a man and a maid. She was only a little Chuchchee girl and knew no better. I was to blame, but I was man enough to stay. My folks wanted me to come home, but I couldn't—the bridge was burned. Years later,

we got a Russian priest to marry us, and I am doing the best I can by my family."

And so he is, and a very creditable family he has too. The mother still clings to many of her primitive ways of dress and manners, but the children are a promising looking lot. He not only does the best he can by his family, but by all the natives as well, and next to their shaman, he is the one man in all the land to whom they go for counsel.

Calling at another village, a Russian woman came down to the beach to meet us, carrying her six-weeks' old babe. She was the wife of a Norwegian trader, but he was away for a few days, so she welcomed us to their home. She was a comely looking wife and mother, and in her face and manner was all the indication of good good lineage, good breeding and good education. As she rocked the cradle, she told as best she could, in her quaint, amusing and pleasing mixture of broken Russian, Norwegian and English, her story. But first, she wanted to know if we could tell her when there would likely be a priest or preacher up that way, as she and "Scholly" wanted to have their marriage solemnized, and they wanted to have the baby christened.

Back in a little village near Moscow, her people had all been killed in the war. She, with an aunt and uncle, had managed to get across the continent, over the Trans-Siberian Railroad to Vladivostok, and when conditions had gotten so bad there, they had managed to work up the coast on any, and every kind of vessel until they reached Anadyr. Here, she had met her man. They had loved, and as there was no one to marry them, they had come on to his trading post in the North. She seemed supremely happy. It is true, she wore no wed-

ding ring, but she did wear a halo as clean and beautiful as ever graced motherhood; and mind you, pampered mothers of the world, with your priests and preachers, hospitals, doctors, nurses, maids and nurseries—she had not seen a doctor, nurse or even a white woman for more than two years.

North Siberia is a very cold and cheerless place. Its myriads of square miles of trackless tundra and ice-clogged wastes, its hopeless and helpless natives, its lawless Russians, its lack of government, makes it a land where pure grit assays as pure gold; and in all the squalor and cold, in all the muck and mire, here and there you will see the sparkle of pure gold, and it shines all the brighter because of its surroundings.

Slowly, we had fought our way back, but at last we reached the edge of the ice pack and headed for home. But to "head" for home was about the best we could do, as one propeller blade was broken and another was bent by the ice, so we could only make about one and a half miles an hour under power. On the heels of the first winter's storm we limped into port—overdue of course. Ice was freezing on mast and rigging—navigation would soon be closed. The sun was swinging lower in the south each day. The long Arctic night was coming on, but we were home. It is true, we were a little tired and sleepy, and a little careworn, for fighting ice and storms on a ship that is over-loaded with supplies, carrying nine people and seven dogs, with accommodations for only half that number, is trying on the nerves—but then, we were home!

But, what of those we never reached? How are they faring? We know they must be out of supplies. Can they manage to live on the land?



Can they cross the ice to Siberia, or will they perish? May they not have perished already? These are the questions which disturb our minds as we sit by our roaring fires.

The Karluk was wrecked near Wrangell Island during the winter of 1913-14. There were 19 people aboard,

only 8 of whom ever reached civilization. Some crossed the ice to Siberia. Some wandered on the ice, and were lost. Some died of privation, while others managed to live until rescued the following September.

It's a question and a hope. So, let's hope!



Eskimo Sod House



Horse Creek Mary.

# Horse Creek Mary

(Copyright 1923)

By CATHERINE WILSON

Born of Adalena, a native mother, by Manena, a Russian father, Horse Creek Mary was a symbol. In the very progress of her existence from the communism of the old Indian village of Tarral to a solitary hut beside the white man's trail, was told the epic of her race, and in the sinking of the lingual music of her maiden name into the cacophony of that given her by the "Boston man," was written the story of the country.

She was a last link with the Russian occupation. That she remembered much of it was attested by the fierce pride with which she sought to hide by a thick lock of her grizzled hair the loss of an eye, said to have been a badge of slavery. She was credited with being a centenarian, but since her last child, if living now, would not be more than forty years of age, this could hardly have been so.

To her had been born four children, three sons and a daughter, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood, only to be taken from her. Two boys were drowned in the Copper River while returning from a journey to Manasta to buy moose-hides, the skin canoe in which they were traveling having capsized. The third son killed himself in a fit of aberration. The daughter, married at eighteen to Billum, headman of the Tonsina tribe, died four years later. Bereaved of all four offspring left her by two indeterminate fathers, she was the remnant of even her own house, a solitariness

which she stoically defied by maintaining a singular aloofness toward all about her.

Hoary and wizened, but slender as a girl, in her crude hut beside the Chitina trail she lived alone, dependent only upon her wits. These rarely failed her, whether in extracting from a passer-by a coin to replace one ostensibly "lost," or in wheedling from a storekeeper an article at a price a few cents less than was asked. On train-days at the railway station she knew how to profit from her ragged picturesqueness in the eyes of travelers, whose largess she received with a gratitude expressed in her throaty "Cheenan," uttered over and over again.

But no malingerer was Mary; On the contrary, of an amazing physical strength, she never faltered at anything that called it into action. Once coveting a fifty-pound sack of flour that she saw at a store, she was told jokingly by a customer that if she would carry it home he would pay for it—an offer which to the customer's surprise was promptly "called." In the early days before the coming of the railroad and its towns Mary rushed for her supplies from her home on Horse Creek to Valdez, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles. On these journeys she went alone, with the exception of a small sled-dog, which was suspected of being taken along for company only, since Mary herself was usually in the harness. Her one infirmity was deafness, which once



all but cost her her life. Walking on the railway trestle near the native fish-camp, she failed to hear the approach of a switch engine, and was struck by it and hurled to the rocks below. She suffered a broken shoulder from the impact, but it was evidence of her vitality that at her age she recovered from the injury in an amazingly short time. Proud and independent always, she made her own way as long as she was able, and when that was no longer true, received gratuities with dignified humility. Her strength failing her of recent years, she was cared for by towns-

people, a native family and the Government teacher who, when she was at last gathered to her fathers the other day, performed the final services for her. "One snow, me die," she had said to him, and it was so.

She was buried at a place of her own choosing near The Trail, and afterward there were found cached in her hut a few provisions and twenty dollars in money, hoarded to pay the cost of her burial. Shrewd and wily under necessity, but prideful withal, to the last was Horse Creek Mary true to the best traditions of her race!



St. Matthew's, Fairbanks.

# Legend of the Tail Men

(Rev. Arthur R. Wright)

On a recent trip over to the Copper River the Indians drew my attention to numerous holes in an embankment we passed. On inquiring of them I was told that those were the holes of "men with tails." "It is a good thing I am not a believer in the Darwin theory," thought I, "or I might have stopped to search for the remains of 'the missing link.'"

With some questioning in my mind, this is the tale I heard:

Once upon a time at the mouth of the Selina River was a large Indian village with many fine young hunters who used to go alone in different directions hunting. Ten miles up the Selina River were fine rolling hills on which numerous caribou roamed at will. The Indians who naturally subsisted on meat were lured to this district by the abundance of game.

One day a dog brought into the camp the tail of a fish. No one had caught any fish, and surely this was a marvelous dog that was able to catch its own fish. This could not pass the credulity of the skeptical Indian. All sorts of conjectures were made, at last it was decided that the district be searched in an endeavor to find if the country were peopled by others than themselves.

An expedition was sent forth. The young men went in different directions. All returned but one. Another was sent in search of him, and he failed to return also. Another was sent and again another, but none returned.

What had happened to these men?

Surely an Indian could not lose himself. Finally one of their most cunning and wise men was sent in search of the missing men.

He wended his way cautiously through the country until at length he came upon a beaten trail through the woods. Across the trail at intervals was stretched a rope, made of grass. These he examined very carefully as he came to them, and jumping over them, so as not to disturb their exact position, he continued to follow the trail.

"Evidently a trap, a snare, an alarm," thought he.

After passing the fourth line he perceived that this line was connected with the rest to a main line running straight to a village of caves.

Very cautiously he strained eye and ear for sight or sound of anything unusual. Finally from out of the numerous caves came forth men with tails. They had all appearances of men with the addition of a long cumbersome tail, much like an other's which dragged behind them. He was much surprised to see them use these tails as their chief means of locomotion. They curled their tails forward between their legs and recoiled in such a manner as to push themselves forward.

As he watched them, keeping to windward to avail being detected by scent, they gathered together with what looked to him like a ball. On observing it more closely, he recognized his horror, the head of one of his companions.

He watched them rush to and fro, capering about with much shouting and hideous glee, evidently having a game of ball with the head.

He grew hot with anger and disgust. So this was the fate of his comrades. Oh! for swift revenge!

He quickly noted their number also the number of caves, as nearly as he could, and with all possible speed, hastened back to camp.

After making his report a company of men and boys were gathered and an attack was planned on the village of tail men.

The spy had also noted that these tail men did not use fire, at least he saw no sign of fire or the use of fire.

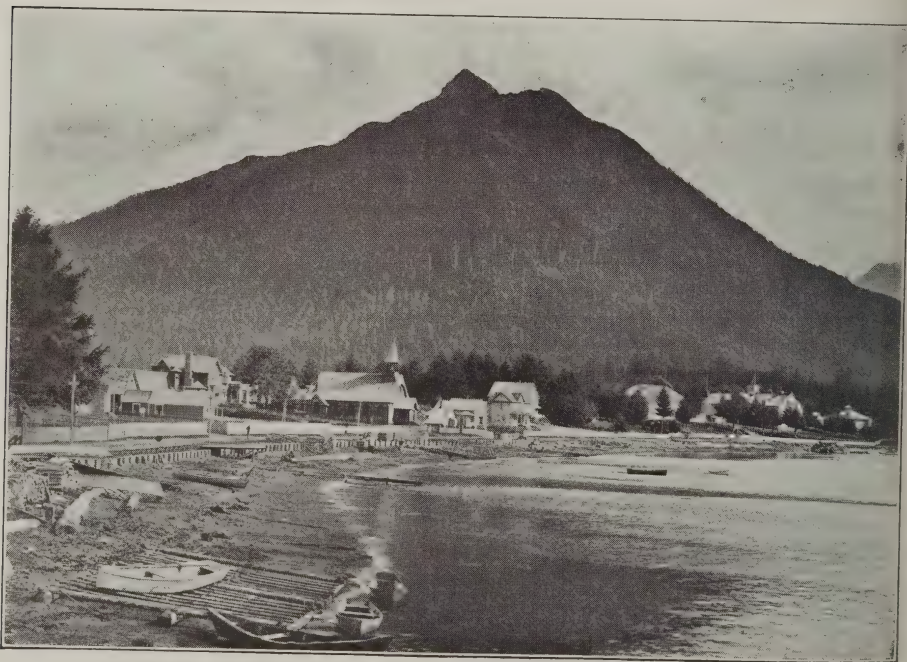
It was decided that each cave was to be smudged out. It was raining

when they reached the caves and the tail men were all in out of the rain. The men were detailed each to a cave opening and, with burning brands and brush a rush was made and the openings plugged with the burning brush and bark.

As they stood guard, through the turf there suddenly came flights of arrows. Flight after flight soon this stopped. After all signs of life from them had ceased, the attacking party returned homeward.

The tail men were no more a menace to mankind, and today all that remains of them are this legend, their caves, and numerous arrow heads.

Thus ended the story, and some day I hope to return and try to find out more about these tail men.



Sitka, Alaska.



# Anvik

By REV. JOHN B. BENTLEY

To the mind of the average layman of our Church the words "Mission Field" brings, I believe, a picture where romance, sacrifice, hardship, glory and money are seen jostling each other for a front sea. To the mind of the average missionary, no doubt, these same words bring up a picture where there is much of romance, but where sacrifice, hardship and glory are hidden behind a screen of hard work. Money, that nightmare of both our friend the layman and our friend the missionary, is, it seems, a necessary evil, haunting the lives of both.

And now should you desire to become a master artist, you have but to change those words "Mission Field" to the magic words "Alaskan Mission" and all the romance, sacrifice, hardship and glory pictured in the mind of our friend the layman at the first, at once takes on fresh and brilliant hues, and you have the whole northern part of his brain crowded with snow, ice, Indians, sled dogs, Northern Lights and heroic marches over frozen trails that lead along the shores of unmapped lakes and rivers to the villages where live wild and cunning natives of the great Northland.

In the hopes that the same picture, but seen this time from behind the scenes, may give some light to those who desire light, I shall try to give some idea of the daily life of a missionary at Anvik.

Anvik is located on the south bank of the Anvik River just where its clear, cold waters mix with the yel-

low wash of the mighty Yukon. We, therefore, enjoy both the clear, cool drinking water of the smaller river and the same time are on the route of the Yukon River steamers.

There is the native village proper and the Mission grounds, where are located the church and boarding school and the homes of the members of the Mission staff. The natives number about one hundred and fifty men, women and children. Births and deaths have for some years kept the population at about the same figure. They are holding their own. Some half dozen white men, all married to native women, make up the rest of the village.

The work of the Church here is to care for both the spiritual and physical needs of the Anvik people; to maintain a boarding school for boys and girls; to keep a day school for the children of the village, and to visit the surrounding villages for the purpose of religious instruction and help.

About twenty miles to the south of us, and on the Yukon River, there is the native village of Bonasila, somewhat smaller than Anvik. Some of these people claim the Church of Rome, some of them look to us for help and instruction.

To the eastward, and about thirty miles distant as the crow flies, lies the village of Shageluk, built on the muddy banks of the Shageluk Slough. These people are fortunate in having U. S. Government school and a reindeer herd of some 1000 deer, kept in

connection with the school. The teachers there make every effort to serve their people and have done, and are now doing, a splendid work. But they all look to the Anvik Mission for religious aid such as marrying, baptizing, church services, etc.

To the northward of Shageluk on the same slough and about seventeen miles in a straight line lies the small village of Hologochakat, where live about fifty souls; a quite prosperous and intelligent people. They, too, look to us for instruction and aid, though for some years they claimed the Russian Church.

All these outlying villages look to Anvik for help in many ways and are in almost daily communication with us both in winter and in summer, either by water or by dog sled. And while it broadens our field of service, it at the same time taxes our resources and our time to the limit. To travel takes one's time and time from home means a doubling up of the work there and much work to be caught up with on one's return.

At the present writing we have a staff of two men and two ladies. Dr. Jno. W. Chapman is the Priest-in-Charge. He has just returned to us from a year's furlough in the States, the first in seven years. He has carried on the work here since his arrival in 1887 and is the Church's veteran missionary in Alaska. Jno. B. Bentley came in in the summer of 1921. He is assistant to Dr. Chapman, Miss Marguerite L. Bartberger, our house-mother for the girls, will be out on furlough this winter after three years of most faithful and efficient service. Her place will be taken by Miss Ella B. Lucas who has just come to us. Miss Susan E. Smith is the teacher of the day school and assistant to the house-mother in the work with the girls. Besides the official

members of the staff both Mr. Chapman and Miss Ada C. Chapman give much of their time and energy to the work. Mrs. Bentley also gives much of her time, especially in connection with the work of the post office.

The winter months are the normal months. It is then that things go along in their prescribed channels. The summers are apt to be rather rushed and hurried due to the work that must be done in preparation for the coming winter, when little can be done out of doors.

With the coming of the first snows, in September, school begins. With one exception all the Mission children go to school. The exception is a little girl yet too young to go. School is kept from nine until one and from two until four. The smaller children go to the morning classes only. The classes correspond very largely to those of any rural school in the States. Where one teacher has from thirty to forty pupils, ranging between the kindergarten classes and the high school grades, she is kept busy keeping her pupils busy. About the same subjects are studied here as are taught in our public schools at home, and I think that our children are quite as quick at learning as are the children of the average country school at home. They all labor under the great handicap of never having seen the things of the 20th Century that are common sights to your city child. For instance, these children never saw a railroad, a city, an airplane or the hundred and one things that are common sights to your city child Outside. And never having seen these things, it is sometimes hard to get them to understand the lessons written for the child of the New York tenement district. But I think that your city child would be at as great a disadvantage if placed here among

these children, until he too could get his bearings, as it were.

Monday is wash day both winter and summer. Each child's clothes are placed in a bag provided for that purpose and taken to the laundry. They are checked over and given to the larger girls to be washed. Each big girl washes her own clothes and the garments of several smaller children. A large electrically operated washing machine reduces the labor greatly and saves the wear on the white things. In winter water for the laundry, as well as for all other purposes, is brought up by dog sled from a hole cut in the ice of the Anvik River. Empty oil cans serve as buckets. The mission boys drive the dogs and empty the water. With such a rig from 40 to 80 gallons can be brought up at once, depending upon the condition of the trail and the number of dogs available. The members of the mission staff do their own washing.

In summer a small gas engine, operating a pump, forces the water up from the river through a pipe line, supplying all the houses with an abundance of fresh, clear water. We are fortunate in that the Anvik gives us an unlimited supply of clear, pure water, and this at our very front door.

Saturdays are holidays except for the work about the houses. The girls scrub floors and bake and clean house. The boys scrub their dormitory floor.

The girls do all the cooking for the school, all the washing, ironing, mending, scrubbing, cleaning, etc. The boys haul wood and water, tend to the dogs and do odd jobs about the place to help with the work. They are willing and cheerful workers.

Last winter two of the boys, eleven years old, took the dogs and during their play time packed nearly five cords of wood from the woods to the

Mission wood saw. For this work, which was done outside of their regular duties, they received a .22 calibre rifle each. Later they shot muskrats enough to keep themselves supplied with bullets. They also brought in many grouse and rabbits for the mission table.

The girls live in the same house with the ladies and are constantly under their care and supervision. They are given certain things to do and at stated intervals their duties are changed, so that each girl will learn to do those things which it is necessary for a housewife and mother to know how to do. Besides learning the domestic arts and thus preparing themselves to be better housekeepers and mothers of families, they are in daily contact with the elevating influences that surround the lives of two splendid Christian women. And after all else has been said and done, I think that this last influence is the most valuable of all. And let it be said that the influence of good, clean Christian lives, refined and cultured, is just as important for the children of Interior Alaska as it is for the children of the most "select" boarding school Outside.

After the work has been done there are always games to be played, the Victrola to play, perhaps a little dance for the children, or in winter when the evenings are long and dark, lantern slides and pictures, with stories to tell.

The writer believes that next to the the influence of a fine Christian home that these children receive the very best attention possible. No institution, no matter how good, can take the place in the life of a child left vacant by the absence of mother and father.

For the members of the staff there is always much to do. First, there is



the daily round of duties connected with the care of the children. That is our first duty.

Then there are Church services to be held and Sunday School to be taught.

The Anvik post office is run by members of the Mission staff. This is a money order office and has proved to be a great convenience to not only our Mission family, but to the traders and the general public.

Each winter the stoves of the several Mission buildings consume some 75 cords of wood. This must be brought up with the launch and barge and then sawed and split and put away for the winter.

For years we have had a steam saw-mill. This summer it will be replaced by a new mill operated by a Fordson tractor. This mill is our means of getting lumber for our building operations.

A splendid Delco plant furnishes us with power for the lights and for the operation of the washing machine and picture projector.

An up to date wireless outfit, the gift of kind friends in the States, will soon be in operation. This plant will be both a receiving and a sending unit and should prove of great help to not only the Mission proper, but to the traders and the traveling public.

It can readily be seen, I think, that to be a missionary here one must be something of a Jack-of-all-trades. The engines and machinery alone takes much of one man's time, but without them we should be greatly handicapped.

In winter there are always trips to be made to outlying points to baptize, marry and teach. Our work on the Shageluk for the past year has been greatly aided by the co-operation and hearty support given it by the

U. S. Government teacher there and his wife. These two people have done much good with the natives. The teacher's wife, who teaches school herself, is the only white woman there. In summer her nearest white woman friends are 75 miles away by water. In winter it is 30 miles over the trail to Anvik.

The white men of our community have been most kind in many ways and have given us their help on many occasions. Like the vast majority of the Alaskan pioneers, they are a very desirable element in the community.

At the present writing we are in need of two things: namely a nurse, or better yet a doctor; and several new buildings. To those of you who live next door to splendid doctors and fine hospitals the need of medical aid may not seem great, but to us who live here in the Interior it is an ever present source of worry and despair. Only very recently one of our workers was saved only after a very long and expensive journey all the way out to the coast. Had she been stricken during the winter months no help could have come to her; we could not have carried her over the trail to help; and there could have been but one result of her illness. Happily, this was not so, and she was spared to us. As I write this a native woman lies suffering of an illness that any good doctor could cure, but there is no doctor to come. Hardly a day goes by but some one comes to us for medical aid. We do all we can, but what can laymen do for such people? Is there no one who will come to us?

Several of our buildings are in need of repair. Another dormitory for the girls is necessary. The boys also need larger living quarters. Dr. Chapman must have a dwelling. His fine home was destroyed by fire dur-

ing the winter a year ago. The Church has become too small for the congregation and must be either remodeled or rebuilt. A school house must be put up to care for the needs of a growing school. A shop must be built, and a new storehouse is a necessity. Some of these buildings will be erected as soon as the saw mill has been put up. Others will have to wait until the necessary funds have been contributed for their erection.

As I write this things look most hopeful for a realization of many of our dreams for the future. Besides the material help given by so many good friends in the States, we are blessed by having a very fine lot of children in the Mission and in having a staff of workers who have co-operated and pulled together with remarkable success. I suppose it is assumed by those of you at home that all missionaries can, and do, put their several noses to the grindstone of work and hold it there during their entire stay in the Mission field, with never a sidewise glance of irritation or discontent at any thing that may come within their field of vision. But please remember that missionaries are but human beings after all and not saints; in fact the more human they are the better missionaries they make, and it is not always possible to get together a corps of workers who will put aside their own plans and all work together to attain the plans that will be the best for all. So while it may seem a bit presumptuous to state that we have a perfect working staff, yet I know that we all do love each other and are ready to let that plan which will bring the most good to the most of us be our plan too. We are very, very happy together and very proud of the spirit among the workers and the children. We are looking forward with much pleasure to the com-

ing winter's work, but we shall miss those of the old staff who will leave us for furlough and for work in other fields.

To anyone thinking of coming in to do mission work may I not say that it holds much of romance. To a young man coming in there is every chance in the world to make his time and his labor worthwhile. He will find much to do always. There will be gas engines to run and keep in order; dogs to care for and drive; Church services to hold; marriages to perform; burials to hold; children to baptize; teeth to pull; saw mills to run; launches to run; advice on a thousand subjects asked for; school to teach; boys to look after and instruct; correspondence to keep up with and other jobs to do too numerous to mention. But rest assured that they will come to you. There will be no off days. And by your works you will be known and not by your knowledge of the Greek and Latin verbs. If you love the great outdoors, the place so rapidly marching in the distance in the States, you will find it here aplenty, sometimes almost too much of it maybe. But it is a great country, where live, splendid, hardy men who will take you into their cabins and give you such a welcome as would make the old Southern gentleman look twice.

It is a great country hereabouts, broad and beautiful and green with tall spruce and branching birch. Hills rise to meet your gaze on all sides and just at your right hand flows on and one forever the muddy waters of the mighty Yukon. But most interesting of all are the native people themselves with their old customs and beliefs and their very skillful manner of travel both in summer and winter, and their quaint habits and manners.

We are very, very happy here and wherever you may be we wish for you the same blessing of happiness. Our door will always be open to you, and we trust that some day you will come to pay us a visit and see all our chil-

dren, and join with us some evening as we sing together the praises of Him who is our Captain, and give thanks for all the good things of life that have come to us. Won't you come?



Old Russian Prison, Sitka.



# Standing By

By REV. B. W. GAITHER

St. Paul's, Eagle

St. Paul's Chapel ministers to the residents of the town of Eagle. Another Chapel, St. John's, was built for the natives in their village, which is situated on the Yukon three miles above Eagle.

The resident population of Eagle is a little less than one hundred in winter, and during the summer when the miners are at work on the creeks it may be imagined that the town is by no means overstocked with people. The services at St. Paul's are well attended, in proportion to the population, except during the summer.

These people love the Gospel message, and are such interested hearers as to constantly encourage the minister. Hymns and several of the chants are sung with much spirit and the attitude of the congregation is keen and eager during the reading of the lessons as well as when the address is delivered. The minister invariably brings away the impression that his perseverance and effort are not lost, but are well repaid.

The Sunday School maintains the year-around an interesting work. The total enrollment does not exceed thirteen (our lucky number), but since this includes all the children in town above the infants in arms, we

think it is an enviable record. The children are enthusiastic "comers," are interested in the study of the Bible and enjoy singing hymns. They are earnest little believers and in every way fine and winning children. The children's service at Christmas and at Easter are well attended and the memory of them is long cherished by our neighbors. At Christmas the mission provides for these children a tree, which is made possible by the generosity of the Church School League in the States.

In these earnest, hearty services of prayers, praise and instruction a truly Christian fellowship has been established between minister and people. We cannot point to definite figures as conclusive results of evangelism, but we can remain confident that a certain moral and spiritual need has been met and ministered to, and greatly to the glory of The Kingdom. St. Paul's has kept the eleven working in the meal.

Commanding a magnificent view of broad, winding river and far-flung chains of mountains, through the green of summer and the long-prevailing white of winter stands the rustic chapel, plain, artistic, beloved. On high, crowning the little belfry, is the Cross, bidding all who pass by remember Him, and speak good of His Name.





"Sheep Hunter."

# How We Kept Christmas At Point Hope

BY REV. FREDERIC W. GOODMAN

In the land of the Eskimos, wherever there are Christians, Christmas is the great Festival of the year. Trappers and hunters return to their villages and gather with their families to celebrate that marvelous act whereby God robed Himself in our humanity and became man. So Christmas at Point Hope in 1922 found the villages as full as Bethlehem on the first Christmas Day. What a contrast! Bethlehem was the "House of Bread," but Point Hope was the "house without bread" for our people were very short of food. The "harvest of the sea" had failed, no seals had come to our section of the Coast. Had it not been for the supplies which the Mission store house had doled out many would have been destitute.

Never will I forget the Eskimo who waited for me at the close of our Christmas Eve Carol Service and told me that for two days all his family had been without food. He went home with a chunk of frozen reindeer meat over his shoulder and a bag of groceries under his arm.

God had not forgotten his people whom he has placed on this bare and inhospitable coast of the Arctic Ocean. His blessing came on Christmas Day. It was in this way: After our great service on Christmas morning, an Eskimo went out on the ice and killed four seals! Quickly the news spread that some seals had arrived on our coast. O! the joy that filled every

heart. For the seal is the food and the light and warmth of the Eskimo during the long winter months.

Christmas morning was given up to the Church service, at which all of the communicants made their Communion. At four o'clock the Christmas tree and entertainment took place. No trees grow as far north as Point Hope so this was brought many, many miles by dog-sled by one of our hunters as his special contribution to the festival. The tree was not a spruce, nor a pine, nor green, but a low bush-willow and all its leaves were gone. Denison's green paper was bound around the lower boughs and the tinsel was festooned around the tips of the boughs and hung from branch to branch. The toys and the other decorations hid the bareness of the tree. Around its base, colored paper was spread and on this all the dolls were arranged in family groups as if they, too, were holding a party. Amongst these groups colored candles were placed and these were lighted when the festival began.

The entertainment opened with a song of "Welcome," sung by the school children and arranged specially for the occasion. Then came a short address and this was followed by the distribution of the presents. The sick who were unable to come and the old and feeble were first remembered, then the children and later on the



parents. Many happy surprises took place in these short hours. All through the evening the festivities continued with native character dancing and it was not until around two o'clock the next morning that the festivities ended and the crowd went back to their villages, tired, yet happy and rejoicing and still remembering, I hope, that all had so happened on the first Christmas Day Jesus had come to be our Saviour.

What a night it was! It seemed as

if the starry hosts were rejoicing too. The sky was as blue as any Syrian sky could be, the stars shone as if each one had been specially burnished for the occasion, the moon was at its full, the snow sparkled as if it were carpeted with diamonds, and away to the North the "Northern Lights" flung out their streaming banners across the winter sky.. And the thermometer stood at twenty-seven below zero! Truly it was a "Happy Christmas."



Natives at Point Hope

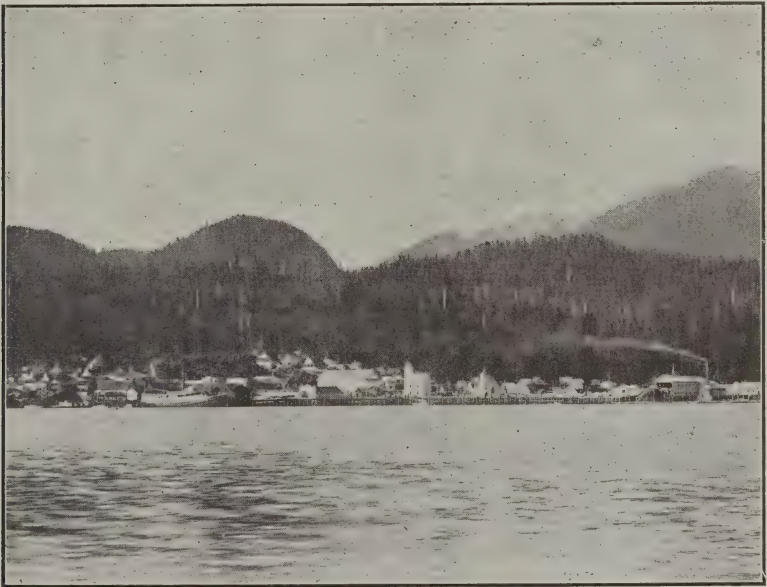
# Back From Furlough

By MARGUERITE L. BARTBERGER

Anvik, Alaska

Three o'clock on an August morning in Alaska is not very dark, but oh! it is such a sleepy hour. Yet when the "General Jacobs" let off steam with all the the strength of which she was capable, many eyes blinked and ears strained. Then the shrill whistle sent us leaping from our beds and in our wild excitement our fingers were all thumbs. Oh, dear! How could one's clothing disappear or get so tangled when one is in such eagerness to hurry. As for a sweater, one would rather shiver than stop to hunt, though all the time it was near enough to touch. Even during our hurried dressing there were many peeks out of the window for all this excitement was due to the fact that possibly the Chapmans might be on board. Yes,

surely that was dear Mr. Chapman himself on deck, grown more rotund but just as genial and beloved. One by one our dressing finished at last and we fairly flew over the ground to the landing. There they were—all four—and looking as happy to be back as we to see them. The children were a bit shy but there was no lack of feeling back of it. The staff more than made up for it with hugs and hand-shakes and eager questions. Were ever any people so welcome anywhere as the Chapmans were at Anvik? Their absence had left an empty place that nothing but their return could fill. Their pleasure in the Mission's appearance, over which we had worked hard, more than made up for the hard work.



Ketchikan from the Deck of the Steamer.

# Some Spices of the Northern Life

By Rev. B. W. Gaither, Eagle

## "A FAIR EXCHANGE"

On Christmas eve Old Andrew delightfully displayed a large bundle of "Siwash" tobacco, that is, leaf tobacco that has suffered an immersion in licorice or something like it. This is a popular "chew" among the natives.

"Everybody man me givum present Christmas Day," he announced.

The day after Christmas Andrew displayed with much pride a bundle which to all appearances was the identical one intended for distribution. Certainly as to nature and quantity of contents it was an excellent duplicate.

"Did you forget your Christmas presents?" he was asked.

"Forget! No—me no forget. This one," he explained, "me ketchum from everybody man."

## "He Must Have the Blessing."

A chief "back in the sticks" wrote a letter to a missionary on the Yukon, and concluded thus:

"God bless me,

Your good friend,  
Sam."

## "AN INGENIOUS TRADER"

Old Susie wanted a new suit of clothes. He also wanted credit, for, as he expressed it: "I got no dollar." So he wrote his request and sent it by his son to the trader, himself remaining three miles away from the scene of impending action. The note read: "Please take out a good suit of clothes and put it on me."

## "FAMILIAR WITH THE AXE."

The boys were learning the names and order of the books of the New

Testament. Having received much drilling they were told to write a list Little Elisha's version:

St. Matthew

St. Mark

St. Luke

St. John

St. Axe

St. Roamer

This boy is compelled to devote the greater part of his time to the use of the axe. It is a source of great comfort to the missionary that the church can soften the hardness of his life with the Gospel Light.

## "THE POOR MISSIONARY."

Following the mission Christmas tree the guessing game was proceeding merrily. The missionary would draw from a box of assorted articles some gift and hold it, a screen being used, so half the audience could see it, the other half doing the guessing, and so alternating that every individual would have a guess. To guess the correct name of an article meant to win it. Some information was given, such as, boy's toy, ornament for a woman and etc.

Finally Old Billy's time came and a necktie was produced.

"Something a man likes to wear when he goes to church. He does not have to wear it, but he likes to wear it," was the hint given.

Billy remained silent, his eyes studying his moccasins.

As additional encouragement the missionary tugged at his clerical vest and collar volunteering: "Keehee does not wear them."

Immediately Billy roared out: "Underclothes."

# NOTES



September 4, 1923.

Dear Mr. Ziegler:

A recent letter from Bishop Rowe informed me of the existence of "The Alaskan Churchman" and friends here tell me that you are the editor. Permit me to introduce myself to you.

The Bishop seemed to think that Ketchikan needed to occupy some space, more or less, as you desire and I am sure that he is right from the standpoint of Ketchikan.

I am not a newspaper man, Mr. Ziegler, and do not know how to put the stuff in shape for a paper, but I will tell you the history of this past month and you can use it as you deem best.

Myself and family, consisting of Mrs. Bush, Robert, age 9, Mary Ellen, age 8, and Frederick, age 6, arrived on the 3rd of August on the "Queen" and we came from Choteau, Montana. We were welcomed by the Hon. W. A. Holzheimer and a group of Church people, including Miss Edmond, the pioneer worker in Ketchikan, and Mrs. Molineaux, who is in charge of the Indian work here. The attendance at the Services every Sunday during the month has exceeded my expectations. On Tuesday evening the 14th, a group of ten Churchmen gathered in the office of Mr. Holtzheimer at his invitation and after a discussion of local conditions decided to elect a Vestry Committee of eleven members. This Vestry organized by electing Dr. W. E. Peterson as Warden, Mr. P. G. Charles, Clerk, and Mr. L. S. Ferris, Treasurer. This response of the men and their willingness to assume the financial responsibility of the Mission

was a most heartening and substantial "welcome" to the new missionary.

On the evening of Friday, the 24th., the Vestry gave a "smoker" in my honor to which the men of the city came in goodly numbers enabling me to get acquainted.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 29th., the ladies of the Church gave a reception to Mrs. Bush at the home of Mrs. H. N. Stackpole, that was very largely attended.

Both Mrs. Bush and I are enjoying ourselves to the highest degree and think that St. John's, Ketchikan, is quite the best place on earth to be. I had thought that I knew something about rain but I find that my education along that line was woefully neglected.

Again, allow me to say that you are to use as little of this "dope" as you may desire. I have no feelings that you can possibly injure by anything you may decide to do. And don't forget to send me a copy so that I may become a subscriber.

Faternally yours,

H. E. BUSH.

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## ST. GEORGES CHURCH

Cordova

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This is the time of the year when we loose some of our valued friends. St. George's misses from activities Mr. J. C. Readman who has been invaluable as choir director and lay reader. Mr. Readman is returning to his home in Juneau. Mrs. Julius Struck has left Chitina and Miss Edna Evans has left for the outside.



St. Georges sent \$100 as its annual contribution towards the apportionment.

The Woman's Guild is actively engaged under its present president, Mrs. Joe White getting ready for the the annual bazaar.

The Red Dragon has been acting in a true capacity as a Community Center. The Camp Fire Girls under the guardianship of Mrs. W. H. Chase have been making the clubhouse their meeting-place.

We have been favored by visits from the following distinguished Alaskans. Dr. S. Hall Young, general superintendent of Presbyterian Missions; the Rt. Rev. J. R. Crimont, Bishop of Alaska of the Roman Communion and Father Kashavaroff of Juneau of the Russian Church.

The Presbyterian Church is building a handsome new manse adjoining their new church. The Rev. and Mrs. Fred Scherer, the new pastor and his wife are nicely settled, have taken hold with both heart and hand of their new charge in Cordova and we hope that they will be long with us.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Received \$10 from Miss Sarah H. Lindley, Colorado Springs, Colo., towards a scholarship at Nenana.

#### ALASKA CHURCHMAN CALENDAR

The Alaskan Churchman calendar will be published this year by Miss Laurette Booth from "Box 6," Haverford, Pa. Miss Booth has been one of our most valued champions and workers for the Alaskan Churchman and for many years has given her generous support to everything for our good. Order all calendars from Miss Booth "Box 6," Haverford Pa.

The Alaskan Churchman is in receipt of a most attractive Parochial Paper called The Parish Leaflet, edited by Rev. H. E. Bush of St. John's Church, Ketchikan. We welcome this enterprising little paper giving us the news of St. John's, Ketchikan and wish it every success spiritually and financially.

#### ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, Anchorage

The Sunday after the death of President Harding, the Christian people of Anchorage assembled in the Presbyterian Church for a Union Service. The Episcopal Church choir, with crucifer, marched in singing the processional hymn. The Rev. C. G. Denton, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, conducted the service and the Rev. Burdette Landsdowne of the Episcopal Church preached the sermon on the subject, "The Ideals of Our Late President."

Early in the summer, a Junior Guild was organized under the leadership of Mrs. T. S. Oliver. The girls have done considerable sewing, and last month they gave a Strawberry Festival, at which they made nearly \$100.

Early in September the Rev. Burdette Landsdowne, of All Saints' Church, Anchorage, went to Matanuska, where service was held in the dining room of the Hotel Allen. About twenty-five persons were present. According to plans now worked out the towns adjacent to the Alaska Railroad will be visited at regular times either by the Presbyterian or the Episcopal minister from Anchorage.

On the second Sunday of September a Union Service was held at All Saints' Church for the promotion of a better understanding between the Church and Labor. The Rev. C. G. Denton, of the Presbyterian Church, and Mr.

William Adams, President of the Machinists' Association, were the speakers. There was a good attendance, and plans are being made to interest men in the message of Jesus Christ.

A flourishing group of Camp Fire Girls, under the leadership of Mrs. B. Landsdowne, as Guardian, held a Sunday night ceremonial meeting in the Presbyterian Church. The affair was most impressive and instructive, bringing out clearly the things for which the Camp Fire Girls stand, namely, Work, Health and Love. The girls gave several of their songs; read the Scripture lessons, and repeated together the Camp Fire Prayer. The Rev. C. D. Denton gave an short address in which he showed the value of the Camp Fire Girls' program in the building of character.

#### Church Serves Community

About a year ago Anchorage had no public library. There were about 500 books in a small room adjoining All Saints' Church. These books were furnished by the Church Periodical Club. The Presbyterian Church also had a library of two or three hundred books. These two libraries were brought together to form a Public Library for the town of Anchorage. The American Legion had 250 volumes, which they added. The Woman's Club of Anchorage became interested and contributed \$500. A Library Association was formed and officers elected; all serve without remuneration.

One of the business men of town offered the back part of his store to house the books; light, heat, rent free.

At the first annual meeting held in September the treasurer reported total receipts of \$957, from three sources: \$500 from the Anchorage Woman's Club; \$215 from other organiza-

tions and \$244 from membership fees, etc. Disbursements for new books, fixtures, etc., amounted to \$477. Cash on hand, \$481.

The librarian's report shows that Anchorage reads more fiction than anything else, ratio being 6 to 1. There are 1800 books on the shelves of the library; one section being devoted to children's books. The circulation was as follows:

From adult section: Fiction, 1310; non-fiction, 332; total, 1692.

From the juvenile section: Fiction, 2124; non-fiction, 241; total, 2365.

Number of days library has been open, 73. Average daily circulation, 55. A reading room in connection with the library is needed.

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#### ST. TIMOTHY'S MISSION

St. Timothy, Alaska.

Rev. Arthur R. Wright.

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We have been home from our trip to Fairbanks for four weeks now. We hurried back because we were afraid there would be an early "freeze-up" after the wonderful summer we had this year. We are having instead an equally wonderful fall, there is no snow as yet, and the river is open, a little slush-ice is running. We brought a "new missionary" back with us. Our little son was born at St. Joseph's Hospital in Fairbanks on Aug. 22nd. Rev. Mr. Tatrem came up from Nenana and we had a private Communion and Baptism before we left.

Our freight didn't reach the Crossing this summer, but fortunately we had an unusually good vegetable crop.

There was an abundance of white fish in Lake Mansfield this fall, and there was a good caribou run so the Indians have lots of dried fish and meat for their winter "cache."

## ST. JOHN'S-IN-THE-WILDERNESS Allakaket, Koyukuk River

August 10, 1923.

Our natives here are not catching any fish just now, owing to the low, clear water of the river. This water is always too clear for fish wheels and the natives use nets. The Indians who went down to their fish camps early, caught some fish in their nets for a few days. Then the river began to drop and continued until it is very low, and quite clear. The river resembles a lake and not a river. The Eskimos have seines and have been able to catch some fish in this manner. As a rule the Indians do not use seines, but this year on Indian family has decided to make a seine.

These natives, however, are not in want of food because they all had a very successful season at their muskrat camps, but they would rather have fresh fish to eat just now. Rabbits are very plentiful so they are not hungry. They are feeding the dogs dried meat and fresh rabbit. The trader brought in some dried salmon from the coast, but the natives do not like to pay twenty-five cents a pound for dried fish.

All the natives are well and apparently happy.

We are having a hot, dry spell, the thermometer registering ninety on one day and eighty-eight and eighty-nine several days last month.

## STEPHEN'S VILLAGE

Deaconess Harriet M. Bedell of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, was a visitor at Whitehorse and Dawson on her way in to her work at St. Andrew's Mission at Stephen's Village. This village is located on the Yukon River, in Alaska, one hundred and sixty miles below Fort Yukon. Stephen's is entirely an

Indian village, Miss Bedell and a trader being the only white persons in a population of one hundred and fifty. She is both an evangelist and a teacher. In the day school she has a class of twenty-seven Indian children, and an adult class ranging in attendance from twelve to fifteen. The natives are very anxious to learn. During the hunting and fishing seasons the men and some of the women leave the village and in order to follow them to their camping grounds Miss Bedell is adding a launch to her equipment. A feature of her work is the domestic training given to the Indians. At all times she has a staff of four assisting her with the result that every Indian girl in the village has had at least two sessions of domestic training at the Mission House. Deaconess Bedell has been at Stephen's Village six years, and is now returning from a year's furlough spent in part at her home in Buffalo.

Accompanying Miss Bedell is Nurse Theresa Sands of Philadelphia, who is on her way to assist Dr. and Mrs. Burke at Fort Yukon Hospital. It is Nurse Sands' first experience in the North and our Canadian workers in the Yukon wish her every blessing and happiness in her labors in Alaska.  
—Northern Lights.

## FORT YUKON

Dr. and Mrs. Burke have returned to their work at Fort Yukon, Alaska, after a well-earned furlough. Dr. Burke is in charge of the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital and has the great satisfaction of returning to his work equipped with the most modern of X-ray appliances.

The story of the new X-ray machine is a very interesting one. A miner had fallen down a shaft and fractured both legs. Six men had carried him

over the hardest of trails, by raft, and by barge until they brought him, after almost three weeks of untold agony to the hospital at Fort Yukon. After some three months' treatment one leg was practically restored and the other was of considerable use to the man, but Dr. Burke was not satisfied with the condition and brought the fellow all the way to Dawson, a distance of about four hundred miles, to have an X-ray examination. This practical illustration of the need of such an instrument for the hospital at Fort Yukon was the beginning of a fund which has since materialized into an X-ray, being ordered and sent in. This will be the first X-ray instrument to be taken into the Arctic Circle, and Dr. and Mrs. Burke have great reason to feel encouraged in their work.

As an illustration of what medical missionary work can do for the native races, Dr. Burke made the statement that when the hospital was opened at Fort Yukon there were five births to twenty deaths among the Indians. Now the figures are practically reversed. This great result has been achieved not only by the curing of sickness, but by imparting knowledge to the Indians which has been the means of preventing a great deal of sickness.

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#### ARCHDEACON'S NOTES

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May, 1923.

The dead of winter is not the most inviting time to travel in the interior of Alaska, yet it is during the dead of winter that the itinerant missionary usually finds the people of the villages and towns at home, and in the most receptive mood for religious services.

For instance, during the Christmas and New Year's holidays the Indians

are gathered from far and near for the services and for the protracted season of fun-making. At no other time during the year does one find the villages so full except during the first part of July, when the out-of-door activities are quite distracting to the services of the Church.

So with the Christmas holidays past at Fort Yukon, the start of the winter rounds of the Yukon Missions was made. It was around fifty below zero, but it had been that so long that I did not consider it wise to lose time waiting for the weather to break. The later the start the less apt would I be to find the Indians still in their villages. And this start early in January was rewarded by finding most of the Indians still in along the way.

At Stephen's Village, with Deaconess Harriet Bedell on furlough, Henry Moses and his wife, a former Mission girl, seemed to be taking good care of the Mission property, and to have the affection and confidence of the people. Henry was holding regular religious services.

Not to mention each of the places visited, at Tanana we found Miss Nellie Landon in charge of the Government school at the native village. The former teacher had had a breakdown and in the emergency Miss Landon had consented to teach. This work fits in pre-eminently with our missionary endeavor, and we only hope that the Superintendent of Education for the Yukon will prevail on Miss Landon to continue at this post, while at the same time doing her regular nursing at the Mission.

At St. John's-in-the-Wilderness we were confronted with the dilapidated condition of the Mission school house. This building was never intended for a school building when it was first put up. But for lack of anywhere else, the cabin was lengthened out to



accommodate the children of the village. After some fifteen years of service the building is now twisted and warped, and really looks dangerous. Quite often Deaconess Thayer will admonish her pupils, "Now children don't rush about so, you might shake the building down!" So part of our summer's program must be the erection of a new school building, and one adequate for the needs of the Mission. The men of the village were enthusiastic over the idea of a new school house, and proceeded to cut and haul out to the river the necessary logs.

In March Miss L. J. Ames and Miss Lucy Vigus, of the nursing staff at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital, left for the States, having withdrawn from the work in January. In spite of the fact that Doctor Cook was left with only his mother, and Miss Gunz, they have managed very well, with the aid of native help, and relief work given by Miss Dalziel, of the Government school.

The cabin floors had given way in many spots, and patching had often been done, but time, at last arrived, when patching would not avail any longer,—so it became necessary this summer to lay new floors throughout the cabin.

Archdeacon Drane and one of the traders of this district moved the furniture from our living room and dining rooms onto the front porch. We each had a tent for our sleeping quarters and into these the furnishings from the bed rooms were moved. The kitchen and pantry were moved into the shed and pantry were moved cabin. This became our sitting and dining room, as well as the kitchen.

When the partitions and old floor had been removed many of the beams were found to have rotted away. The ground under the kitchen had caved

in around the old well, and quite a large hole was found when the floor was taken up. This hole has been excavated and cribbed and we now have a fine cellar.

The Archdeacon and some of our Indian boys went up the river and cut the new floor beams. These were soon in place, the new flooring laid, the partitions in place and covered with burlap, and the cabin was ready once more.

We moved into tents on Aug. 21st and returned to the cabin Sept. 4.

Camping in the Arctic was a new experience and not an unpleasant one nor a hardship while the weather held fine. We had no rain and little wind, during our two weeks of repairs. The last four nights and mornings were chilly and it felt very good to run into the shed and find the fire burning briskly.

The Archdeacon also supervised and helped build a new schoolhouse. It is a fine size one; with many windows.

The influenza has been making its rounds again this spring. At Tanana Crossing. There were five deaths. The situation was handled quite efficiently by Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Wright, assisted by the local traders and Mr. Thos. Yeigh.

At Minto and other camps below Nenana, the flu hit for the first time, and with many casualties. The deaths were mostly among the old men. Three years ago it was chiefly the young and the able bodied who were carried away.

The great anticipation at St. Mark's Mission is a new set of buildings. The site has been picked by Bishop Rowe, and Rev. Robt. G. Tatum is pushing ahead with preparations for the commencement of the building as soon as the funds are available. Just at present the small saw mill to be run by

the tractor, is nearly completed. This will furnish the necessary lumber, and also be used to flatten the surfaces of the building logs as well as face them.

During the past fall Mr. Tatum was in the States raising money for the schooling of John Fredson, entering Sewanee University, and Moses John Cruickshank entering the Mt. Vernon Preparatory School. He was successful in securing pledges which cover the education of these two native boys for a term of years. John Fredson is a prospective medical missionary, and Moses Cruickshank is looking forward to the sacred ministry. Both are former members of St. Mark's Mission School.

With the leaving of the above mentioned boys for further training to be received in the States, Nena Jenny, one of the older girls of St. Mark's has also gone out to study, with a view to doing mission nursing. Nena is with Miss Florence Langdon, formerly of the Interior missions, at Berkeley, California.

The lack of a school teacher has been a serious handicap to the work of St. Mark's during the past year. To fill in the breach, Miss Cotchett, the nurse, undertook to teach, and with very good results. Miss Wright and Mr. Tatum have had the teaching of the older boys and girls. With a host of duties, such as caring for the twenty-six boys and girls of the Mission, each of the staff has been overtaxed with work. A regular school teacher is urgently needed.

FREDERICK B. DRANE.

(By an oversight this interesting letter was not published in the last issue.—Ed.)

Anvik, Alaska, Jan. 7, 1923.

My dear Mr. Ziegler:

Yesterday I received your card asking for a list of our staff. Here it is:

Rev. Henry H. Chapman

Rev. John B. Bentley

Miss Marguerite L. Bartberger

Miss Susan E. Smith.

Miss Bartberger is matron of the boarding school. Miss Smith teaches, besides helping with the housework. Both these young ladies are graduates of the Philadelphia Deaconess School.

Perhaps you would like an account of our Christmas. Early on Christmas morning the entire Mission family went through the village, singing Christmas carols and distributing presents for the village children. The Mission dog-team hauled the sled-load of presents. Our good friends of the California Woman's Auxiliary had sent us plenty of dolls for the girls, tops and marbles for the boys, and balls and rattles for the babies.

At 10:30 we had Morning Prayer, followed by Holy Communion, and a baptism. There was a large congregation in spite of the fact that many of our Anvik people were away at Shageluk attending a parka feast that week.

At 3:30 in the afternoon there was a program of songs and recitations by the Mission children in the school-room, and bags of candy were distributed to all the children present. We had our Christmas dinner in the evening and after dinner there was a Christmas tree for the staff. This concluded the festivities for the day.

A few days after Christmas I went to a small village about 25 miles down the Yukon, to see an Indian who had been lost in the woods, was out for two days, and nearly froze to death before he was found by his son. Various reports had reached me regarding his condition. One report had it that he was unable to walk and that his feet were "rotting" because he had no medicine to put on them. Others told me that he was all right and able to walk. So I went down to investi-

gate, taking with me our interpreter, Isaac Fisher. We had lunch at the home of an Indian couple, 13 miles down the river. They gave us some stewed rabbit to go with our sandwiches and tea. Whatever faults these people have, they have the virtue of true hospitality and such as they have they give freely.

It was after dark when we reached our destination. I found that my patient was all right except for one toe that hadn't healed. He had a rag around it that looked as if it had first been used to mop the floor with. According to all the laws of hygiene he should have died long before of blood poisoning, gangrene and tetanus combined. I disinfected the toe, put on a clean dressing, and left some clean gauze for the man to put on himself. He had some mentholatum that one of the traders at Holy Cross had given him. I hear that the same trader presented him with a sack of flour, as he was unable to go hunting or trapping.

We stayed at one of the cabins overnight. It was Holy Innocents'

Day, so I told the story of the day to the family in simple English, then read the Gospel for the day and had prayers.

We started for home at 8:30 the next morning, reached our lunching place at noon, and had some more stewed rabbit for dinner. During the lunch hour one of the dogs mistook my leg for a piece of dry fish and tried to bite it. I had on a pair of long reindeer-skin boots, and he didn't even make a dent in the boot. We reached Anvik at 4:30. Mr. Bentley had made a fire in my heater and it surely was good to come home to a warm house.

This will give you an idea of what we are doing here. We now have seven boys and fourteen girls at the Mission.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY H. CHAPMAN.

P. S.—My latest accomplishment is pulling teeth. I pull teeth without the use of gas or drugs of any kind; and I guarantee that once the tooth is out it stays out.

H. H. C.

## A Letter From Bishop Rowe

My dear \_\_\_\_\_:

As I have been asked by several presidents of the branches of the Woman's Auxiliary, whether we still are in need of "Scholarships," in carrying on our religious and educational work on behalf of the native children of Alaska, and the amount we need, I am making the following answer:

We do need the "Scholarships." Without them this important precious work would have to be closed. These many years we have carried on this work and it has been done entirely,

excepting the salaries of the teachers and nurses, by the aid of the "Scholarships," the voluntary offerings of friends, and the Woman's Auxiliary boxes of clothing.

Christ Church School at Anvik, states back to 1888 when it was started by our veteran missionary, the Rev. John W. Chapman who was aided by the late Bertha W. Sabine. Native boys and girls averaging about 25 a year, have been in attendance, the results have been so satisfactory that Dr. Chapman is now most anxi-

ous, not only to continue the school, but to enlarge it.

For years the "Scholarships" asked, to care for one child in the year, its food, clothing and education, was \$100 but owing to the increased cost of everything, and higher freight rates we had to ask during the war, that the Scholarships be increased to \$200.

Tortella Hall, St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, was established by the Rev. Charles E. Betticher in 1910, Miss A. C. Farthing being placed in charge, and who died at her post, a real martyr in the work. Our buildings had to be of logs, and were very inexpensive, only unfortunately needing to be replaced in time.

In this school the average attendance of boys and girls is thirty. Through this school have passed such boys of promise and helpful influence as Walter Harper and Arthur Wright, Johnny Fredson and Henry Moses. As this work of religiously educating the native is more important than any other, we are therefore most anxious to have the scholarships—and to have them continued. The work is dependent upon them. There is no other support.

At Fort Yukon, in addition to the day school, Mrs. Burke has constantly in her home, under her training, an average, twelve children. The education thus given has a leavening and an uplift among the natives in their homes and villages beyond all calculation. Would it be possible to get greater, more immediate Christian civilizing results from an investment of \$200 than in the character building of a child?

I hope the above explanation may be not only an answer to the question, "do you still need "Scholarships," but may be sufficient to interest and encourage you in helping and continuing this work.

With deep thankfulness for your kind aid in the past, and with my best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

P. T. ROWE,

Bishop of Alaska.

The above is a copy of a circular letter that the bishop is sending out, which we think will be of general interest.

Editor.

## A Letter From Dr. Chapman

Dear Mr. Ziegler:

The best of all the experiences of an unusually prosperous and delightful journey was the home-coming last Saturday morning at the early hour of half past three o'clock. The sun was still below the horizon; but it was light and I was proud of my assistants when I went ashore with two or three fellow passengers who had asked me awaken them, that they

might see the place. Everybody was beautifully cared for and in perfect order. The new girls' scholarship was meat and attractive in appearance.

It had been my intention to telegraph from Nenana; but I found that it was useless to do so, since the only boat that could have taken the message was already between Holy Cross and Anvik, on her return trip to Nenana. Our friends were, therefore,



uncertain as to the precise time of our arrival; but Mr. Beatley and my son were up, on account of the mail, and the whole mission was soon awake and in a state of happy excitement. Later in the day and at intervals ever since the people of the village began to call, to pay their respects.

The day after our arrival, Sunday, the church was well filled, notwithstanding that most of the families in the community are living at a distance, in the fishing camps. For the first time in my experience here, we had a surpliced choir, of several of the girls. Their training in the hymns and chants was evident and they sang with confidence and precision. Our children have always sung a great deal and I think that they sang "with the understanding also." The ladies, and Miss Bartberger in particular, have worked hard to brighten our church services by the addition of the surpliced choir; and their work is fully appreciated by one who is able to contrast the appearance and conduct of these bright, fresh faced children, in their immaculate collars and caps, with that of the children whom we used to see in church in the early days of the mission.

One of my "chores," since our arrival, has been the agreeable task of opening many parcels of books—some four hundred volumes in all, received from many sources but principally from the Church Periodical Club of Massachusetts. The names of all donors are listed and acknowledgement will be made in due time.

It is a little less than a year since we left Anvik, on our journey homeward, we return refreshed by the memory of such happy associations and so many tokens of good will that it would be impossible to enumerate them all. Of one thing we gladly testify: that there is nothing like the fellowship that is in Jesus Christ. This is the sum and substance of all that we would willingly say: and we pray daily that His blessing may be upon all His servants who have so befriended us.

I am sending you a few subscriptions to "The Alaskan Churchman." I am sure that we all ought to be proud of the way that it is edited and of its general appearance.

With kindest regards to you and Mrs. Ziegler from us all,

I am sincerely yours,

JOHN W. CHAPMAN.



# Appeals



1. For St. Mark's School, the sum of \$200 as an annual scholarship for ten of the children of this boarding school. These appeals sometimes bring in new scholarships, and we assure our readers that the appeal is urgent. For this past year our expenses amounted to \$10,000 with resources totaling only \$5,000, leaving the balance to be raised by Bishop Rowe. This means an ever-increasing burden on him and the rest of the workers. Send in your scholarships either direct to St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, or mark "Special for St. Mark's, Nenana," and send to the Treasurer of the Missionary Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

2. For Christ's Church Mission School, Anvik. The above appeal should also be applied to the Anvik School, as the needs are the same.

3. At St. Mark's, Nenana. Clothing of all kinds for boys and girls of from three years to fifteen. Quite often we experience a shortage of clothing for the boys and girls entrusted to us at

our boarding school. Then when there is clothing to spare, it is possible for us to trade the same to the Natives of the vicinity for such necessities as fresh meat, berries and mocassins, which we must have for the children. The Natives in turn profit, for from us they can thereby obtain better clothing than can possibly be procured at the stores, in exchange for articles that are not always negotiable at the stores.

4. Material for making dresses is also asked for, as the girls at St. Mary's are taught to sew and make their own clothes.

5. Books and magazines are requested for St. Mathew's Magazine Committee, Fairbanks. There is a ready call for all that you can send.

6. Books, subscriptions to magazines for the Red Dragon Club House, Cordova, Alaska.

7. Good colored prints of religious pictures, Seman or Medici prints, books on art with reproductions, for The Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

### DIOCESE

- Asheville—Mrs F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.  
 Bethlehem — Miss Fannie M. Butler, Mauch Chunk, Pa.  
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 Southern Ohio—Mrs. W. K. Schoepf, 622 Oak St., Cincinnati.  
 South Carolina—Mrs. Wyndham Manning, 900 Lawrens St., Columbia, S. C.  
 Southwestern Virginia—Mrs. Gordon H. Baker, Roanoke, Virginia.  
 Spokane—Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St., Spokane, Wash.  
 Washington, D. C.—Miss Frances C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Pl. N. W.  
 Washington—Mrs. F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.  
 West Texas—Mrs. J. M. Pettus, Goliad, Texas.  
 Western New York—Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.

## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan postoffices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Anchorage. Other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail.

All points in the Interior receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik re-

ceives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any article which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, The Red Dragon, Cordova, Alaska.

# Directory of Alaskan Workers

## BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office, 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

## ARCHDEACON

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (1915), Fort Yukon, Alaska.

## MISSION STATIONS

**Allakaket**—(P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River — St. John's-in-the-Wilderness:—  
Deaconess Muriel A. Thayer (1921).  
Miss Amelia E. Hill, R. N. (1922).

**Anchorage**—Outlying Camps, Railroad Work, etc.:—  
Rev. Burdette Landsdowne.

**Anvik**—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman, D. D.  
Rev. John B. Bentley, assistant (1921).  
Miss Marguerite Bartberger.  
Miss Susan E. Smith (1921).  
Miss Ella E. Lucas, Housemother. (1923).

**Chena**—St. Paul's Chapel:  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Chena Native Village**—St. Barnabas':—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Circle City**—Church of the Heavenly Rest (vacant).

**Cordova**—St. George's Church, Red Dragon Club House and Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium:—  
Rev. Eustace P. Ziegler (1909).

**Chitina**—(Visited from Cordova).

**McCarthy**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Kennecott**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Douglas Island**—St. Luke's Church:—  
(Visited from Juneau).

**Eaglc**—St. Paul's Mission:  
Rev. B. W. Gaither.

**Fairbanks**—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room. Camps visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood.  
Rev. Henry H. Chapman.

**Fort Yukon**—St. Stephen's Mission and Church.  
Rev. Grafton Burke, M. D.  
Miss E. B. Gunz, R. N., (1920)  
Miss Katherine Bridgeman.  
David Wallis, Staff Reader and Interpreter.  
Arctic Village.  
Bishop Rowe Chapel.  
Albert E. Trit.  
Native Lay Reader.

**Ketchikan**—St. John's Church, Hospital and School:—  
Rev. Homer E. Bush.  
Miss Barlow.  
Mrs. J. H. Molineux.  
Miss Edith Harper.

**Juneau**—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—  
Very Rev. Charles Rice, Dean.  
Camps visited: Douglas, Thane and Perseverance.

**Nenana**—St. Mark's Mission (See Tanana Valley Mission).  
Rev. Robert G. Tatum (1921).  
Miss Alice Wright (1914).  
Miss E. B. Backnall  
Miss Lessie de R. Cotchett, R. N. (1921).

**Nome**—St. Mary's Church. (Vacant).

**Point Hope (Tigara)**—St. Thomas' Mission:—  
Rev. W. A. Thomas  
Tony Joule, Assistant Teacher.

**Salchaket**—St. Luke's Mission. (Vacant).

**Seward**—St. Peter's Church:—  
Visited from Anchorage.

**Sitka**—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

**Skagway**—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

**Stephen's Village**:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

**Tanana**—St. James' Church. (Vacant).

**Tanana Indian Village**—Mission of Our Saviour:—  
Deaconess Gertrude M. Sterne.  
Miss Nellie M. Laudon, R. N.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana Crossing**—St. Timothy's Mission:—  
Rev. Arthur Wright.

**Tanana Valley Mission**—Including Native Missions on the Tanana River; Nenana, Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing:—  
Visited from Nenana.

**Valdez**—Epiphany Church and Everyman's Club House:—  
Visited from Cordova.

**Wrangell**—St. Philip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

**Missionaries on furlough in the States** (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City):—  
Miss E. J. Ridgeway.  
Miss Marguerite Bartberger.



## The Woman's Auxiliary to the Presiding Bishop and Council.

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### OFFICERS OF THE MISSIONARY JURISDICTION OF ALASKA.

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DRAWN BY E. P. ZIEGLER





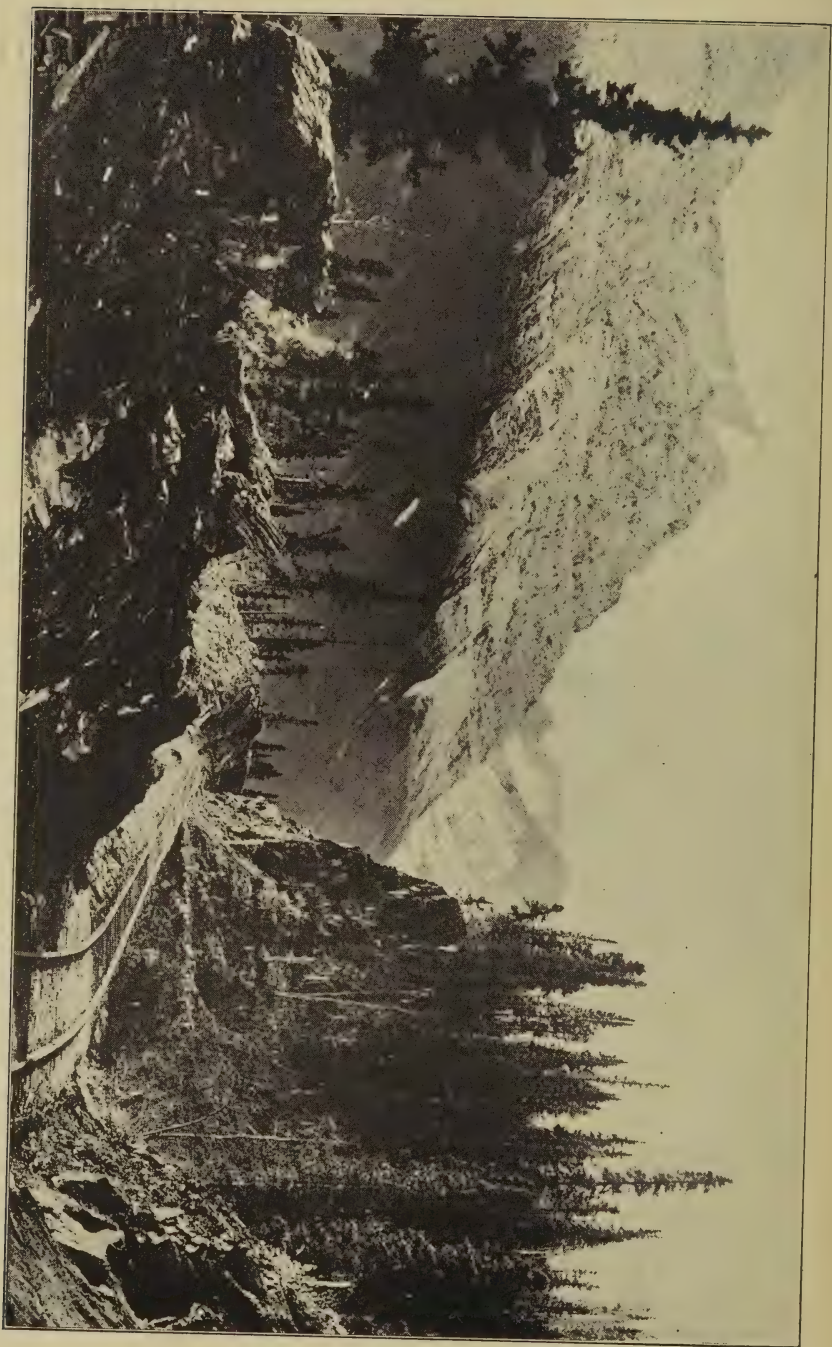
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Scene on C. R. & N. W. R. R. near Cordova



# The Alaskan Churchman

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To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

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JANUARY, 1924

## Editorial

"People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters but men of sense are really but of one religion." Bishop Burnet in "History of his Own Times."

To those of us who dwell at a far distance from the seat of the heated discussions between Modernists and Fundamentalists we are further reminded of the answer of the Earl who was asked on hearing the above quotation "What religion?", the reply being "Men of sense never tell it."

Christ's Church has seen many struggles, dissensions, and vicissitudes in the past nineteen hundred years. Questions of doctrine have threatened to tear it apart. But the

church still exists, the foundation of the hope of mankind.

It seems only natural that questions and doubts should arise in the minds of churchmen as to various matters. We are not all built in the same pattern. To some who are of an analytical turn of mind, certain things seem hard to believe when taken in a literal sense. Others are satisfied to take these things on trust.

The great majority of those who profess Christianity believe in the Virgin Birth. They are happy in that belief. The loss of their trust in Christ the God Child would mean to many of them, a collapse of the entire religious structure. The criticism of the Modernist is destructive.

Burke in "Reflections on the Revolution in France," says: "The body of all true religion consists, to be sure, in obedience to the will of the Sovereign of the World, in a confidence in His declarations, and in imitation of His precepts."

We modestly suggest that those who find it impossible to subscribe to the tenets of the church of which they are a part, step aside as gracefully as possible. If they conceive that they are of the same stuff as Martin Luther, John Calvin and others who were unable to agree with the Mother Church, the way is open to them. They will find many followers doubtless, and may do much good in the world.

The Alaskan Churchman is in receipt of the "Farthest North Collegian" issued by the students and faculty of the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines, Fairbanks, Alaska. It is a most interesting and spicy little magazine of thirty pages and a signal proof of the enterprise of the Farthest North College.



JOHN BUYAN, JR.



# John Bunyan, Jr. And Red Dragon Tales

## De Profundis

A parson's son, after a month's work as a road-maker, with nine dollars to the good, and one round to the bad with a cursing French Canadian foreman, sat in the 16x20 foot van of a Michigan lumber camp, surveying with a battered eye, in immediate and inglorious past. He glanced into a cracked looking glass at his mortified present, then smiled with bleeding lip into the unpromising future.

Pencils and paint brushes in no way having contributed to the speed of getting out fifty thousand feet of pine logs, the technique of axes and cross-cuts being foreign to his genius, a distemperamentally disposed boss tied a can to John Bunyan, Jr., and like a lame duck, John limped nine miles to the beach where a December gale wafted him under a double-reefed, tattered foresail of a Mackinac boat, to the distant mainland.

After encountering various and miserable vicissitudes, he boarded a south-bound freight or two and finally presented himself, just as the last bell rang, to his father, the rector and principal of a church academy for young gentlemen.

At the termination of the interview which followed, he was convinced once again of his inability to conform to the required standards of another field, from which, kind Providence was destined to deliver him.

Having been raised in a clergyman's family, and all three of his brothers having taken orders after

the conventional manner, through their respective colleges and seminaries, it was not strange that the door of the church, as sanctuary or refuge, opened wide. He thought that he knew well what the clergy were and how valuable, how worthy or worthless their mission could be.

His predilection for the clergyman whose trousers are ragged around the ankles, was due to an old college chum of his fathers', whose heroic work in the 40 below of the Michigan woods confirmed him in his conviction that there could be saints among the clergy. His father wore the same kind of pants, a like pair constituted his own chief asset, and given time, he might acquire sanctity, having three days previous, barely dodged a martyr's crown.

The course of his life thus far having been directed through varying grades of society, he decided for recent, respectful reasons, that the Great Unwashed were much more worth being saved than the Great Washed, and through dangerous were much more interesting.

Having arrived after this spiritual pilgrimage, he felt justified in announcing to his father the result of his desperate though noble decision: that he had made application for appointment as a missionary to Alaska, and as "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," had been accepted for immediate duty.

A Pullman car from Detroit to Seattle meant four days of monotonous comfort, the last day varied



by his yielding with little grace, to the piteous entreaties of three bored, though elegant fellow travellers, to enter a friendly game of chance with them. After he had told them of his present mission to Alaska, they accorded him a more than ready welcome into their select circle. After five hours of a smiting conscience, falling from grace combined with good luck, his previously enthusiastic friends concurred in branding him a liar, convinced in knowing him to be an expert gambler. They thought his mission decidedly inconsistent with that of saving the souls of men.

His train entering Seattle revived a latent and delicious memory of fanfaronadic figure of considerable distinction. As a middler in his father's school he remembered well the day on which a conspicuous senior was expelled for having thrown too dexterously, a lariat over the unsuspecting head of a prominent vestryman of a fashionable church in town. As the victim, at the moment of the tautening of the rope, was riding a bicycle, it appeared at the time that the would-be Buffalo Bill had done something that he would be sorry for. He had.

The last report received some years after he had gone west, stated that Bill was in Seattle, Washington. Time and imagination having added splendor to his distant and vague career, John imagined him astride a bucking broncho, surveying ten thousand head of bellying cattle. He found him ensconced as a janitor of a second-class apartment house in a disreputable neighborhood. He spent the night with his fallen idol and on the following day took passage on the S. S. Yucatan for Cordova, Alaska.

A week's voyage by way of the outside passage in the month of January, hindered by frequent snow storms and head winds, as they neared the treacherous and wholly obscured coast at Cape St. Elias, necessitating the ship's anchoring for three days until a single moment's obliging rift in the cloud-locked sky, permitted a directing ray of light to strike that rigorous sentinel. Like a gigantic spectre, St. Elias raised his head for but that moment, and gave the command to proceed. No North Pacific navigator, however reckless or brave, dares rounding that cape by night or day, until St. Elias himself consents. Within five minutes anchor was weighed, in twelve hours the Yucatan was in Cordova harbor.

Among that varied throng which, with craned necks, scanned every face as the passengers filed down the gang-plank, was one of the unique and most beloved characters in the country, the mention of whose name invariably elicits words of respect and affection. The Rev. Edward Pearsons Newton, conspicuous in his fried-egg hat and long priest's cloak, noted with contempt by John Bunyan, Jr. Newton looked at him as he introduced himself, with that resigned mein which over-spreads the countenance of any professing christian when about to partake of a distasteful cup.

Let us stand at attention and review the passing recruits, men and women as they single file up the narrow trail between hemlock and spruce toward the town. With bowed head and panting breath some labor under heavy packs. Snow shoes and rifles, axes and stringed instruments, telescope valises and phonographs, lapdog and parrot, such a variety of posses-

sions suggests our society, be it sweat or pleasure. Black and white, painted and pale, fair and filthy, crowding each other, they tread their way, past cabin and tent till they meet the boardwalk of the little town, where with open door and dance-hall band, coarse voice and vulgar cheer welcomes them to whatever they seek, work or play, song bird or tainted chicken.

Since the day of Cain's branding, the forward march of empire has relentlessly demanded all the reserve of man's powers. Spurred by the rewards of conquest, man has fought, scarred and desperate. By his might he has conquered and worsted, laying low the barriers of the wilderness, boring through the foundations of the hills. The strong and the brave in the van, in the rear the camp followers, greedy, wasting, poisoning, like the refuse from the receding wave, forming stagnant pools, breeding corruption and dis-

ease, crime and criminals.

Newton and John trudged along with the crowd through the town where at the other end of the walk, perched on a hill, the famous little red building came into view. Not less noisy than the "joints" passed on the way was the crowd of thirty or forty within. In a cloud of tobacco smoke combined with the odor of burning spruce, one banged the piano, some sang, some played pool or cards. A noisy and delightful disorder prevailed, a friendly and wholesome vulgarity. It looked fine to John. Here he was to do in the following year the only creditable work in his career as a missionary.

The heroes of the following tales will be as varied as Alaskan society. There will be governor's sons and lords, horsethieves and horsedoctors. Mostly good, part bad.

(The second installment of the Red Dragon Tales will appear in the next issue.)



# The Playmates

By Rev. H. P. CORSER

One boy John, was 13 and the other, Tom 14. They were playing chess together. The younger one had just worked the fools mate. He was jubilant and the other was chagrined. "Caught you napping that time," exclaimed John. "You are right you did, but you will never do it again." "I guess that is no joke," rejoined John. "Yet it will not be the last time I beat you. There are plenty other ways of doing it." Just then Tom pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket and out came a half dozen feathers on the floor.

"What is that?" exclaimed John. "Old man Jones has been missing chickens from his hen roost. Those give you away. How did the chickens taste anyway and why did you not invite me to the feed?"

"It looks bad, I acknowledge, but for once you are a poor sleuth. Do you remember long ago when you stayed with me all night and the pillow fight we had?"

"I guess I do and the thrashing that I got, I feel the hurt of it yet, and yours was worse than mine. Your mother just got warmed up in her operating on me, and she did not restrain herself at all when she got to you, but what has that to do with those feathers,"

"You know we tore the pillows and the feathers flew in every direction. Some of them landed in the box where those toy soldiers were and the next day mother made me put them away as a part of the punishment and I forgot all about them and never ran across

them until I was rumaging through the old place today and so I put them in my pocket to let you see them and to find out if you remembered that little unpleasantness."

Just then a whistle was heard, and John went to the door, and called out "Hello," and the reply came back "Hello yourself." John called back, "That is you, is it Spooky?" "Who else could it be." was the boy's reply.

Spooky was at the head of a gang of midnight prowlers. It was an aristocratic crowd of boys. None of these boys were common ordinary roughnecks. They all came from so-called good families. They were well taught in their homes. They could appear well in society, and most everyone would say, "What fine boys they are." Spooky was a little older than the rest and was a little more experienced in the ways of the world than any of their crowd was. He was always carefully dressed. He wore the loudest ties and as he walked he had the swagger of one who said, "Look at me. I have seen the world, and I am a regular hell of a fellow." He could talk about his exploits to his followers in true dime novel style, and when it came to discussing girls, he posed as an authority. The girls thought him, by the way, very nice. They all competed for his favors. He was a good dancer and a charming society sport.

John called out to Spooky and his crowd to come in, and in they came. Spooky exclaimed: "Ha,

ha, you boys are becoming high-brows are you? Playing that game with Totem poles. You fellows are slow. The idea of staying in the house a nice night like this. Come on fellows let's go down to the auditorium. A dandy affair is going on there—a swell ball and there is a lot of swell dames. I would have been there myself, but they would not admit sweet sixteen and so I am left out, and I have got to see the thing from the outside, just as you have."

Tom said: "I am game. Let's go John."

John replied: "Nothing doing. I was told to remain here and take care of the house."

"Oh, pshaw, what is the use of being so slow? When they will not admit boys and girls as old as we are, you may be very sure that there is something very interesting going on, so get your hat and come on. We will get back before your father comes home and he need not know anything about it," continued Spooky.

John shook his head and said nothing. He remembered the talk that he had heard the day before in his Church School. It was the story of David, how he went forward and did his duty in spite of the sneers of his brothers, and was brave enough to fight the giant alone. All this went through his mind, and he asked himself if this were not his giant. Spooky had not had a very good reputation. He was reported to be the cause of many unsavory escapades, and the older people were speculating as to how much longer respect for his father and mother would cause men to shut their eyes to what he was doing, and how long it would be before he would be called upon to suffer for his misdeeds. He knew

that Spooky would not give in easily, and that he would have a time to get away from him without very hot words.

So he said: "Not tonight. Tom is here and we are having great sport in this game. I have just given him a taste of the fools mate, and I am anxious to beat him again. You see that he taught me the game and I feel quite puffed up over it."

"Oh John, ditch the whole thing," said Spooky. For chess will keep. 'Tis not every night that you can see such scenes as are on tap tonight. I know the fellow that has the cloak room, and he showed me how to get in where we can see the whole thing. It will be great sport to get ahead of those fellows and see what they are doing when they are trying to keep us at home like good little boys should be kept."

"Nothing doing," was John's reply.

"So you are still our good little boy. Well Tom, you are game, let the good little boy stay at home. Come on."

"If John does not want to go, leave me out," Tom said.

"How long since you have been good?" asked Spooky with a sneer. "You know where you were two nights ago, don't you? Don't try to pass yourself off as a good little boy now. Better come on, we are going to have a whale of a time."

There was one thing that Tom could not stand and that was being laughed at. And so he said with almost a sigh, "John, I guess that I will go after all. Our crowd is all in it and I do not wish to be left out. It is fun to roam around the streets at night. You had better come on John. I have heard so much about these swell



parties that I am anxious to see one."

John was still firm and when Spooky saw that John could not be moved, he called his crowd to go with him, doing and saying everything that he could to make them laugh at John. When they went out, they were heard to cry out: "Who is alright? Tom!" And soon John heard no more of them that night.

John's great battle had been fought and won. It was a victory that made it easy for him to gain other victories. In his school work he became more and more self-reliant. This, though he was not considered at all brilliant, steadily advanced him in scholarship, and continually his teacher would take a second look at him as if to determine if he really were the same boy that he had been. Men on the streets often remarked he was so different from the rest of the boys. When he graduated from High School, several firms called him in and offered him, for a boy, extremely good positions. He became a writer for magazines and newspapers on practical subjects. His firm sent him to take charge of their business in a neighboring city. After years of time, the city needed reforming. The people all agreed to that, but who was to lead them? On whom could they rely? City officials for years have been bought up. The people who have been making money out of the bad government could afford to pay most any price. Some had said that it was useless to try, but everyone had his price. At last someone suggested John. He had been tried again and again but it was found that he knew how to stand alone.

So John was nominated and tri-

umphantly elected. We will leave John's career now and return to that of Tom.

A crowd of boys under their leader Spooky, went down the street yoodling and joking with each other. They came down to the place where the great auditorium was and where the ball was going on, and got the key to the little room from the check boy and went in and watched the progress of the ball. It was a Leap Year affair and of course the boys enjoyed watching the men trying to act like women. No man was allowed to cross the floor without an escort and he had to pay a fine if he did. One man was particularly nervous about drafts and kept his lady closing doors and windows and the like. While this was going on Spooky's remarks and others got the boys to shouting and laughing. This attracted the attention of someone in the hall and Spooky called out:

"Boys, scoot. They have found us out." And the boys scooted.

Just as Tom was outside the door a policeman grabbed him but he had a loose coat on and slipped out of it. The policeman had simply arrested a coat. Tom got away. He had a little money saved up and with it the next day bought a coat just like the one that the policeman had and so his parents knew nothing about what had happened. At school he got along fairly well. He was a bright and intelligent boy that everybody liked and they would say about him that he had but one enemy—himself. He graduated finally and secured a position in one of the railroad offices of his town. His father had been employed there for years but had lately given it up to engage in a small business in that city. The

crowd of men that Tom was thrown among were looked upon as a decent crowd of fellows but they were high-livers. Nearly every one of them owned an automobile. The fellow that didn't own one did not move in their set, that was all. Rents went up until it took nearly a third of their salary to have a place to sleep in, so they formed a plan to increase their income.

They talked the matter over with conductors on some of the passenger trains. They contrived a scheme like this: Tickets were to be sold and conductors were to take them up, give checks in place of the tickets as the rule of the road demanded, then the tickets were sent back to the office to be sold over again. Other times when a man went to buy a ticket the agent would say, "What do you want to buy a ticket for. Don't you know that we railroad men have to live. Just get on the train and see the conductor and you will get through alright."

So the passenger would get on the train, slip the conductor a half or a third of the usual fare and the conductor would pass him on.

This went on for some time. Tom squirmed at first when he was asked to join in the conspiracy. He thought of his father and mother. He had been brought up as a good Christian fellow, but the rest of the office demanded that he join in with them and take his share of the spoils.

Things got so bad that he finally made up his mind to seek employment in some other city. He wrote to John about it and John, his old chum, answered back that he had just the place for him and told him to come on. Things went on from bad to worse in the office

that Tom had left. But the spoils-men did not dream that there was any danger. The company had begun to realize that the returns coming in were nowhere near what they should have been for the amount of travel on their railroad. So they sent out detectives. They found that it was easy to travel without paying, providing they made it right with the conductor. But they did not stop it immediately. They determined to find out all those who had been responsible. So one of the detectives got a position in the city office, got his automobile just like the rest and began to complain that the company was not giving them enough to live on and wondered how the rest were able to do as they were doing.

The crowd took him into their confidence. This gave him access to all the books that the spoilers kept. They needed a record of this because there were so many in the conspiracy and they thought that everyone ought to be treated fairly. On these books Tom's name appeared and it was found that he had received as his share \$700.

Suddenly the arrest of the whole crowd was ordered. Tom was to be arrested along with the rest. The superintendent of that division had known Tom's father and had valued his services for the company highly. He went to see Tom's father to talk it over. The father said: "I was expecting that something was wrong. I knew that crowd was spending more money than they earned, but I can't let my boy go to jail. I have a few hundred dollars and I will make good for all he has taken. It will be rather hard on my old age to lose all these savings, but the honor

of myself and my family must be preserved."

"I will see what I can do," said the superintendent.

The father wrote to Mayor John asking him to use his influence

John went before the court and made the appeal for his old chum and promised to go surety for his good behavior, so the court let Tom off.

Afterwards the father asked Tom why he had done this.

"You were taught better," said his father.

"I didn't dare do anything else," said Tom. "Had I refused to have anything to do with it, life in that office would have been unbearable.

I would have been the most unpopular man there. It was a case of my doing as the crowd did."

After Tom got to work again, John called him in for another games of chess. They talked over that game of chess that they had played wen they were thirteen or fourteen years of age and Tom there saw how the greatest mistake of his life had been made in giving in to Spooky and not to stand alone and he there pledged that, God helping him, he would be braver in the future. Then they went on with their game of chess and Tom and John were playmates again.



Background of Cordova



# The Cruise of the "Larchmonter"

By TONY JOULE

It was July 5, 1923, that the motor ship Arctic, of Liebes & Co., San Francisco, Calif., brought the mission launch, The Larchmonter to Point Hope. It was midnight, although the sun was shining, when the launch was lowered from the davits, already to do her duty.

Her first duty was to haul the Native Store's supplies from the ship consisting mostly of flour, about four tons—well I ought not to go into such details, but simply I ought to say, "that it was a good, fast boat." If we were to haul that freight with a canoe it would have probably taken us three times as long.

All that time the engineer of the ship was running the engine while Mr. Goodman and I were watching him closely.

After accomplishing the work which we did in no time, we took the engineer back to his ship. Taking two other men we hastened to go round to the inlet which is twelve miles from the Mission taking the launch to the lagoon the end of which is one mile away from the Mission, where we want to anchor her.

On the way to the inlet Mr. Goodman suggested to go to Cape Lisburne and get some murre's eggs with the launch. We were all in favor. I am sure some others would too, if they were in our places. We had such a good time in hauling freight, that we forgot even to stop and have a lunch or sleep, hungry and sleepy we were, but went ahead to go around to the inlet.

Very early in the morning of July 12th, at 1:30 o'clock we started for the Cape. It was a very beautiful

morning. The nice launch and the beautiful day certainly made the trip worth while. I am sure we must have said at least fifty times on the way that it was a good, fast boat, no doubt it is for its size. Not only we, the human beings gave good words for her, but also an oogruk, a giant seal seemed to admire the launch. Now the oogruks are very timid and it was strange that day the admirer popped her head right ahead of us and began to swim toward us and seemed to say, "what a fine boat this launch is!"

We arrived at the Cape at the end of five hours, running at the rate of nine miles per hour. After filling few boxes of eggs we began to search a suitable place for our camp. That we did in no time. By the time we anchored the boat we were pretty tired. After lunch we went to bed. When we woke up we found that the storm had risen, and two of our men had been collecting some more eggs. The launch must be pulled up to the safe place at once. The storm was rising pretty rapidly. All of us got ready to pull the launch up. It must have been more than six hours by the time we got the boat to a place where it should be on a stormy day. It rained all through the storm, and so we were obliged to put up our tent in a low triangular form. Its interior was very, wet, and therefore, since we were in a sandy place, the sand would stick to the tent every time when the wind beat against it and most of it would fall on us, and our hair was full of it.

It was very uncomfortable in the tent. It was wet and sandy as I said and all of us except Mr. Goodman



moved to a cave for it was too crowded in the tent, furthermore we wanted to have more space for cooking. It had not occurred to us till one of the men suggested that maybe a cave could be comfortable.

We took with us a primus stove which worked fairly well at first, but soon was out of order. It required so much pumping that at the end of two hours continuous pumping our meals would be ready. There was no wood in our camp; fortunately, a plank of a ship wreck drifted ashore nearby. It was about three inches thick, eight feet long and fourteen inches wide. We were glad enough to get that, but how we were to cut it up for firewood? We had no axe. We had a hammer but almost useless. If we knew how to use it as well as Thor with his magic hammer it might have been convenient, anyway it was one thing, that we have, which we had not intended to take along, was the croscut saw that came in handy. After the plank was cut up, the useless hammer became handy in this way. There were two spikes in the plank those we used for wedges and hammer as a sledge, the plank was cut up in no time. After that we had no trouble in getting our meals cooked, and of course the primus stove was still in use in making coffee and warming up cooked food, although it was troublesome, but we did not mind that. The continual pumping of the primus stove gave us appetite because of the exercise.

On Saturday the rain had ceased and the wind died down. All of us except Mr. Goodman went off to climb the cliffs. I shall never forget that day when our expert climbers, Charley Ahproon Tikik and Jakey Attungowruk, descended the cliffs, to get eggs, I went part way. At first it was rather awkward for the cliff seemed very steep, and yet experts

did not seem to mind or notice the steepness. When we descended the slope up above the cliff which was also pretty steep the experts ran at a good rate which excited my nerves. The elevator in the Woolworth Building in going down was good enough, but this running down the pretty steep hill was too much for me. By the time I reached the part of the cliff that had a good number of eggs the other two were way ahead, but since there were enough to fill up my parkee cover which I had on I proceeded to load myself. As soon as my parkee was well filled around me I started ascending. At first, obstacle in trying to free myself to a firm rock I broke several eggs, which streamed into my skin. It was uncomfortable, but what was that in comparison to my life! Before I could be on my both feet there was another obstacle which I did not know how I ever passed it in going down. I could not overcome the obstacle. While I was trying to find a new way to go up the other two overtook me and gave me a firm footstep. They were well packed with eggs good deal better than I was. And then too, they had less breakage.

After little more from the other cliffs we went home to our camp.

We found Mr. Goodman well and sound and our meal was ready. The next day being Sunday, we worshiped. Monday, we woke early launched our boat and started the engine with no trouble. We broke camp we went to the cliff where we had gotten our first eggs on our arrival for they were lower and more convenient. It was good to hear the engine going and tooting merrily. After filling most of the vacant boxes we hurried to the cliff where I had my obstacles, for we left and cached the eggs which we had gotten that day, but when we got to the cache we found that

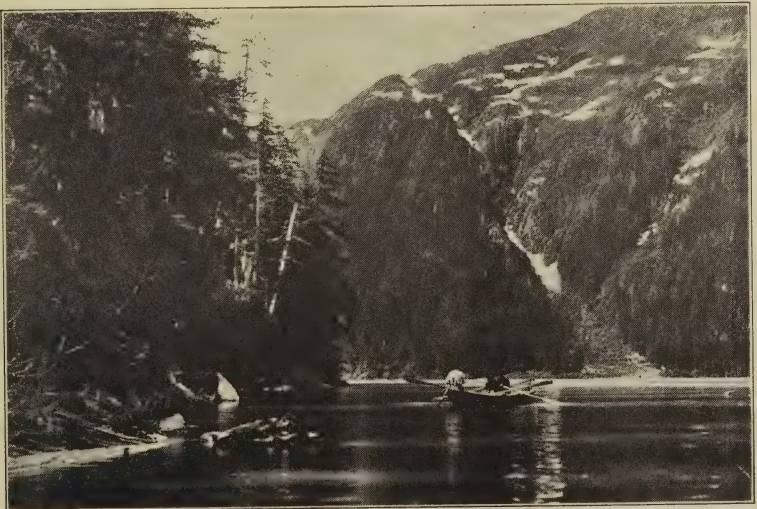
the seagulls had devoured every one of them. The vacant boxes which we had set aside for those eggs had to be taken back home empty. From there we bounded for home. We had not gone but a mile, we saw a camp, there we went ashore and had our lunch with Attungunna. They certainly admire our launch, we stayed there till it was evening. Anyway it did not make any bit of difference whether in the morning or in the evening. Only difference was the climate. It gets cooler in the evening. After about an hour and a half travel we halted again for the last time, where some more unnumbered murre's lay their eggs, for our experts wanted to get some more. At two thirty o'clock in the morning we made the last leg of our journey for home. At six o'clock we arrived at the Mission.

The place where we had our camp

was the camping place of a portygee, who has a record of collecting eggs. This space is only fifty yards in length and half surrounded by the cliffs, and perhaps not more than ten yards in width.

This man who is still living could carry perhaps a good number of eggs for I know Charley carried one-hundred-sixty, while I carried one-hundred-thirty. The murre's eggs are more than twice as large as the hen's

This man portygee would drive wooden pegs firmly at the top of the cliff, then took a good manila rope tied at the post firm enough so that if he should happen to fall it will hold. Anyway I have never heard of him having any obstacle. He might have broken several eggs within his parkee that by the time when he reached his camp the well beaten eggs were ready for either scramble or omelette. This is all.



Lake Eyak, Cordova

# The Business Manager's Page

The business manager, in breaking into print, is somewhat like the small boy standing before an audience to give his first recitation, he knows his speech but there is a large something in his throat which causes him to hesitate before starting in. The editor has asked for this page and, no matter how hard it may be, it is an impossibility to refuse him. He may be small in stature but is large in determination as well as long in persuasive power.

## Plans for the Future

As the readers are well aware, the Churchman is again behind in publishing the issues. No excuses or explanations are offered as the subscriber no doubt by this time is well fed up on them. While it is true we have had our trials and disappointments during the past few months, there has been a bright side at the same time and think that it can now be safely announced that the April number will be in the mails by June 15th, the July issue by August 1st and the October number on time, October first.

## Issue Numbers

The magazine publishing months are now January, April, July and October instead of February, May, August and November as in former years. All subscription records have been advanced to the new months, i.e., those which formerly expired in February now expire in April, those in May now end in July, the August record now reads October and the November record shows January.

## Reminder Letters

Each quarter reminder letters will be mailed to all subscribers whose

subscriptions are about to expire giving the date of expiration and the amount due. Should the renewal not be received by the following quarter, the subscriber will be taken from the lists. This policy has been inaugurated on account of the many letters received from subscribers stating they considered their subscription ended each year.

## Thank You Cards

As soon as a general or new subscription is received, acknowledgment cards, giving the date of the subscription will be mailed. In gift subscriptions cards will be mailed to the subscriber stating that the magazine is being sent with the compliments of the donor. Subscribers are requested to please notify the business manager if acknowledgement cards are not received within one month from the time the money is sent.

## Change of Address

Subscribers are requested to promptly notify this office of change in address as well as to notify us if the magazine is not received. In both cases the latest number of the periodical will be mailed upon receipt of notice.

## What Our Subscribers Say

"I most gladly remit the enclosed only regretful that it is not a much larger contribution as I have had the greatest pleasure in reading the contents from the very first issue."

"I am ashamed that I had fallen so far behind in my subscription. Time passes so quickly it is difficult

to keep track of subscriptions. I am glad to be reminded."

"I have been happy in receiving the Alaskan Churchman from the first."

"I am much interested in your work and think all you people are deserving of the greatest help and praise. I think Bishop Rowe's work is one of the outstanding ones of the church." Do not think because you are far away you are forgotten. People are much interested in you and your work. I think you are too modest—blow your horn louder."

"I enjoy the little magazine very much. It is full of spice and interest and gives a good picture of what you are all doing and the pictures are a great addition."

"Last summer I made a hasty trip to Alaska but was very sorry there was not time to call and tell you how much pleasure you have given me these many years."

"The Churchman I find is the most enjoyable and the most useful magazine to which I subscribe. It tells me so much that we need to know about the Church in Alaska and Auxiliary in speaking about pledges for the work and missions."

"Thank you for reminding me that my subscription is overdue."

"I have enjoyed the Churchman for a long time and am always interested in Alaska. The paper is wonderfully improved but I love the old issues just as much."

"I thank the Alaskan Churchman for waking me up."

"Thank you for reminding me of subscription to the Churchman. I had forgotten when I last paid."

"The—begs pardon of the Alaskan Churchman for neglect of a paper whose visits are always heartily welcomed."

"It is with real pleasure I send this check. Surely the work calls for bravery."

Please find one dollar to renew my subscription to your delightful paper, The Alaskan Churchman. I have received two copies of my last year's subscription and am very much pleased with it.

"To renew my subscription to your delightful paper."

"I am glad to be advised of my dues to the Churchman. I enjoy it very much and have often wished to know just when my subscription began and ended."

"I thank you for your reminder of January 9. I always read the Alaskan Churchman from cover to cover with real interest."

"I did not suscribe for the Churchman but some unknown friend has my thanks for sending in my name. I have certainly enjoyed reading it and have passed it along to others who have found it interesting and instructive as well. Please notify me when my subscription expires."

"I had no idea I was so far in arrears in my subscription to the Churchman. Thank you for calling my attention to it. I enjoy reading the Churchman too much to let it go."



# Politics

By Rev. B. W. GAITHER, Eagle

When early in February the sad intelligence of the passing of ex-President Wilson was flashed by the radio, we at once posted announcements of a memorial service to be conducted in St. Paul's Chapel the Sunday following. Some remark from a bystander caused us to turn and issue an oral invitation to him, to which he questioned, "Will there be any politics in it?" Our rejoinder was in the nature of a challenge to come and afterwards to decide this question for himself. We are submitting an account of the service and address herewith, and "put it up" to those who are better versed in politics than we are to decide.

## The Service

The daily order of evening prayer was read.

Special Selections were:

Hymn—"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand."

Psalm—130.

1st Lesson—"Isaiah 6th Chapter.

(Victrola) — "The Lord Is My Light." by Theo. Karle.

2nd Lesson—St. Luke 10th Chapter, verses 25 to 37.

(Victrola)—"O Rest in the Lord," by Elizabeth Lennox.

A prayer of thanksgiving was offered for the life and works of Woodrow Wilson.

Hymn—"Our Fathers God to Thee." Address.

Concluding Hymn — "Abide with Me."

## The Address

Isaiah, Chapter 6, verse 8.

"Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying: "Whom shall I send, and who

will go for me? Then said I, Here am I, send me."

With these words the Prophet Isaiah dedicated his life to the cause of leading his country back to God. It was no easy undertaking and he knew it. He had spent years thinking about it, and communing with God about it. All this time the conviction was growing that he ought to take the lead in reclaiming his nation for God. What hindered him? His humility. He felt unfit. But those words, "Here am I, send me," mark the moment of decision. Henceforth he will harken to One Voice only—that One being God.

In every age, in every nation, God calls for leaders, for prophets who will lead their nation to God. Sad it is to observe in history how often this call goes unheeded.

In our own country there arose such a need not many years ago, and today we do honor to the memory of a leader who heard the voice of God and went bravely ahead with his great undertaking, leading the nations to God. This was the earnest hope and endeavor of Woodrow Wilson. Many were the voices that spoke in those days, but Mr. Wilson heard only one—that voice was God. It was a brave undertaking, it was a Christian endeavor, it was a work of the noblest, most consecrated manhood.

God uses all persons and all nations who will give themselves into His confidence and trust. So it was, I firmly believe, that he used the late Woodrow Wilson. He—the scholar, the teacher, the Christian—had devoted years to the study of history

and international relations. He was convinced that armaments would never bring peace to this world, and he earnestly desired peace. He knew, to, that a new plan, a new scheme of international relations must be effected if peace ever should be made stronger than war. Then he was called to the highest office in his country's government. The world war followed.

I do not mean that Mr. Wilson was the only prophet of an international tribunal of conciliation. I do not mean that a multitude of his own countrymen and multitudes of Europeans did not also want such an institution. They did. But there he was, the head of the one government whose voice of counsel could be heeded to by all other nations and heeded by certainly many of them.

Do you think that Woodrow Wilson considered the path ahead of him an easy one? I think not. Yet he heard One Voice, and that was God. His decision was similar to the decision of Isaiah. "Here am I, send me." Then he undertook, like the good Samaritan, to provide treatment for the wounded nations by the roadside, to nourish them back to a normal condition of life, to give them each and all an opportunity to live, and to live in freedom and in happiness. Surely, he endeavored to fulfill the injunction, "Go thou and do likewise," and this in regard to a nation loving its neighbors.

Washington is dear to us as the father of our liberty; Jefferson as the liberal interpreter of our liberty; Lincoln as the preserver of our liber-

ty; Roosevelt as the peculiar expression of our liberty as Americans. Woodrow Wilson will go down the ages in history as the man who began the great task of giving this liberty and its blessings to all the nations of the world.

We are told that it was his custom, having composed himself for the night's rest, to read, as the final act of the day, a message of strength, inspiration and comfort from the Bible. We may rest in the confidence that according to his life's custom so at the last he fell asleep secure and strong in his trust of the One whom he had served.

#### FOR THE EASTER SEASON

1st John 4:16—"God is Love.

Col. 3:1—"If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above."

#### "The Prize."

I looked but once into the eyes of  
wealth,  
And turned away,  
For seeing all I knew the prize  
Not worth the price to pay.

And once I looked into the eyes of  
fame—  
Then looked again—  
But turned because the prize  
I saw  
Might crush the souls of men.

I look and look into the eyes of Love  
And see  
Divine, Imperishable' the Prize  
Our life, our destiny.

—Wood Gaither.



# Christmas 1923

## Stephen's Village

Christmas time in Stephen's Village is always a very merry time. School is closed, trapping and hunting are not thought of, and nearly every day there is a "potlatch" followed by a dance.

A potlatch is a feast. In the early days the natives used to gather in villages during mid-winter, because it was too cold to hunt. They often invited distant natives to join them and for a month there was much dancing and feasting. Presents of skins, etc. were given or "potlatched."

Now they gather to celebrate the birthday of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. They still call their feasts "potlatches," but now small gifts are given to each other at the Mission Christmas Tree; now the quadrille, waltz, and one-step are enjoyed with only occasional Indian dances.

The days before Christmas were very busy ones. The school boys went out to the woods near by for spruce branches and the tree they had long before marked to be cut down for the Christmas Tree. Wreathes of spruce were made by the girls in their homes. Benjamin decorated the Sanctuary that we have curtained off from the school room. He completely covered the log walls back of the altar with twigs. The effect was very beautiful.

On Christmas eve the young people danced until twelve o'clock when we stopped for a song service and the story of the shepherds. It was too cold to sing out of doors, being 62 below zero.

All assembled again for the eleven o'clock service on Christmas morning. We could not have the Holy Communion, but we could sing praises of thanksgiving to God for His great Gift to us on the first Christmas Day. I am sure that nowhere was sung more heartily, "Oni Dodutalokhlho" (O Come Let Us Adore Him). Our offering was given to help spread Christ's Kingdom and was sent to the Missions House. It was only thirty-three dollars but was given from very little.

The girls trimmed the Xmas Tree in the afternoon, and the village people came one by one or in groups bringing their gifts for each other to be given from the Xmas Tree. At four o'clock all was ready, the bell was rung, and soon we were together again. While the tree was being lighted the little children marched around singing "Gather Around the Xmas Tree." We sang carols and the Xmas Story was told by Henry Moses; then each one, young and old received a small gift from the Mission and the village presents were distributed. "Farewell to Thee O Xmas Tree" was sung as the lights on the tree were put out; then with prayer ended a very joyous time.

It was not long before we heard the children going through the village calling every one to a potlatch given by Adam. From all directions, young and old, were seen coming, each bringing his own dishes.

During the week there was much merry making ending with a dance on New Years eve. At twelve o'clock we stopped for a prayer service and af-

ter a cup of coffee all went to their homes.

Early on New Year's Day the village people headed by Chief Joseph, marched in procession to the Mission house to wish us a Happy New Year. The young men danced an Indian dance around the stove and were later joined by some of the older ones. They said that was the way they showed they were happy. Chief Joseph gave a little talk saying they were going to try to listen more to the Mission during the coming year.

The usual annual ball game played by young and old, men and women,

began in the afternoon. No one cared for the cold and some of the old men made great fun. The game is played by tossing a soft ball into the air. Every one tries to get it to have a chance to throw it again. They also play a game of tag. Any one tags any one else who then seeks the opportunity to tag back. In the meantime he tags others and the game goes on indefinitely.

School began on Monday after Epiphany and Christmas, 1923 was over.

HARRIET M. BEDELL,

Deaconess.



When Mirrored on the Waters of  
Valdez Bay



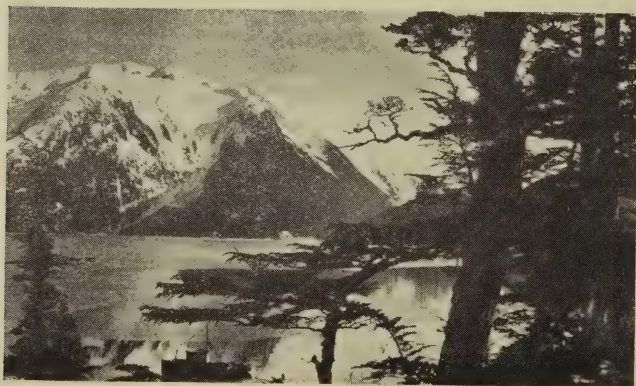
## The Afterglow---A Sonnet

By Jessie Van Brunt

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When sunset comes and colors flame and glow  
And then more soft appear and softer still  
And fainter shine and still more faint until  
All color seems to fade away,—then lo!  
A radiance flashes forth,—the afterglow!  
So too may I my life's whole day fulfill  
And gladly live and cross my last dear hill  
And keep the faith through summer's sun and snow  
Then may the things of beauty far and near  
Oceans and mountains, birds (each has its part)  
Glaciers and dogs, rivers—and works of cheer  
From dear souls sped before, rise in my heart  
And flood me, with their light. O give me grace  
To have this afterglow shine in my face.

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# NOTES



We were delighted to have as a visitor on April 30th the Rev. Robert G. Tatum of Nenana. A previous note informs us of his illness. Mr. Tatum is on his way to Knoxville, Tenn., his home. We hope that on his return in six months he will be in his usual good health. Mr. Tatum was one of the four of the Stuck-Carstens party to reach the top of Denali or Mount McKinley.

## ONE LETTER TO BISHOP ROWE

February 7, 1924.

Dear Bishop Rowe:

I came to hear about the little children in Alaska and I came to hear about you.

I have been working to make some money to send you. I want to help you about teaching the little children all about Jesus. It takes so long time to make a dollar and I hope this dollar will help you some.

Mother knew Archdeacon Stuck. I hope I will see you some day. My big sister has gone to Heaven to live. She was so sweet. President Wilson has gone to live in Heaven too.

Please write me a little letter.

Your loving little friend,

CALVERT.

Address Calvert Walker McNally,  
University, Virginia.

## CHRIST CHURCH MISSION

Anvik, Alaska

February 29, 1924

It is two months today since the first public utility code message was received at the Mission. It was sent very slowly and read as follows:

"Mr. Sakow wants Herbert Lawrence meet him with Anvik mail at Holy Cross January 4th."

A little later, on the 4th of February, there was a wedding at the Mission. Matilda Peterson, one of our girls, was married to Mr. Nicholas Sopoff, a resident of Flat, a town 110 miles distant from Anvik. On the morning of the 6th the young couple left, with a good dog team, in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, for the first stage of their journey home. At eight o'clock that evening the following message was received from Holy Cross, forty miles distant:

"Sopoff and Matilda arrived six p. m. He wants you please send his snowshoes by mail man."

These two messages illustrate the significance to us of radio at the Mission.

Telegrams from the United States to Anvik via Holy Cross will now reach us on the same day that they are sent.

Broadcasting is distinctly heard from Portland, Oregon, and from Oakland and Los Angeles, California.

Our radio log, under date of February 25th, has this entry:

"KFI (a Los Angeles station) reports captive balloon with Watchman on board, just broken loose from its moorings and drifting S. F. and requests that it may be reported to the Examiner if seen." This news item was therefore received here before it was published in the Pacific Coast papers.

With best regards,  
RADIO KKP.

## The Church in Seward

In the year 1905 and 1906 the Town of Seward was enjoying a railroad boom which bid fair to carry the town on to a place of importance in the world's commerce. Its steady growth seemed assured, for everyone expected to see the coal from the Matanuska fields soon to be pouring in a steady stream into waiting ships bound for ports on the Pacific Coast. With this idea of growth and permanency in mind the builders of St. Peter's Church built for the future and erected one of the finest and best arranged churches in Alaska. Then came the withdrawal of the coal lands and all that seemed permanent became but dreams until the reawakening in 1914 when the government undertook the completion of the railroad and the opening of the coal fields. During this new lease of life the church made provision for a resident priest by the construction of a splendid five room modern bungalow adjoining the church property. But again came a slump in the hopes of Seward when the Alaskan Engineering Commission saw fit to establish the new town of Anchorage. So many times the hopes of Seward have risen only to be dashed to the ground.

But still there can be no question of the wisdom of the builders of St. Peter's for Seward cannot be denied the fulfillment of their visions. Seward is now the southern terminus of the Alaska Railroad. The great coal fields have been tapped and a country of unlimited natural resources has been opened by the railroad. There is every indication of a steady and healthy growth of the community and the church is prepared.

The church in Seward has been before the readers of the Alaska Churchman a very little and it is well by way of introduction that its his-

tory may be known so that its future growth may be better understood.

The first service of the church was held June 12th, 1904, in the residence of Dr. D. H. Sleem. The Rev. F. C. Taylor, priest-in-charge of the Epiphany Church at Valdez officiated. His next visit was made in February, 1905. Services were held at this time in Moore's Hall. Mr. Taylor continued to visit from Valdez each month until October of that year. During this time a tent church was erected and furnished. But during the winter the tent was destroyed by storms and most of the furnishing was lost. So that upon his next visit in February, 1908 services were held in the Arctic Brotherhood Hall. On April 1st, 1908, Bishop Rowe made his first visit to Seward and baptized one infant and confirmed one candidate.

On June 21, 1906 the Rev. Thos. Jenkins, of St. John's Ketchikan, reached Seward for the purpose of looking over the field and ministering to the people during his stay which lasted until August, 1906.

During the winter of 1905-08 the present church building was begun and in July 1906 the basement was fitted up for services and church school and continued to be used until October 1923 when the main part of the building was equipped.

Following Mr. Jenkins Mr. Walter R. McCarnott was resident in Seward from June to August 1907. He was followed by Rev. Chas. E. Rice, who resided in Seward from September, 1909 to December, 1910.

From October, 1914 to November, 1915, Rev. Edward H. Molony, resident in Valdez, was in charge of this district and visited Seward whenever possible. In 1915 he started to move from Valdez to Anchorage but was unable to reach Anchorage because of closing of navigation to that port and remained in Seward until May 1916.

Following Mr. Molony's departure Seward was again visited from Valdez and in the winter of 1916, Rev. George J. Zinn, visited Seward and acquired two lots adjoining the church. In the fall of 1917 the rectory was built and Mr. Zinn moved to Seward from Valdez in July 1918 and was resident in Seward until November 1919.

Since then Seward has had no resident priest but has been visited from Anchorage, first by Rev. E. W. Hughes and then by Rev. B. Landsdowne.

In the fall of 1922 the writer by means of money derived from the rent of the rectory with the consent and advice of Bishop Rowe and Mr. Landsdowne began a number of improvements on the church property. A handsome altar, altar rail and prayer desk were built and the chancel was finished and made very attractive. A stove was installed and the place of worship was moved from the basement to the main floor of the church.

During the summer of 1923 with aid from Bishop Rowe a handsome fireplace was built in the basement of the church. This part of the church will be fitted out to serve as a parish house. It has great possibilities in this direction.

At present there are only a few communicants in Seward but they are held together by the monthly visit of Mr. Landsdowne. There are many indications pointing to the growth of the community to that point where it will be advisable to again place a resident priest at Seward. In the meantime faithful workers are preparing the way and when that time comes when Seward will again have a resident priest he will find a rectory and church without an equal in Alaska.

AARON E. RUCKER.

## St. Matthew's Church FAIRBANKS

By Rev. Henry Chapman

On Christmas Eve we had a Christmas tree for the children of the Sunday School. A committee from the Woman's Guild worked hard at buying and wrapping the presents and decorating the tree. The church was filled with people. There was a present for each member of the Sunday school, and in addition eighty-one candy bags were given out. With each one went an apple and an orange. The apples were donated by one of the vestrymen.

On Christmas Day we had Holy Communion at 8 and 11 a. m. The day was clear, the temperature 30 degrees.

There are now thirty-eight children enrolled in the Sunday school, and they are very regular in attendance, even in cold weather. The girls have organized a club, known as the Junior Guild of St. Matthews' Church. They are collecting books for a Sunday school library and have elected a librarian from among their members.

At the January meeting of the Woman's Guild, the guild presented the rector with a private communion set—something that he has needed and wished for ever since coming to Alaska.

On a Saturday afternoon recently, the rector and three of the Sunday school boys hiked to the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines located three miles outside of town. The boys were especially interested in the fine assay room, where they saw gold being melted down from the ore.

The Rev. Robert G. Tatum of St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Joseph's Hospital, Fairbanks, on February 14th. The operation was per-



formed by Dr. J. H. Romig of Fairbanks. The appendix was found to be adherent; complications followed, and Mr. Tatum was in a critical condition for more than a week after the operation. Everything that medical skill could accomplish was done for his relief. He became very weak through inability to retain food, but his pulse remained regular and full throughout. On the night of the 25th there was a decided change for the better, and at the present writing (Feb. 28th) all indications point to up from Nenana and helped care for Mr. Tatum until the crisis was past.

On the 27th, at Mr. Tatum's request, a service of thanksgiving for his partial recovery was held at St. Matthews's Church, Fairbanks.

## St. Phillip's Church

By Rev. H. P. Corser

Wrangell, Feb. 8, 1924

Dear Mr. Ziegler:

I want to congratulate you on the excellent magazine that you are getting out. Every number is good. This last number, I see that Southeastern Alaska was not represented at all, and so I am making bold to send you a few news items for your next issue.

St. Phillips Church has been very fortunate in having the Bishop visit it twice this year. Nine were confirmed altogether. Most of these were boys and girls that have grown up in our Sunday school.

The Church choir is well attended. Some who had visited our Church said that this was one of the unusual churches where there were more boys helping in the Church and attending Sunday School than girls.

Xmas is always a joyous season at St. Phillips Church. The celebration begins with the midnight

service Christmas eve. Then next morning comes the regular Christmas service. The evening is the time for our church school celebration. The services were all well attended. In the evening, we had from different members of our church school recitations and two short plays. Prizes were given to those who had been faithful during the year and every child was remembered due both to friends in the East and at Wrangell with really substantial gifts. It was a joyous time. The season was ended with the services of Lights on Epiphany. This was the second time that St. Phillips Church as had this service and it appeared to be if possible more appreciated this year than it was last, and it will probably be from this time on one of the important events of the year.

Our church helped toward the Japanese emergency fund. The church and Sunday school together sent \$21. We only wish that we had been able to do more. The catastrophe altogether reminds one that God can use even the terrible things of this world to work out His purposes. The way that this country went to the help of Japan will do more to preserve peace between the two countries than all the peace conventions that possibly could be called together.

We are busy getting our church booth for our tourists next summer. Church tourists should at Wrangell seek out the church the first thing for the rector will always be ready to meet them and act as their guide to the different points of interest in Wrangell.

The sixth edition of Totem Lore will be published this summer. It will be published under the name of Totem Lore and the Land of

the Totem. It will include the material that is in the booklet "Through the Ten Thousand Islands of Alaska." Much new material has been added.

St. Phillips Church has had the good fortune to receive some very valuable memorials. Last year it received a new pulpit, and Lectern. Soon there is to be unveiled a new communion rail given in memory of an old worker that helped more than anyone else to make St. Phillips Church what it is, Miss

The Boy Scouts meet in the gymnasium every Friday evening. The troop has enrolled nearly every boy in town, and for the two hours in which it meets it is one of the busiest places in town.

The guild meets every two weeks in their room in the gymnasium. Their room as yet is very inadequately furnished, and if any of the readers of the Alaska Churchman can from time to time spare such articles that are useful in a sale they will be most thankfully received. They are getting ready for a sale.

At present, however, the energies of the church are being devoted toward meeting its assessment for general missions. It always is the aim to accomplish this by Easter time.

The prospects of Wrangell have never looked brighter than they do at present. A large cold storage plant is going in, the shrimp canning factory has more orders than it possibly can fill. The saw mill will probably run most of the time at two shifts, employing 150 men.

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St. Andrew's Mission,  
Stephen's Village, Alaska  
March 10, 1924.

My Dear Mr. Ziegler:

It has not been because I have

not been interested in the Alaskan Churchman that you have not received anything from me.

I have just been out on my fur-lough. It was the first winter I had been home in fifteen years though when I was in Oklahoma I went home twice for three weeks in the summer. I had a wonderful time; was invited to New Orleans, Richmond, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit and of course in my own diocese, Western New York. I am glad to get back and am quite settled in my work again. I am enclosing an account of our Christmas which I thought you might like.

While at home I was asked to write on the care of the sick in Alaska before the coming of the white man for the New York Journal of Medicine. I did not know much about the subject but I had heard stories from our natives from time to time and I presumed to do it. If you care to see it will you write for a copy to:

New York Journal of Medicine,  
17 W. 43rd Street,

New York,

N. Y.

Several of my friends have asked me questions along this line and you may like it for the Churchman.

You know we are a little world by ourselves here in Stephen's Village. We get no mail when the steamboats stop running except as someone occasionally goes to Rampart, 90 miles down the river. It means breaking trail all the way and it is a hard trip but two of our men are going tomorrow, hence this letter.

Our people are all out trapping but they will soon be back, then there will be a full attendance in our school again.

We have a faithful native Lay-

reader who is studying to enter the ministry. He is only twenty-three and is married so cannot go outside to school, but he is studying here and I know he will develop into an effective worker. Will you put his name with mine as one of the staff in our village—Henry Moses, Layreader?

I hope to have a woman's Auxiliary sometime. We are working to that end but are not ready yet.

With the promise to be more faithful to the Alaskan Churchman and with kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

HARRIET M. BEDELL,  
Deaconess.

## Appeals



1. For St. Mark's School, the sum of \$200 as an annual scholarship for ten of the children of this boarding school. These appeals sometimes bring in new scholarships, and we assure our readers that the appeal is urgent. For this past year our expenses amounted to \$10,000 with resources totaling only \$5,000, leaving the balance to be raised by Bishop Rowe. This means an ever-increasing burden on him and the rest of the workers. Send in your scholarships either direct to St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, or mark "Special for St. Mark's Nenana," and send to the Treasurer of the Missionary Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

2. For Christ's Church Mission School, Anvik. The above appeal should also be applied to the Anvik School, as the needs are the same.

3. At St. Mark's, Nenana. Clothing of all kinds for boys and girls of from three years to fifteen. Quite often we experience a shortage of clothing for the boys and girls entrusted to us at

our boarding school. Then when there is clothing to spare, it is possible for us to trade the same to the Natives of the vicinity for such necessities as fresh meat, berries and mocassins, which we must have for the children. The Natives in turn profit, for from us they can thereby obtain better clothing than can possibly be procured at the stores, in exchange for articles that are not always negotiable at the stores.

4. Material for making dresses is also asked for, as the girls at St. Mary's are taught to sew and make their own clothes.

5. Books and magazines are requested for St. Mathew's Magazine Committee, Fairbanks. There is a ready call for all that you can send.

6. Books, subscriptions to magazines for the Red Dragon Club House, Cordova, Alaska.

7. Good colored prints of religious pictures, Seman or Medici prints, books on art with reproductions, for The Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium.

## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

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Long Island—Mrs. W. W. Sabine, Nyak 960 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York.  
Los Angeles—Mrs. Abiel Leonard, 316 S. Ardmore Av., Los Angeles.  
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North Carolina—Miss Emma J. Hall, 800 N. Tyron St., Charlotte, N. C.  
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Rhode Island—Mrs. Winslow Upton, 30 Forest St., Providence.  
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Spokane—Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St., Spokane, Wash.  
Washington, D. C.—Miss Frances C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Pl. N. W.  
Washington—Mrs. F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.  
West Texas—Mrs. J. M. Pettus, Goliad, Texas.  
Western New York—Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.

## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan postoffices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Anchorage. Other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail.

All points in the Interior receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik re-

ceives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any article which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, The Red Dragon, Cordova, Alaska.



# Directory of Alaskan Workers

## BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office, 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

## ARCHDEACON

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (1915), Fort Yukon, Alaska.

## MISSION STATIONS

**Allakaket**—(P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River — St. John's-in-the-Wilderness:—  
Deaconess Muriel A. Thayer (1921).  
Miss Amelia E. Hill, R. N. (1922).

**Anchorage**—Outlying Camps, Railroad Work, etc.:—  
Rev. Burdette Landsdowne.

**Anvik**—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman, D. D.  
Rev. John B. Bentley, assistant (1921).  
Miss Susan E. Smith (1921).  
Miss Ella B. Lucas, Housemother. (1923).

**Chena**—St. Paul's Chapel:  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Chena Native Village**—St. Barnabas':—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Circle City**—Church of the Heavenly Rest (vacant).

**Cordova**—St. George's Church, Red Dragon Club House and Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium:—  
Rev. Eustace P. Ziegler (1909).

**Chitina**—(Visited from Cordova).

**McCarthy**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Kennecott**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Douglas Island**—St. Luke's Church:—  
(Visited from Juneau).

**Eagle**—St. Paul's Mission:  
Rev. B. W. Gaither.

**Fairbanks**—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room. Camps visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood.  
Rev. Henry H. Chapman.

**Fort Yukon**—St. Stephen's Mission and Church.  
Rev. Grafton Burke, M. D.  
Miss E. B. Gunz, R. N., (1920)  
David Wallis, Staff Reader and Interpreter.  
Arctic Village.  
Bishop Rowe Chapel.  
Albert E. Trit.  
Native Lay Reader.

**Ketchikan**—St. John's Church, Hospital and School:—  
Rev. Homer E. Bush.  
Miss Barlow.  
Mrs. J. H. Molineux.  
Miss Edith Harper.

**Juneau**—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—  
Very Rev. Charles Rice, Dean.  
Camps visited: Douglas, Thane and Perseverance.

**Nenana**—St. Mark's Mission (See Tanana Valley Mission).  
Miss Eola Clark.  
Deaconess Agnes Olivia Willing.  
Miss Alice Wright (1914).  
Miss B. B. Backnall  
Miss Lottie de R. Cotchett, R. N. (1921).  
Blind Moses, Native Lay Reader.

**Nome**—St. Mary's Church. (Vacant).

**Point Hope (Tigara)**—St. Thomas' Mission:—  
Rev. W. A. Thomas  
Tony Joule, Assistant Teacher.

**Salchaket**—St. Luke's Mission. (Vacant).

**Seward**—St. Peter's Church:—  
Visited from Anchorage.

**Sitka**—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

**Skagway**—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

**Stephen's Village**:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.  
Henry Moses, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana**—St. James' Church. (Vacant).

**Tanana Indian Village**—Mission of Our Saviour:—  
Deaconess Gertrude M. Stearne.  
Miss Nellie M. Laudon, R. N.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana Crossing**—St. Timothy's Mission:—  
Rev. Arthur Wright.

**Tanana Valley Mission**—Including Native Missions on the Tanana River; Nenana, Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing:—  
Visited from Nenana.

**Valdez**—Epiphany Church and Everyman's Club House:—  
Visited from Cordova.

**Wrangell**—St. Philip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

**Missionaries on furlough in the States** (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City):—  
Miss E. J. Ridgeway.  
Miss Marguerite Bartberger.  
Rev. Robert G. Tatum (1921).

## The Woman's Auxiliary to the Presiding Bishop and Council.

### OFFICERS OF THE MISSIONARY JURISDICTION OF ALASKA.

President—Mrs. Lou Smith, Cordova.

Vice President—Mrs. E. L. Harwood, Cordova.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Ziegler, Cordova.



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"The Cache"

# The Alaskan Churchman

Founded by Reverend Charles Eugene Betticher, Jr., 1906.

Published Quarterly at the Red Dragon, Cordova, in the Interests of the Church's Work in Alaska.

**REV. EUSTACE P. ZIEGLER,**  
Editor

**FRANK H. FOSTER,**  
Associate Editor.

**KENT G. ROBINSON,**  
Business Manager

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

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To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

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APRIL, 1924

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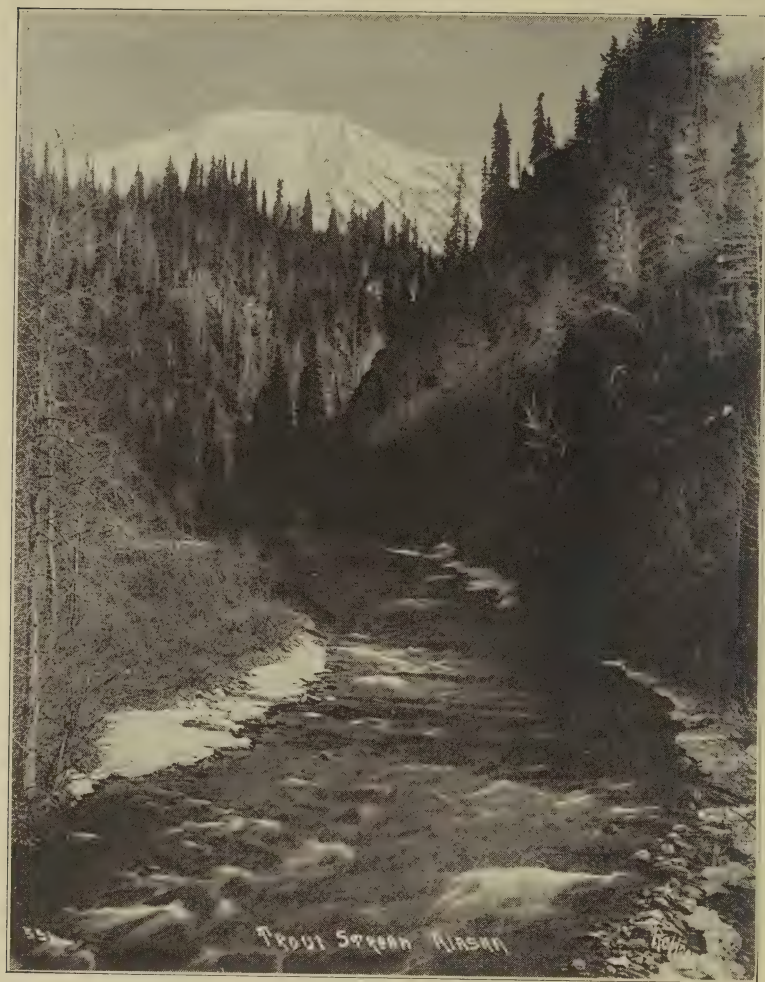
## Editorial

Six weeks ago showers of chilly rain varied by hail and sleet made one's life miserable. An adventurous pussy willow here and there tentatively showed forth a furry tip. Underfoot mud and slush made navigation disagreeable and difficult. It looked as though spring had definitely decided to enter into matrimonial relations with old man winter and to leave Madame Summer entirely out of consideration. But much as we are opposed to divorce, it is with great satisfaction that we note the break in the family relations of these two seasons. Old man Winter has retired disgruntled while Madame Summer

is rapidly putting Mistress Spring in her place. A transformation has taken place. Lush grass waist high covers the ground. Wild flowers of the most brilliant colors peep through, the salmon berries with their delicate pink and red blossoms add to the color scheme while flaming meadows of fire weed fill the open spaces in the woods. The song of the thrush fills the daylight hours and even the somber raven has thrown off his judicial mien and with a laughable attempt at coyness, flaps up to the sky hoarsely singing what, I have no doubt, sounds like sweet music to his mate. The ravens love song seems more like the forced note of a cracked bugle, but that is none of our business so long as the lady raven appreciates it. What though the winter was long and chilly. Twenty-four days most of which are sunshine and a consequent intensive growth which rivals that of the tropics, go a long way to make one forget the discomforts of winter.

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There are no poor farms in Alaska. The territory maintains a Home for Aged Pioneers at Sitka where the old timers who have reached the age of sixty-five after a long and unsuccessful search for the elusive paystreak, may enjoy their declining years in comfort amid pleasant surroundings and in company with pals of other days. This is not looked on as a charitable institution but as an appreciation to the Pioneers. When an individual or a family through force of circumstances or sickness, is in need of aid, it is not necessary to make an appeal through the newspapers. Some business man gets up a subscription list and in half a day whatever is required, be it a hundred or a thousand dollars is forthcoming without ostentation or publicity.



Strelna Creek





## John Bunyan, Jr. and Red Dragon Tales

NEWTON'S headquarters were at Valdez, eighty miles west of Cordova. That town had seen its best days while it was the entry of the trail to the interior, and as the seat of the District Court there remained and still remains a claim of dignity. Beside the long bench of "hot-stove" prospectors there is still a real aristocracy of fine old pioneers. It always has been an hospitable and characteristic Alaskan town.

Newton's rectory (more like a toy Noah's Ark), was a pro-Red Dragon. Door unlocked, key lost, anybody could go in and out as they pleased. It was mostly in. Nobody wished to leave and few did. Natives, blacks, orientals and whites ate at his board, smoked his tobac-

co, borrowed his money. It was the melting pot of the town. Celebrities visiting the empire in the making, hunted him up. He was not a chaser.

He tackled anything. Tried to improve John and had better luck than either Jerome or Athanasius. Although he had been through a divinity school he was still an honest man, confident that the church was a fine institution and the proper place for him to exercise his worth. He would mean more to any other inexperienced sower on rough ground. Any man who could get by in Alaska, wearing a fried-egg hat could just about perform miracles. Newton did both. He had the edge on his disciple for he was what he was supposed to be,



nor did he pretend to be anything else, but a modest, courageous, hard-working, self-sacrificing priest whose one object was to do as much good (not for himself, but for others), as possible. He worked for the just and the unjust, the worthy and the unworthy and he was worked by them. If he wished to try to reform a drunkard he did not admonish him, he took him by the arm into his home to live with him. Such were a dirty hard-boiled lot, the same as in Our Lord's day. In that rectory one could be a Christian on all sides. The exercise of that religion in most circumstances is too refined to be the real thing. It can't be done by correspondence. It has to be touched. The hand must be thrust into the wound.

Bishop Rowe's "come over and help us" would in twenty-five years seldom be answered by a Newton, often by a John. Newton carried crosses and burdens, never whippers of dead kings. He was a reckless plunger for the other fellow, a poor financier. Although he received \$1,200 a year he overdrew his account and even got into debt.

Omitting the details of a murder of which John was called as a witness, he proposed an exchange. The little steamer Elsie plying between ports carried John and a drunken cargo of humanity to Valdez. Newton met him at the dock and was preparing on that day for a wedding. Drafted into service via the millinery store, they borrowed on Newton's orders all of the stock of hat-trimmings and artificial flowers. After trimming the church, the two proceeded to the big saloon of the town to borrow from the bar some artificial chrysanthemums appropriate to grace the altar. A piece of realism exhibited as an attraction on one end of the mahogany, proved on inspecting the card

before it, to be a portion of superfluous interior decoration recently removed from Pile Driver Maud. Visiting her at the hospital added but little to the romance of it.

To read about a man's good works, to be thrilled by his example is very satisfying. It gratifies one's vanity. It makes one think that so long as we appreciate the other fellow's efforts we are deserving in some way or another of the approval of the Almighty. To be on the spot, to have to help, to sit bored while some uninteresting individual relates the long sad story of his life is quite another thing. John got mighty tired of some of Newton's reglars. They looked for the most part, like a lot of worthless bums. The Christian name for them is Unfortunates. Newton really loved them. John should have, but didn't.

If Teddy had in his regiment only one-half of the Rough Riders or those who claimed to have been, he would have needed all the horses in the country to have gotten them out of Alaska. The "was one of Teddy's Rough Riders" were as common as the passengers who came over on the Mayflower. One of them named Tom was a pet of Newton's, where he was clothed, fed, sobered and kept out of jail. John took a hearty dislike to him as he sat around smoking Newton's tobacco, in a home-made Morris chair, while his host stirred a Welsh Rarebit. Tom and many like him lived high so long as Newton lived at Valdez. When Newton left a few years later, Tom appeared at the Red Dragon in Cordova.

John, having become reconciled to Newton's ways and trying in a weak way to carry on, took up his inheritance in a not too enthusiastic manner. He simply found Tom on his hands. The saint was converted

(as usual), by the sinner. On a trip up the Copper River, leaving Tom in charge of things at the Dragon, he returned to find him drunk and both he and other choice possessions of the clubhouse adorning a nearby bar-room. Denying that he had sold the articles and the saloon-keeper admitting that he had purchased them from him, John fell. The Rough Rider served a year in jail.

It takes a long time to make a good parson out of a Bachelor of Divinity. A good teacher will show how it is done but a pupil left to his own will undo the work of years. Newton showed John what a good parson was, set the example, built the house, and the way to have done it was Newton's way. Had he followed he'd have made the grade. While his tasks were of no higher order than Newton's, the ethics of the profession should have averted exercise of the secular arm. Such things stimulate criticism by the public and John got what was coming to him. While the jail made

a good cook out of Tom it taught a lesson to young Bunyan.

Doing things for others, sacrificing personal wishes, competing for disagreeable jobs, these are the requirements which we are so prone to dodge. To persevere in the modest work and to be content to occupy the inconspicuous place is the great command which so few of us can obey. To pull the wire, to be called broad-minded and democratic or popular may make a bishop but never a saint.

Once a year come three big boxes of cheer from an old aristocratic parish. They are sent regularly and the sender breathes into them a longing sigh for the return of those days spent in the backyard of God's Kingdom. Newton's rectory is more luxurious now, on a bank of the Hudson amid beautiful trees and well kept lawns. The upholstery is richer, so are his parishoners. He hasn't as much to give them as he gave to us. They don't steal, get drunk or have bad luck, so how do they know what he is?



# By the Side of the Road

By ARCHDEACON DRANE

The more one travels, the more matter of fact become the trips. Even so with the itinerant missionary as he swings his circuit. The objective looms larger and the people with whom the visit is to be made seem more important and the miles in between missions and villages ever grow less and the travel feature ever becomes more secondary. As one learns to travel exciting experiences and adventures are more and more reduced. The conviction grows on one that Stefansson was right when he said: "Adventures are the sign of incompetence." Of course some parts of the trip are harder than others. Sometimes a heavy fall of snow makes progress difficult. Sometimes one is caught in intense cold when it is imperative to keep going. At such times one must exercise utmost care in the protection of himself, his companion and his dogs. For every winter the cold claims its victims and however slight even the freezing the toe may be, it can cause a frightful amount of suffering and inconvenience, and the best of travelers sometimes have their accidents.

But this winter's trip passed off very nicely and without trouble by the way. The impressions I have are chiefly concerned with the work and the people we came in contact with, while at some places the situation may be very hard, yet even so there will be encouraging features. Then again there are places where the good features seem to outweigh the bad and signs of progress noted.

At Tanana this winter I was im-

pressed with some good signs. You know Tanana has for years been our bete noir. With the post and the saloons, then after the saloons went, there was the post and the booze peddlers, and the people were very much demoralized. There still remained the inherent Indian pride, which made them feel that nothing was wrong with them, or at least the fault was not theirs. So the situation always struck me as very nearly hopeless. There was not only the moral decadence but also the physical one. Sometimes the death rate was double the birth rate. But now with the going of the army post and the removal of some of the other bad influences, the Indians have again and again taken the stand for righteousness. Especially at Christmas. Last year and again this year the Indians had their own meetings and agreed that they would refrain from drinking at least during the holidays. And they did so, with only one or two individuals out of say a hundred who broke loose. But these were not allowed to make trouble. This year the Indians built a fine new dance hall, possibly the best on the Yukon. There was a Potlach on, of course, and even with over three hundred people present, there was no drinking. It shows what can be done by the people themselves. I believe Deaconess Gertrude Sterne in her quiet positive way, has a very helpful influence, and her co-worker, Miss Nellie Landon is doing a splendid work as nurse and teacher in the government school. As a nurse Miss Landon is very efficient and has a rare gift at diagnosing cases. She is called

on by the white people of Tanana as well as the Indians of the village. There is no question but what the work of the Mission is appreciated. I think now more so than at any time in years, signs of encouragement are appearing.

At St. John's in the Wilderness I found the same confidence in the Mission staff, and the same friendliness that has always existed. Here off in the wilderness there are not the same difficulties to deal with that exist at some of the other stations. For instance there is not that curse of drink. Consequently the work is easier and progress more apparent. Practically every boy and girl can read and write, and most of the men and women of the younger generation.

When the Holy Communion is celebrated the whole list of communicants prepares to come. Here there has been but one class confirmed. I believe they have done their best to let Christian light shine forth.

While at St. John's in the Wilderness a man was brought 54 miles to the mission, with a frozen toe. It does not sound so bad, and the man protested it was nothing, but to me the sight of that foot with the end of the toe gone and the rest of the toe greatly inflamed, was a horror. No frozen toes for me!

While up the Koyukuk we visited Wiseman, the farthest north mining camp in Alaska—It is possibly the farthest north gold mining camp in the world. The population of the section has dwindled to say about fifty, but of this number there was a very representative number at the service held in the Pioneer Hall.

There was also present at the service a group of Arctic Eskimos. They had just recently come across the mountains from the Arctic watershed, to the Koyukuk in search of food.

Game had subsisting chiefly on ptarmigan. Finally they resolved to work their way across the mountains to the interior in hope of reaching game. Their dogs starved along the way and the men and women had to drag the heavy Arctic sleds. They managed to kill some mountain sheep, but it was intensely cold, from 50 degrees to 62 degrees below zero and travel reduced their strength. So on reaching the mining town of Wiseman, they presented a worn look. Even though in need of help these Eskimos did no begging, nor did they put themselves in the way. Two cabins were turned over to them and most of the townspeople gave something for their refreshment. A week had passed when I saw them. They were catching rabbits and were again fit for the trail. The men were organizing for a sheep hunt. They were not at all down hearted. A cheerful outlook on life seemed to be their disposition.

I attempted a service with them. However, there was no one capable of interpreting satisfactorily. So I said, "at your mission at Point Barrow, you have learned hymns and prayers. You make church yourselves. We will all pray together, even if I cannot give you Bible words. So two of the young men arose and went out of the cabin to their cache. They brought back some red covered memorandum books. Soon the twelve Eskimo grouped themselves about in a circle on the floor of the cabin, with those who could read nearest the books. One young man of perhaps twenty acted as leader. He had been schooled at the Presbyterian Mission at Point Barrow, some three fifty or four hundred miles away. While he read and wrote English, he and several of the others could read and write the Eskimo dialect. Soon the company began to sing hymns to familiar tunes, but in the Esquimo lan-



guage. There was "Jesus Lover of My Soul," Rock of Ages," "Nearer My God to Thee," and then a great many others whose tunes were new to me. But the singing was in splendid time and the high pitched voices of the women blended harmoniously with the deep voices of the men. It reminded me of the inspiring singing of some of the negro congregations I have heard. After two or three hymns had been sung the young leader read a prayer on a passage of Scripture I do not know which—the eyes of the people were down, and their heads bent slightly forward—but after other hymns had been sung, extemporaneous prayers were said in turn around the room. There might be two or three prayers, then a silence, which was broken by more hymn singing, and then the prayers were resumed, until each adult in the circle had prayed. It was very reverent and very orderly. One could feel the spirit of the prayers even though he did not understand the language. To me it was an inspiration to feel that these people who had traveled far, and who had not been at the services of their mission at Point Barrow for years, had kept their hymns and prayers. No matter how far away they might get, they would still retain a great deal of the teaching of their mission. And wherever they would go among their own people they would impart what they had learned. This, too, would be true of the Indians of our missions, where they had been taught in their own language.

And speaking of the native language we will ever be indebted to the work of the Canadian missionaries who preceded us of the American church, for their work of translating the Bible, the Prayer Book, and some two hundred hymns into the Takudh language of the upper section of the

Yukon and its northern tributaries. With the teaching of the church in their own language they are equipped to carry what they have learned from place to place. This makes the work of the church at Ft. Yukon and Eagle of far reaching influence beyond the confines of the immediate vicinity.

At Ft. Yukon, Dr. Burke and his nurses have had a very busy time. Just after the holidays the hospital was full to overflowing and before the rush was over Miss Sands, the new nurse went down. But with the ever faithful and efficient Miss Dazire of the government school the crisis was tided over as at many times in the past. One by one the patients were discharged and by the middle of March very few were left. We may well feel proud of the work done by the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital.

"But the hospital work is not the only activity of the mission at Ft. Yukon. The mission residence presided over by the Mrs. Burke is the scene of a great deed of social service work. There are the classes of the boys and girls doing handiwork. There are the meetings of the Woman's Auxiliary, which takes care of the church and its furnishing. At times some case of need is looked after by this organization. There are periodical social evenings, when the motion pictures are displayed.

New Years' evening there was a motion picture show given for the benefit of the Japanese Mission Relief Fund—Over \$100 was raised in this way.

The activities of those connected with St. Stephens' Mission are surely varied, and the amount of work undertaken and done by the staff speaks for their efficiency. For example, besides caring for her own family, Mrs. Burke provides a sort

of hotel for seven or eight children, and besides this teaches the primary classes in the government school. How many mothers of a family would be willing to do this? It happened that the regular assistant at the school resigned last fall too late for a new teacher to be secured, and so Mrs. Burke consented to help out in this capacity. May it be said that Mrs. Burke has the help of two native girls at the mission. One cooks and the other does house work and very able assistants they are. It is rarely that one is willing to remain steady at a post for any length of time. Na-

tive help is also employed in the hospital, with real satisfaction at the present time.

And so it goes, the work, as I see it, is not so different from church work in the states. True indeed there is a vast lot of materialism, sensuality, and superstition evident, some places more so than others, yet these things are met in church work anywhere—Christian love, with patience and courage no doubt will win. Pray that we may have a greater share of these virtues for our work among these children of the North.

B. DRANE.



# The Thlinget Indians of Southeastern Alaska

By H. P. CORSER, M. S.

Author of Totem Lore and the Land of the Totem, and Through the Ten  
Thousand Islands of Alaska  
(From The Pathfinder of Alaska)

The Indians of Southeastern Alaska are usually known as the Thlinget Tribe of Indians. These Indians were originally scattered through thirteen or fourteen different villages, and their territory extended from the extreme southern end of Southeastern Alaska to as far north and west as Copper River. These villages were never united together in one government, and neither was there a chief in any one village. The government was patriarchal, and very similar to that described in the book of Genesis. The Patriarch had the power of life and death over the men of his clan. The clan was made up of the blood relationship on the mother's side. In the old days each clan had its communal house. Captain Cook tells of finding Alaska natives living in low squatty houses. These houses were originally built by first erecting four huge posts at what would make the corners of a restangle about 30x40 feet. These figures simply give an idea of what the size of the smaller of the old communal houses was. Some, of course, were much larger. These posts were often, and this was specially so in the houses of the wealthier clans, totems. These totems were the crest of the family that owned the house.

Two massive logs were hewed out and placed on these corner posts, running the long way of the house. Then parallel to these was placed at about fifteen feet from these cross timbers,

a stockade consisting of hewn boards. These made the sides of the building. Then from the upper edge of these stockades timbers consisting of hewn boards were placed reaching beyond the two logs that connected the corner posts, up to the crest of the roof.

In the center was a sort of a trap door through which the smoke escaped. In the better houses were two or three raised platforms. It was on these platforms that the spectators sat when the theatrical tribal dances were going on. These platforms were also used as the place where the retainers of the Patriarch spread their blankets at night. The Patriarch spread his blankets furthest from the front door, and the followers had their places along the sides of the room, arranged according to rank. The lowest was near the front door, the post of danger. Some of the old time houses had underground tunnels which made it possible for escape should the house be entered by enemies.

Wars between clans in the old days were common. This was due to their early ideas of law and of law enforcement. If a wrong were done, every one in the clan was looked on as responsible. Their ideas of responsibility were unique. Suppose that two persons from an opposite clan were out boating together, and that one should fall overboard through no fault of the other. Then the surviving one would be held responsible

for the disappearance of the other and he would be asked to pay or to give his life as a forfeit for the loss of the other. If he did neither, the whole clan was in danger. This clan feeling the injustice of the demands of the other, armed itself, and a clan feud was begun. This brought on almost continual clan wars. It was so bad that no one at night, while camping dared to sleep near his camp fire on account of fear of assassination. It was the Indian custom after he had cooked his meal, to take his blanket and steal off in the brush and there sleep.

Canoes were painted black so that they would not be detected when they were stealing along the shore.

The origin of the clans seem to have been as follows: The religious instinct is found everywhere. All feel that there is a destiny outside of themselves, that is influencing their lives, and naturally they look for it in something near at hand. In their ignorance, they pick out something that acts uncannily. The Moqui Indians of Arizona selected the snake, the Indians of some of the Atabascan tribes choose the Jay bird, others looked up the raven.

You ask the old time Thlinget Indian where his people originally came from and he will say that in the days before the flood that they came from a place not far from the southern end of Alaska. Before they came north the Raven legend had been developed. They tell about the time when there was no light and the world was peopled by beings that reminded one very much of the inhabitants of the old Babylonian chaos.

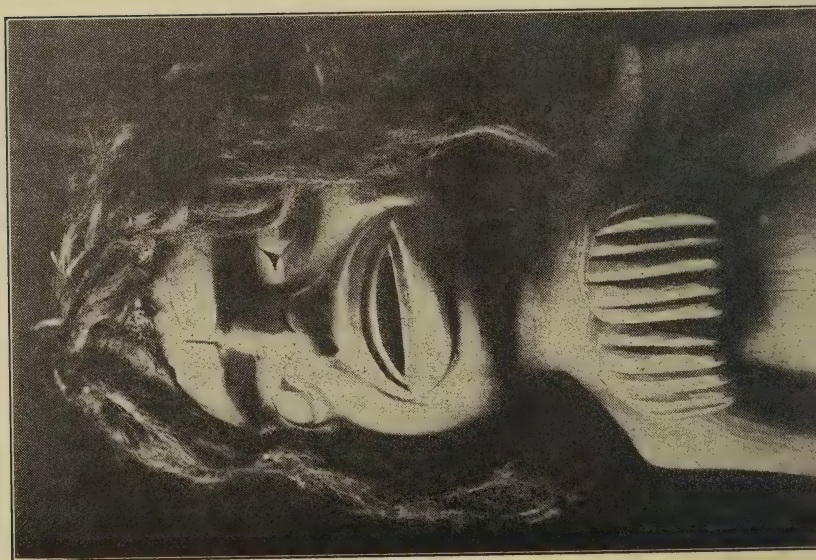
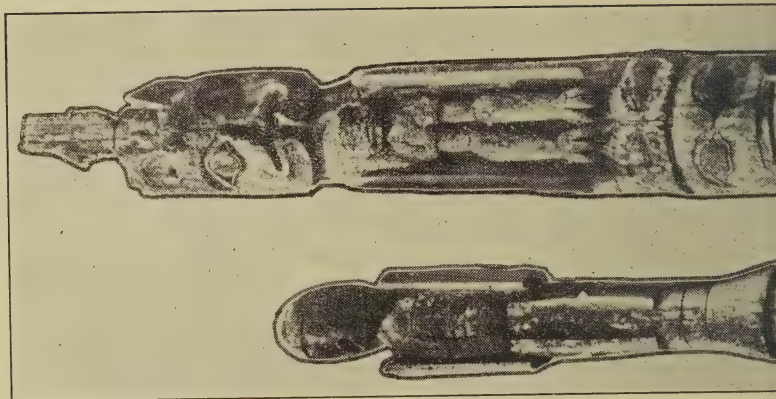
One of these beings determined to get light for the world. He hears that the Raven creator is keeping the stars, the moon and the sun in his house at the head of the Nass River. So in order to become reincarnated,

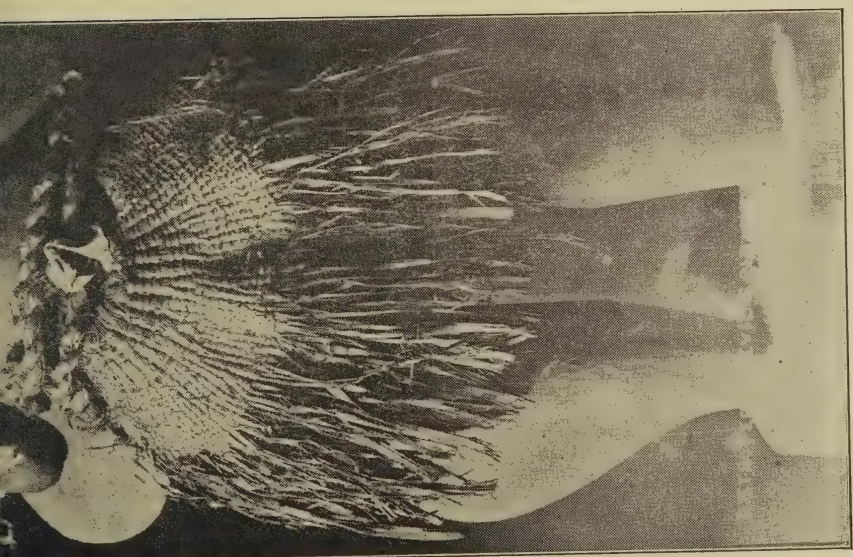
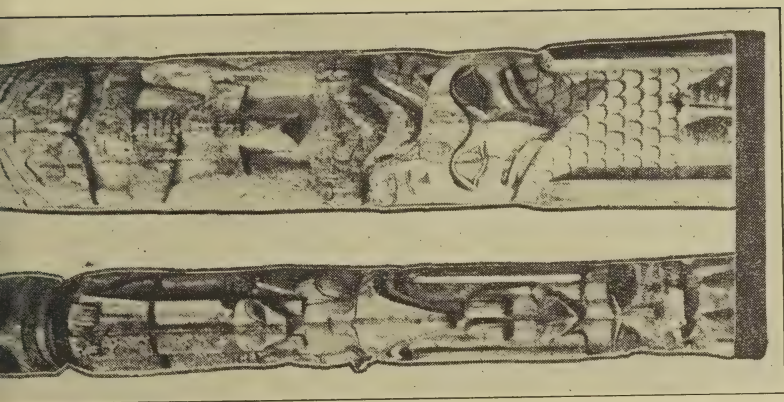
he becomes a needle of a hemlock tree over the pool of water where the daughter of the creator was accustomed to drink. He falls into the water and is drunk in by the daughter and is born again. He is a cute child. The granddaughter gave him anything that he cries for. He thus gets the stars, the moon and the sun, and tosses them up into the air. Then he runs away from home and later creates man out of the leaves of the trees. Space does not permit to go further into the Raven legend; but enough has been given to show its importance in the mythology of the Thlinget Indian and why the figure of the Raven appears so often on the totem poles. The people that migrated from the south with the Raven as their totem became the ancestors of the Raven phratric among the Thlingets.

Another crowd came down the Taku River. These at first had the wolf as their totem but afterwards, the bear appears to have taken the place of the wolf on the totems. These separated, some going south to Wrangell, others going to Sitka, and others going north to Haines. These made the wolf phratric.

It is a custom among all primitive people to marry out of their own clan, and as a result in this instance, members of the wolf phratric only married those of the Raven phratric, and those of the Raven phratric only those of the wolf tribe. A man was a social outcast who did otherwise. When a woman married, she brought with her, her totem, and her children belonged to her family and from a clan standpoint were no relation to their father. This explains why in so many different totems are found in each village. There was another factor that multiplied totems in each village. Primitive people are very prone to indulge in trances and to





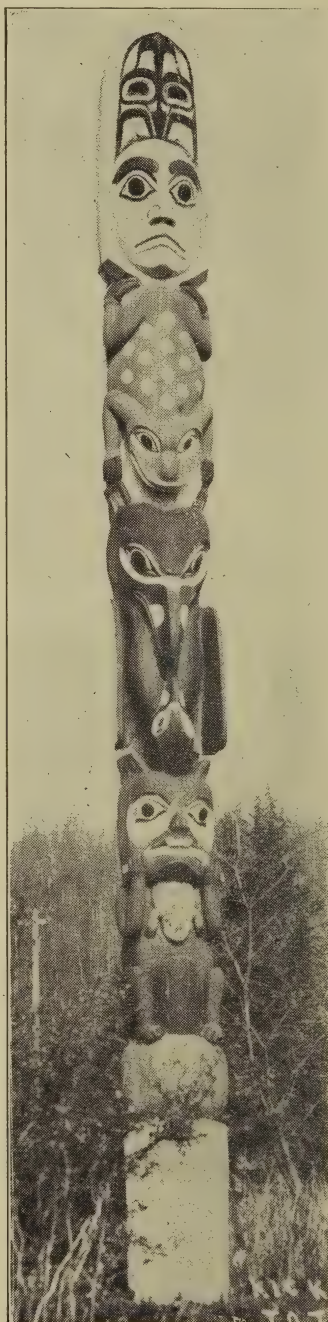


make much of dreams. A dream was a very real experience to him, and as he lived much among animals, his dreams were largely about animals and if when he told his dreams they were wonderful enough and were coherent enough for them to believe them, it brought special honor to their family and a new clan would be started. Then the symbol of the clan along with that of the phratrie would be added to the totem of that house.

Still another cause brought about the multiplication of clan symbols in any one village. A small village might be depleted by war, so that it did not feel itself safe in trying to exist alone. Then it would leave and join itself to some other larger village. Then further there might be some disagreement in a clan house and the dissatisfied party would pick up its belongings and seek a home in some other town and they would carry their own symbol with them. These were the causes of the multiplication of clan symbols in any one village. A clan was considered rich in proportion to the number of uncanny things that could be said about any member of the clan. The writer has heard it said about certain families that they were very poor as nothing had ever happened to it, meaning that nothing spooky or uncanny could be said about any member of it.

The old time Indian villages had no chief. One would be chosen in case of war to lead the people, but after the emergency had passed, they would slide back into the old patriarchal form of government.

One noted character in every Indian village was the Indian doctor. He seems so crude to us today that we smile at him, but he was a real power with them. The theory of evil with them was that there is a great lake of evil high up somewhere, and





that from this lake streams of evil of all kinds are coming and the one who practices witchcraft, gets hold of these streams like murder, falsehood, etc., and uses them to accomplish evil intention. It was the business of the Indian doctor to discover who it was that was practicing the witchcraft, and then to drive out the evil spirit that was causing the trouble.

An ability to fall in the trance state was taken as an evidence that one was in contact with the spirits. When an Indian doctor died, then the candidates that wished to succeed him began to fast and the one that practiced the fasting most successfully for a long time, was able to throw himself into the trance state and was recognized as the successor of the shaman that had died. The evil side of the whole practice was this. If the Indian doctor was unable to heal a patient, then he laid it to someone who was practicing witchcraft, and the accused one was tortured terribly until he promised under the influence of his torture to give up his evil practices.

Did the shaman ever effect any cures? Undoubtedly, he did, but we should not be surprised at that. Healing by suggestion is an art as old as history. It was practiced in the old Egyptian temples, in the Roman temples, at the shrines of the saints, by the various types of healers by suggestion today, and we can say that where the healing by suggestion was possible their efforts were successful.

Totem poles served almost as many purposes as do our pictures. There is a legend among the Tongass people that a totem floated ashore and that being found gave the people their first idea of totems and the present totems are developments of that idea. Totems are coats of arms. They, when placed by a grave, tell the clan to which the dead man had belonged,

and when they are placed before the house, they say that the owner belonged to this or that clan. The great idea of Totems therefore was heraldry. There was added to this however that the right to possess this or that symbol brought wit it a certain amount of good luck.

The old totems made before the white man's steel arrived, were very simple. The complicated ones came along as soon as the carver was able to obtain better tools.

It will illustrate the modern totem by describing two well known modern totems.

Kicksetti totem at Wrangell is probably the most photographed of any totem in Alaska. It is surmounted by something representing a mountain, and on this mountain a face is placed. When they wished to represent something where a wonderful thing had happened, they put a face or an eye on it to show that the spirits had been there. Below is the frog, the coat of arms of that clan, and still below is the old raven, the creator, talking to his grandson that made man. The lowest of all is the beaver, the coat of arms of the father's side, and the frog, the coat of arms of the mother's side of the house. The idea of introducing the father at all seems to be a modern idea with them.

The Kadashan totems are older totems than the Kicksetti. The right hand totem has the creator at the top represented on the older poles as a man. Below is his grandson that made man, represented as a raven with a man between his wings to show that it could be raven or man at will. Below is Lakigina, a monster that Kadashan described as all the same as the devil, and the lowest figure of all is the Thunder bird, that brings the rain.

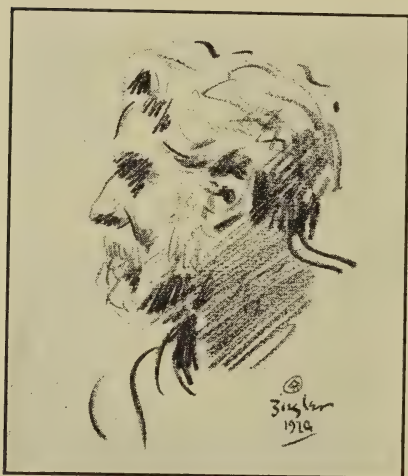
The left hand totem is surmounted



by the Eagle. Below is the Konakadet, the crane and the Konakadet, put in to make the pole higher.

Now a word as to the future of the Indians. The old has passed away. Outside of a very few villages in Southeastern Alaska, there is from a

legal standpoint no such a thing as tribal relations. The Indians acknowledge only white man's laws and are willing to assume all the obligations and duties of citizenship. They are doing their share in the economic development of the country.



# The Business Manager's Page

In the January issue of the Churchman the reader was told the plans called for the April issue to be in the mails by June 15th and the July issue by August 1st. As it now looks, at the time this copy is written, the latter date will be correct for the fulfillment of the first part of the plans for which the business manager is as much chagrined as the subscriber is put out by the continuous delays. As is most generally the case, a new worker is more enthusiastic and ambitious than the seasoned one and looks for greater achievements than it is possible to make.

The delay in this, the April number, does not rest entirely on the staff of the magazine but is the result of a chain of circumstances with which the reader will not be asked to undergo by going into endless details. If the subscriber will bear a little longer in patience, as he has done in the past, the business manager is honest in his belief that it will not be long before our publication will be going out on its regular dates. He is as enthusiastic as ever even though disappointed and put out with the delay.

## The July Number

Volume XVIII, Number 3, the July issue is practically assembled by the editor and will be placed in the hands of the publisher within a few days. Should no unforeseen difficulties put in an appearance, this issue will be in the mails not later than the first of September.

## Praise for Representatives

Much credit is to be given Miss Frances C. Cox of Washington, D. C., for her splendid work for the Alas-

kan Churchman for the past few months. Besides doing other work for the church in Alaska along with her own duties, a total of thirty-four subscriptions have reached the business manager's desk. This is the highest number sent in by any one representative.

Miss Marguerite Bartberger of 408 So. Pacific Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., ranks second in having sent subscriptions, a total of seventeen. Miss Bartberger is enjoying a furlough from her missionary duties at Anvik and while at home is continuing her activities for which too much praise cannot be given.

Special mention is also to be given Miss Ann Booth, the Alaskan Churchman representative at Haverford, Pa. from whom ten subscriptions have been received.

The staff wishes to thank all the representatives who have so ably assisted in carrying on the work and it is hoped that the few from whom we have not heard from will at once look over their territory and see if there are not some who would be interested in the church work in Alaska.

## A Few Testimonials

"I am somewhat late in renewing my subscription to the Churchman so am sending two dollars, one for which is to carry on the work of the Churchman which I find is the most enjoyable and the most useful magazine to which I subscribe. It tells so much that we need to know about the church in Alaska and the customs of the people. It is of special use to diocesan officers of the Woman's Auxiliary in speaking about pledges for the work and missions."

"Mrs. ——— is quite certain that she never subscribed to the Churchman but I have a suspicion I did myself and so enclose money order for three dollars."

"Thank you for reminding me that my subscription had expired. I am always interested in the work in Alaska and I place the missions by the map that is a feature of the magazine."

"I enclose money due on my subscription. Am sorry that I have been remiss for I am interested in the work and wish I might do something to help."

"I believe I have been on your mailing list ever since Mr. Betticher started the brave little sheet and I hope to be on the mailing list until mails are no more for me. Here's wishing all imaginable success to the Alaskan Churchman and its staff and to all the plucky workers up there. I met a few of them long ago when I took the summer tourist trip that only nibbles along the edge but I never would have the courage, to spend a winter inside."

"Glad to enclose money for renewal—Sorry for delay."

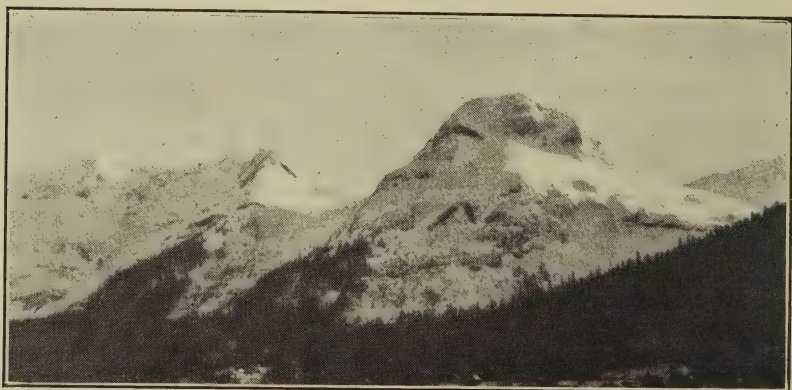
"I am sorry I have been so remiss in sending my subscription. I think it is a fine little magazine—would not be without it."

"I regret exceedingly that it was necessary for you to write telling of my arrears. Check is enclosed. I doubt if ever a work was done with such good taste."

"I always enjoy the Churchman and then send it to a friend in Missouri, who in turn sends it to a friend of hers."

"Your paper has most thrilling and interesting matter for us humdrum folk to enjoy. As we read it through it makes us feel of little account. Hope your list of subscribers is growing each year and the returns most satisfactory."

"It was a shock to find I was so far behind in my payments for the magazine. It is certainly artistic and unusual and I always especially enjoy receiving it."



# NOTES



## The First Three Months of 1924 at the Mission of St. John's in the Wilderness

By DEACONESS MURIEL THAYER

The New Year came in mildly, with only six inches of snow on the ground. Mr. Joe Ulmer, of the Road Commission, arrived from Tanana on Christmas Eve. He was on a trip to Shugnak, to investigate the conditions and possibilities of a new mail route through that part of the country. As it was necessary for him to have a Kobuk guide for the trip and he secured the service of one of our natives. Of course, the Christmas festivities of "Potlatches" and dances cover a period of at least two weeks and Mr. Ulmer remained in the valley until January 7th, when he and his guide began the trip. On Jan. 9th, two game wardens, en route to Nome, reached our village. They, likewise, were looking for Kobuk guides. None of the Kobuks were in at the time, but two returned from their traps three days later and then went as guides for the wardens. During the middle part of January we had several inches of snow and the weather was quite mild.

Our natives were going and coming all the time. The men and older boys visiting trap lines, while the women and children remained in the village. Toward the end of January our thermometer fell to

fifty-six below zero. On January 25th, Mr. Ulmer, and his guide returned. They had encountered a great deal of snow on the other side of the summit and it was necessary to have another native to help break trail and haul dog feed. On the twenty-eighth Mr. Ulmer, with two natives and a large supply of food and fish made the second start.

February came in cold and clear and on the third, a Sunday afternoon, at four o'clock, we were greatly surprised to hear Archdeacon Drane's sled bells. It was sixty-three below. The weather hung close to sixty below for ten days and then dropped to thirty below. Two mornings it was sixty-four below and three mornings it was sixty-three.

We had one Indian wedding and four infants were baptized. The Kobuk men were all away with their dog teams and the women and children could not come down to the Mission, and so Archdeacon Drane went up the Alatna River to the Kobuk camp and held services, baptizing two infants. It was a cold day and the Archdeacon walked the ten miles up. In the afternoon the cold spell broke and two of the Indians took a team up and brought the Archdeacon home. In the evening we had a fine dance, and the following morning the Archdeacon, and his native boy left for the upper camp. With the breaking of the cold snap the thermometer continued to climb up and our days became quite balmy



until Washington's birthday when a true blizzard hit us and held us in its grip for three days. On Sunday, February 24th, the mail arrived from Tanana, also the freighting teams for the government Survey party on the Colville River. This is in the far Arctic and all the supplies, freight and dog feed had to be hauled up over the Alatna River Divide. There were six freighting teams, each team having fifteen dogs. There were three white men and three natives from Tanana.

There seemed to be dogs everywhere. The whole village seemed alive with dogs. The freighters remained over Monday, resting their dogs and caring for the harness and loading on supplies. They pulled out early on Tuesday, up the Alatna. The mail team pulled out, also on Tuesday for Wiseman. Mr. Ulmer and one of the Kobuks returned also on Sunday, February 24th, from Shugnak. After resting his dogs a few days he pulled out for Wiseman. The freighters had been unable to secure sufficient teams and it was necessary for them to relay, so they returned on the third day for their second loads. They left again on the morning of the twenty-ninth.

The first of March found us with only fifteen and a half inches of snow on the ground, and the weather quite warm. The thermometers reached thirty-seven above. This unusual warm spell lasted two weeks and all the natives had colds and were miserable for two or three days.

On March the seventh, the government Survey party, in charge of Dr. Smith arrived. There were four teams, eight white men and one Indian. They left the following morning for the Alatna River Divide. Mr. Ulmer returned from

Wiseman on the fourteenth and left for Tanana two days later. March twenty-second, the freighters returned from the Alatna Divide. They had made good time owing to the lack of snow. In no place did they find the snow deeper than sixteen inches. Things did not look promising for mining in this district, this year. The freighters layed over a day to rest their dogs and pulled out for Tanana, Sunday morning. Mr. Sanderson and Mrs. Moore, of the Road Commission, arrived Sunday noon from Wiseman. They left the following morning.

In this far away spot, it is unusual to see many white people passing through and all these men and dogs have caused a great deal of excitement in our usually quiet village. To make things more exciting they usually arrived or departed on a Sunday. Our quiet, peaceful Sundays seemed to have passed away. Everything is peaceful and quiet now. All our natives are out at their spring camps. Monday, March 24th, a cold wind struck us and blew our warm weather away. We are now down to forty-one below zero.

A short time ago we thought spring had come—the days were balmy and everything began to thaw—but it is winter again.

## Radio at the Mission

### A Long Step Forward

Christ Church Mission,  
Anvik, Alaska,  
March 18th, 1924.

Up to the evening of March 10th, communication with Holy Cross was unsuccessful. That night, after a request to send a call had been answered, this word came flashing back: "Hurrah" I got

you that time." This was encouraging but further attempts at communication that night were unsuccessful.

The next night was a memorable one. The conversation ran as follows:

Holy Cross—"Well, do you think we can work tonight? Give me a call for five minutes."

Anvik. Called as requested.—"How do you like my song?"

H. C.—"Yes, I get your song. Sounds like you have a cold. Don't believe am getting your true wave but the breaks from generator. You fade away at times. Try again for five minutes."

Anvik.—"Best I can do. My tube gets red. Perhaps that has something to do with the fading."

H. C.—"O. K. Got you again that time. You come in on about 275 meters. Guess that might cause fading. Anyway, that is some satisfaction and gives us something to work on. Let's try once more."

Anvik.—"Have put in all the inductance I can get. Will try changing the clips."

H. C.—"You faded so badly that time didn't get anything you said. Good night. We will try again tomorrow night."

The mission clocks are now regulated by the official time signals. Also, the use of the loud speaker makes it possible for groups of listeners to enjoy the broadcasting from Los Angeles and elsewhere.

Thanks to the friends who have made these benefits possible.

RADIO KKP

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## Letters to the Editor

Rev. E. P. Ziegler,  
Editor "The Alaska Churchman,"  
Cordova Alaska.

Dear Mr. Ziegler:

I would be glad to have you in-

clude my name in the list of "representatives" for "The Alaska Churchman," and to answer inquiries concerning that part of Alaska with which I am acquainted—around Fort Yukon.

When leaving Alaska last fall, I hoped to be able to visit your headquarters in Cordova and to express through your magazine my appreciation of the work being done by Dr. Burke at Fort Yukon, but was laid up during most of the trip and hardly able to leave the boat. Substituting for Dr. Burke during his year's vacation, I was able to see the obstacles against which he has had to work. Too much praise cannot be given him for what he has accomplished. Fort Yukon is one of the very few, if not the only, Indian community on the Yukon river where the death rate is kept below the birth rate, due, I believe, to Dr. Burke's untiring efforts. It is no easy matter to practice medicine isolated from the co-operation of other physicians, even if one had the very best of equipment and hospitals to work in. The hospital at Fort Yukon is also fortunate in having a loyal nurse in Miss Gunz, who is remaining an extra (fourth) year to help out when it is so difficult to get good nurses suitable to the country; also in having the co-operation of the teacher of the native school, Miss Dalziel, who, although not in any way officially connected with the mission, probably does as much work for it as any missionary has ever done, often doing a nurse's work at the hospital as well as the government's work at the school. (The trouble with too many nurses and teachers who go to Alaska, and Fort Yukon in particular, is that they think the territory is full of rich young miners and dance halls; arriving, and finding that this is not true, they

are so disappointed that they are useless as far as their work is concerned. For one who goes there to work there is no more enjoyable country anywhere.)

I hope I may have the pleasure of relieving Dr. Burke again in the future when he goes out on a furlough.

Yours truly,  
DR. ERNEST A. COOK.

Kivalina, Alaska,  
March 2, 1924.

Mr. E. P. Ziegler,  
Editor Alaska Churchman,  
Cordova, Alaska.

Dear Mr. Ziegler:

I note in your last Churchman, the reference to the Old Russian Prison, at Sitka. I would like to correct this statement as this building was not a Russian prison. It was courthouse, jail and the residence of the court officials, during the American days when the head of the one and only court in Sitka, up to about 1898. Then, when the headquarters of the court room was moved to Juneau, it was the jail.

During the Russian occupation this was the barracks for the soldiery. For a long time it was used as a residence for the collector of customs, up to the time of the formation of a court I think this was the office and home of that official. It was when Wm. Gouverneur Morris was the collector in 1881-82.

The Russians had no prison, properly speaking, in Sitka. Petty offenses were heard before the chief manager who had jurisdiction over such. If it was of more importance than he cared to assume the responsibility for, he was authorized to appoint a commissioner to try the case. If it proved very serious he sent the criminal to Russia to be tried.

So I say I do not believe that they had a prison, properly speaking, in the colony. There was nowhere to run away to and the culprit was just put on extra duty or deprived of some allowance or privilege. The punishment dealt out did not demand prison confinement.

The building pictured still stands. Next to it is the old counting house of the Russians, long used as an office for the customs collector and also as the office of the governor. It has been the post office in recent years.

Complimenting you on the excellent little magazine which I enjoy much, knowing nearly all the localities and people it talks of, I am

Sincerely yours.

L. ANDREWS.

## Appeals

1. For St. Mark's School, the sum of \$200 as an annual scholarship for ten of the children of this boarding school. These appeals sometimes bring in new scholarships, and we assure our readers that the appeal is urgent. For this past year our expenses amounted to \$10,000 with resources totaling only \$5,000, leaving the balance to be raised by Bishop Rowe. This means an ever-increasing burden on him and the rest of the workers. Send in your scholarships either direct to St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, or mark "Special for St. Mark's Nenana," and send to the Treasurer of the Missionary Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

2. For Christ's Church Mission School, Anvik. The above appeal should also be applied to the Anvik School, as the needs are the same.

## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

### DIOCESE

- Asheville—Mrs F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.  
 Bethlehem — Miss Fannie M. Butler, Mauch Chunk, Pa.  
 California—Rev. Frank P. Church, 1217 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.  
 Carolina—Mrs. M. J. Dauer, 103 North 7th. St., Wilmington, N. Car.  
 Connecticut—Mr. Rowland M. Beach, 16 France St., Norwalk, Conn.  
 Cuba—Miss R. S. Harris, care Harris Bros. & Co., O'Reilly 104 Havana.  
 Dallas—Mrs. Helen Easton, 1921 Pine St., Dallas, Tex.  
 Delaware—Mrs. R. B. Rayner, 903 Franklin St., Wilmington, Delaware.  
 Fond du Lac—Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.  
 Georgia—Miss Gertrude J. Corney, 872 Hickman Road, Augusta, Ga.  
 Georgia—Mrs. M. D. Dickenson, Douglas, Georgia.  
 Evanston, Ill.—Mabel V. Holgate, 2651 Stewart Ave.  
 Indianapolis—Miss M. J. Collis, 1314 First Ave., Evansville, Ind.  
 Iowa—Mrs. John Arthur, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  
 Louisiana—Miss Gladys M. Fry, 908 Fern St., New Orleans.  
 Long Island—Mrs. W. W. Sabine, Nyack 960 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York.  
 Los Angeles—Mrs. Abiel Leonard, 316 S. Ardmore Av., Los Angeles.  
 Los Angeles — Miss Marriott, 2279 29th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Maryland—Mr. H. W. Atkinson, 10 Bishop's Road, Builford, Baltimore.  
 Milwaukee—Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.  
 Missouri—Mrs. May Scovern Hunt, Macon, Missouri.  
 Minnesota—Mrs. B. I. Stanton, 542 Portland Ave., St. Paul  
 New Hampshire — Mrs. Robert Alex. Southworth, Little Boars Head.  
 New Jersey—Miss M. F. Jones, 137 Aberdeen Road, Elizabeth.  
 New York—Miss Alice Wood Daley, 447 St. Paul's Ave., Stapleton.  
 New York—Mrs. W. A. Bridgeman, River View Manor, Hastings-on-Hudson.  
 North Carolina—Miss Emma J. Hall, 800 N. Tyron St., Charlotte, N. C.  
 Oregon—Mr. John W. Lethaby, 10-11 Ainsworth Bldg., Portland.  
 Pennsylvania—Miss Ann Booth, Haverford.  
 Rhode Island—Mrs. Winslow Upton, 30 Forest St., Providence.  
 Southern Ohio—Mrs. W. K. Schoepf, 622 Oak St., Cincinnati.  
 South Carolina—Mrs. Wyndham Manning, 900 Lawrens St., Columbia, S. C.  
 Southwestern Virginia—Mrs. Gordon H. Baker, Roanoke, Virginia.  
 Spokane—Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St., Spokane, Wash.  
 Washington, D. C.—Miss Frances C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Pl. N. W.  
 Washington—Mrs. F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.  
 West Texas—Mrs. J. M. Pettus, Goliad, Texas.  
 Western New York—Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.

## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan postoffices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Anchorage. Other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail.

All points in the Interior receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik re-

ceives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any article which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, The Red Dragon, Cordova, Alaska.



# Directory of Alaskan Workers

## BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office, 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

## ARCHDEACON

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (1915), Fort Yukon, Alaska.

## MISSION STATIONS

**Allakaket**—(P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River — St. John's-in-the-Wilderness:—  
Deaconess Muriel A. Thayer (1921).  
Miss Amelia E. Hill, R. N. (1922).

**Anchorage**—Outlying Camps, Railroad Work, etc.:—  
Rev. Burdette Landsdowne.

**Anvik**—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman, D. D.  
Rev. John B. Bentley, assistant (1921).  
Miss Susan E. Smith (1921).  
Miss Ella B. Lucas, Housemother. (1923).

**Chena**—St. Paul's Chapel:  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Chena Native Village**—St. Barnabas':—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Circle City**—Church of the Heavenly Rest (vacant).

**Cordova**—St. George's Church, Red Dragon Club House and Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium:—  
Rev. Eustace P. Ziegler (1909).

**Chitina**—(Visited from Cordova).

**McCarthy**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Kennecott**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Douglas Island**—St. Luke's Church:—  
(Visited from Juneau).

**Eagle**—St. Paul's Mission:  
Rev. B. W. Gaither.

**Fairbanks**—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room. Camps visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood.  
Rev. Henry H. Chapman.

**Fort Yukon**—St. Stephen's Mission and Church.  
Rev. Grafton Burke, M. D.  
Miss E. B. Gunz, R. N., (1920)  
David Wallis, Staff Reader and Interpreter.  
Arctic Village.  
Bishop Rowe Chapel.  
Albert E. Trit.  
Native Lay Reader.

**Ketchikan**—St. John's Church, Hospital and School:—

Rev. Homer E. Bush.

Miss Barlow.

Mrs. J. H. Molineux.

Miss Edith Harper.

**Juneau**—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—

Very Rev. Charles Rice, Dean.

Camps visited: Douglas, Thane and Perseverance.

**Nenana**—St. Mark's Mission (See Tanana Valley Mission).

Miss Eola Clark.

Deaconess Agnes Olivia Willing.

Miss Alice Wright (1914).

Miss B. B. Backnall

Miss Lottie de R. Cotchett, R. N. (1921).

Blind Moses, Native Lay Reader.

**Nome**—St. Mary's Church. (Vacant).

**Point Hope (Tigara)**—St. Thomas' Mission:—

Rev. W. A. Thomas

Tony Joule, Assistant Teacher.

**Salchaket**—St. Luke's Mission. (Vacant).

**Seward**—St. Peter's Church:—  
Visited from Anchorage.

**Sitka**—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

**Skagway**—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

**Stephen's Village**:—

Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

Henry Moses, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana**—St. James' Church. (Vacant).

**Tanana Indian Village**—Mission of Our Saviour:—

Deaconess Gertrude M. Stearne.

Miss Nellie M. Laudon, R. N.

Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana Crossing**—St. Timothy's Mission:—  
Rev. Arthur Wright.

**Tanana Valley Mission**—Including Native Missions on the Tanana River; Nenana, Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing:—  
Visited from Nenana.

**Valdez**—Epiphany Church and Everyman's Club House:—  
Visited from Cordova.

**Wrangell**—St. Philip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

**Missionaries on furlough in the States** (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City):—  
Miss E. J. Ridgeway.  
Miss Marguerite Bartberger.  
Rev. Robert G. Tatum (1921).

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# The Alaskan Churchman

VOL. XVIII.

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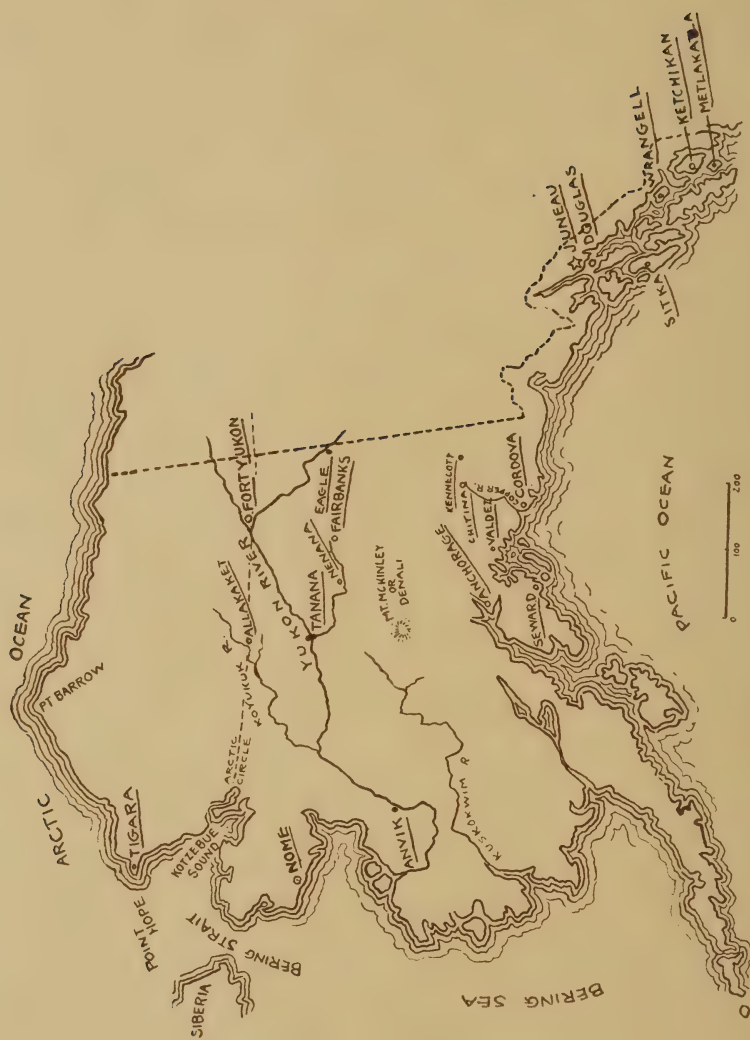
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Mt. McKinley, the Highest Peak in North America

# The Alaskan Churchman

Founded by Reverend Charles Eugene Betticher, Jr., 1906.

Published Quarterly at the Red Dragon, Cordova, in the Interests of the Church's Work in Alaska.

REV. EUSTACE P. ZIEGLER,  
Editor

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To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

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In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

JULY, 1924

## Editorial

Hundreds of visitors are getting acquainted with Alaska this summer for the first time. The steamship companies reported early in the spring that the tourist bookings for the coming season were unusually heavy. Inquiries came from all parts of the United States. The tourist will find Alaska better prepared to care for him than ever before. He will find first class hotels in the principal towns, exceptionally fine roadhouses along the highways and trails, and comfortable auto stages in which he can travel with ease and speed. Then there are the railroads, reminiscent of more conventional modes of travel in the great outside which carry one great distances (for Alaska) in a day. The steamships have been improved, the quality of the service increased, and

new boats have been added to the run. The transportation agencies are to be commended for their efforts along these lines. While they doubtless find that improving their service is good business it unquestionably helps the Territory. The more accessible we are up here the faster and more permanent will be our growth, and Alaska as yet in many respects has hardly shaken off its swaddling clothes.

Another advancement that has been made in recent years is the awakening of the people of the North to the desirability of tourist travel. Alaskans no longer are so absorbed in their own affairs that they have no time for the enlightenment and entertainment of the stranger within their gates. The various chambers of commerce maintain tourist agencies, open while the boats are in port, where visitors are cordially welcomed, reliable information furnished, and everything done to make the tourist get the greatest benefit from his trip. It is estimated that five per cent. of the people who visit Seattle become financially interested in the Northwest. One who has made a study of similar conditions in Alaska asserts that the proportion is far greater in the North. It is therefore easy to figure how great an asset the tourist is. Not that he is received simply as an asset. The true Alaskan is proud of his country. He knows that its mountain, river, ocean and forest scenery is unsurpassed, and he knows that the tourist who loves nature and the wilds will take far more out of Alaska than what he leaves behind. The Churchman has one word of advice to prospective tourists. Plan your trip so that it will include a visit to the interior, either by trail or rail, so that the monotony of the boat journey will be broken. Too many trav-

ellers simply take a round trip on the steamer. They see the magnificent coastal range, the forests, glaciers, the fishing industry and the coast towns, but they miss something of the North if the interior of the country is not visited. The mines at Kennecott, the placer workings of Fairbanks, the Richardson Highway, the farms of the Matanuska valley, the interior meadows, Mount McKinley, the tremendous Alaskan range,

the Wrangell mountains, the mighty Yukon, Childs glacier, Abercrombie canyon, and numerous other marvels of nature are missed by the tourist who never leaves the coast. You do not get a dollar's worth for the dollar you have invested in travelling to Alaska unless you leave the ocean lanes and journey overland. If you do go inside you get two dollars' worth for your dollar of travel expense.



Pictured Rocks Near Cordova

# John Bunyan, Jr. and Red Dragon Tales

It was in February 1919, after visiting the little Indian settlement of Eyak that John, a companion and a team of three dogs left the little village for the further end of the lake, where they called at a couple of cabins, leaving some reading matter and passing the time of day. A snow storm and a favorable high wind having arisen on their return, they were making splendid progress toward home, when all of a sudden, just a few feet off their unbroken trail, they ran into a detached sled. Proceeding a hundred yards or so, they picked up its intoxicated driver, and added three more dogs and another sled to the outfit. An Indian at Eyak Village identified the "dead head" freight as one Captain X., and directed them to his cabin, where they dried him out and put him to bed, leaving an explanatory note tacked to the door for his partner.

Two days later in making the rounds of some of the numerous cabins and tents in the vicinity, John's attention was attracted to the town cow, gazing intently at the door of the captains' cabin. The door was ajar, and through the opening a hand was shaking toward curious bossy, a bunch of green tissue paper and artificial flowers, as a bait to lure her into the parlor, where she might be milked without her owner's knowledge. The onlooker's approach unfortunately proved a disturbing influence in the plans of the Prospective host. The banquet was with-

drawn from view, and the door closed.

The Red Dragon at this time was serving its purpose, well patronized by railroad men, prospectors and other men followers and leaders of the bum frontier. It was not at all surprising to John to see his friend of a few days ago enter, choose a book and depart. His choice of books at various times showed plainly his taste. Accordingly, although never having had the slightest intercourse other than that described and his regular borrowing and lendings, John felt that here was a kindred spirit, and that friendship was sure to ripen—as it did.

Circumstances soon led up to intimacy. At closing time-midnight the captain explained that his partner and messmate was very drunk with several companions in his shack, and that he was disinclined at the present time to participate in their festivities. Would the Dragon be so kind as to permit him to be its guest, and allow him to occupy one of the numerous upholstered benches in the club room? This gave John the looked-for opportunity of establishing the bonds of friendship which existed for some years.

Further intercourse with Captain X. was assuring that he was not one of the army of "tellers of the sad stories of their lives." He was thirty-seven years old, the son of an ex-minister to K—, and a graduate



of St. Mary's Training School, New York. He had lived for six years in Korea, carried scars from the Boxer war, and was first mate on the steamer B—, which sank in the Golden Gate, where some ninety passengers were drowned. He had an endless bound of anecdotes and experiences—truly a soldier of fortune. However, doubtless through his love of the bowl, he was disqualified for a time as master of a ship; accordingly he got employment on a survey party when the work on the railroad to the interior opened up.

Captain X. was a good worker for two or three months at a time, but he would make occasional trips to town, and before he could be intercepted would be physically and financially "paralyzed." John's good work came in here by getting him sobered up and "back on his job" a hundred miles away. No one knew better than John or thought he knew that the man was hopeless, incapable ever again of holding such positions as had once been his.

Occasionally his money was gotten into safe keeping before he was ruined, but his last trip was most disastrous, although the cause of his resurrection.

After closing the club house, bidding thirty of more men "good-night," and turning out all but one light, John drew a small table near his "cot" and in a short time was lost in an interesting volume for two or three hours. He was interrupted by the arrival of company-Captain X. and a couple of his friends, all three intoxicated. Entertaining each other for an hour or so, then the captain and John put the other two to bed in their shack, and John deposited the captain in a

rooming house over a saloon—the only available bed in town. His spree lasted three days, John making it a point to see him during the course of each day, in the hope of getting him sober by Monday morning, when his train was to leave for the front.

But Sunday was a busy day, with services, church-school, etc., and he seemed to be doing so well on Saturday that John neglected him until four o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, when he was suddenly called to him. In the frenzy of delirium he had cut his throat. He had regained consciousness, however, long enough to write, on the cover of a copy of Kipling, a farewell to John in case he died, giving the address of his mother,, to whom he had not written and from whom he had not heard for six years. He had lain disabled for two hours before anyone discovered him and was very weak; but not too weak, after the doctor had attended him, to beckon John and whisper, "I must look like Patrick Henry with this high stock (the bandage); I certainly feel like him. Give me liberty or give me death!"

It was to be liberty and not death, though the road toward it was a strange one. He was judged insane by a jury composed of a number of citizens of the town, and after six weeks in the hospital was sent to the asylum at a—. He may have been temporarily insane at the time, but most of the jury, to their discomfort, thought him an unusually witty and sarcastic lunatic, for he made a laughing stock of them each in turn. This seemed to be the end—or nearly so—for him; yet who can say what unknown influences for good, what reserves of power, still linger in a man whose case

seems desperate. Something awoke in him. As they took him away he said to John "I'll see you again soon" -and he did.

About two months afterward the steel for the great bridge over the Iron Trail at Miles Glacier arrived and with it arrived Captain X., second in command of the boat which carried it. It was he who engineered the unloading of the pon-

derous spans; it was he who on his next trip was master of a vessel bound for China and but a short time ago John was looking at a large portrait of him in one of our great western newspapers stating that he had safely landed his ship at Hong Kong, though it had been on fire for three days. Such is the stuff in some of our clay.



# The Conquest of the Mountain

The highest mountain on the North American continent has long been an object of interest and attraction to explorers and mountain climbers. The first to be attracted to the mountain, according to reports, seems to have been George Vancouver, who in 1794, was engaged in making a survey of Knik Arm. No doubt thereafter many men observed the mountain and were fascinated by its magnificence, but it was not until 1896 that the mountain was named. This honor fell to an Alaskan, W. A. Dickey, who is still a resident of the territory. Mr. Dickey described the mountain in a letter to the New York Sun in 1907. Mr. Dickey estimated the height of the mountain at 20,000 feet and gave to it the name of Mt. McKinley, after William McKinley of Ohio, whose nomination for the presidency was the first news received by the party after their sojourn in the wilderness.

The first ascent of the mountain was attempted by a party of Alaskans in 1903, headed by Judge James Wickersham, who at that time was district judge and later delegate to congress from Alaska. Judge Wickersham attacked the mountain by the Peters Glacier and was stopped by the enormous ice incrustated cliffs of the North Peak. This pioneer effort demonstrated the impossibility of ascending the mountain from the north face.

About the time that Judge Wickersham was leaving the north face of the mountain an expedition under Dr. Frederick A. Cook set out from Tyonek, on Cook Inlet, on the other side of the range. Doctor Cook's party reached the Peters glacier and at-

tempted to climb along the route taken by Judge Wickersham, but was turned back by the same obstacles. Three years later Doctor Cook organized a second expedition. He was accompanied this time by Professor Herschel Parker and Mr. Belmore Browne. The party failed to find an approach to the mountain and returned.

Later in the year Dr. Cook returned with only one companion. The results were given to the world in Doctor Cook's book, "At the Top of the Continent." Until the exposure of his claim to have reached the North pole it was generally accepted that he had made the climb of Mount McKinley. But it was otherwise in Alaska. The men who knew the country best were convinced that the ascent had never been made. The final proof of this hoax fell to the lot of a later expedition of real Alaskans.

A number of "Doubting Thomas's" organized in 1908 to prove that the mountain had not been scaled by making the ascent themselves. This party is known as the Pioneer Party. They were sourdoughs and the expedition was financed by sourdoughs. This party was under the leadership of Thomas Lloyd and although they failed to reach the summit, they were the first to discover the only approach by which the mountain may be climbed. It is understood that Lloyd failed to make the final dash for the summit. This honor was shared by William Taylor. Disdaining the rope and cutting no steps, with reliance solely upon crampons, they scaled the North Peak of the mountain and planted a 14-foot flagstaff, where it

was later observed by the Stuck party in their ascent. This is the first and last ascent of the North Peak, the lower of the two peaks forming the crest of the mountain.

Another attempt to scale the mountain was made by Professor Parker and Belmore Browne in 1912. This party, when within three or four thousand feet of the summit were overwhelmed and driven down half frozen. Their food supplies becoming exhausted they were forced to return to the base. It is well that they were, for within a few days after they left the side of the mountain was shaken by a great earthquake and they would no doubt have perished in an avalanche on the snowy slopes of the mountain.

The honor of the first complete ascent of the highest peak in North America goes to a group of Alaskan sourdoughs little skilled in the art of mountain climbing, but trained by years of experience with ice, snow and cold on winter trails. This party was headed by Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Harry P. Karstens, at present the superintendent of the Mount McKinley Park, Mr. Robert G. Tatum, a missionary of the Episcopal Church in Alaska, and Walter Harper a half breed native boy. The story of this wonderful experience has been graphically told by the Archdeacon in his book, "The Ascent of Denali." Stuck preferred to call the mountain by its Indian name. This book is well written and illustrated and should be read by all before coming to see the mountain. Its awfulness and grandeur may then be better appreciated.

The final dash for the summit and the description of the view obtained, as told by Stuck, is as follows: "With keen excitement we pushed on. Walter, who had been in the lead all day, was the first to scramble up;

a native Alaskan, he was the first human being to set foot upon the top of Alaska's great mountain, and he well earned the lifelong distinction. Karstens and Tatum were hard upon his heels, but the last man on the rope, in his enthusiasm and excitement somewhat overpassing his narrow wind margin, had almost to be hauled up the last few feet, and fell unconscious for a moment upon the floor of the little snow basin that occupies the top of the mountain.

"So soon as wind was recovered we shook hands all around and a brief prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God was said, that He had granted us our hearts desire and brought us safely to the top of His great mountain.

"The scientific work accomplished, then, and not till then did we indulge ourselves in the wonderful prospect that stretched around us. It was a perfectly clear day, the sun shining brightly in the sky, and naught bounded our view save the natural limitations of vision. Immediately before us in the edirection we had climbed lay nothing, a void, a sheer gulf many thousands of feet deep. Across the gulf, about three thousand feet beneath us and fifteen or twenty miles away, sprang most splendidly into view the great mass of Denali's wife, of Mount Foraker, as some white men misname her, filling majestically all the middle distance. And never was nobler sight displayed to man than that great, isolated mountain, spread out completely, with all its spurs and ridges, its cliffs and its glaciers, lofty and mighty and yet far beneath us.

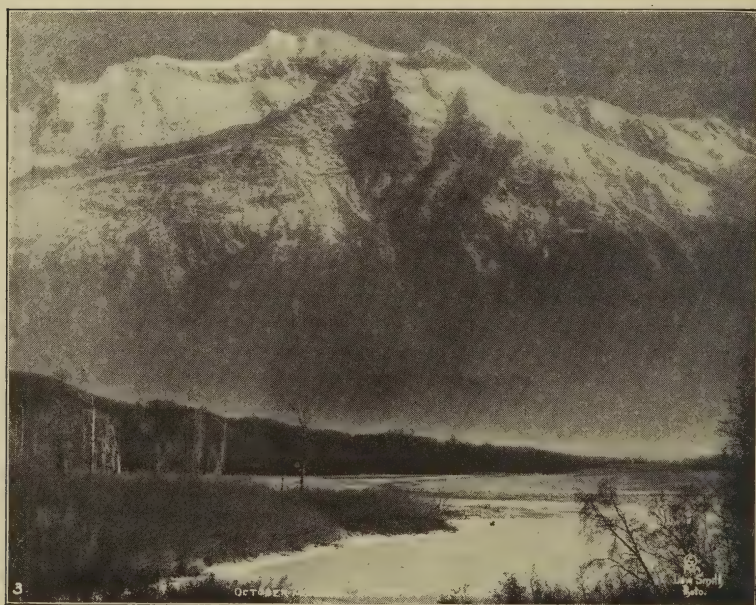
"It was, however, to the south and the east that the most marvelous prospect opened before us. What infinite tangle of mountain ranges filled the whole scene, until grey sky, gray mountain and gray sea merged in the



ultimate distance! The nearby peaks and ridges stood out with dazzling distinction, the glaciation, the drainage, the relation of each part to the other all revealed. The snow-covered tops of the remoter peaks, dwindling and fading, rose to our view as tho floating in thin air when their bases were hidden by the haze, and the beautiful crescent curve of the whole Alaskan range exhibited itself from Denali to the sea. To the right hand the glittering, tiny threads of streams draining the mountain range into the Chulitna and Sushitna Rivers, and so to Cook Inlet and the Pacific Ocean, spread themselves out; to the left

the affluents of the Kantishna and the Nenana drained the range into the mighty Yukon and Bering Sea."

Such is the history of the conquest of the highest mountain in North America. Alaskans are proud that the first to scale its lofty peak were sourdoughs. Few will ever gaze upon that wonderful panorama described by Stuck, but many coming to enjoy the great national park surrounding Mt. McKinley will stand in awe of this great mountain and go away feeling a new sense of proportions, for they have gazed upon the handiwork of the Omnipotent Creator.—The Pathfinder of Alaska.



# Mr. Crow Goes A Courting

By Rev. Arthur R. Wright.

For the past few days thousands of caribou have crossed and recrossed the Tanana River in this locality and flying overhead may he seen the glossy black ravens cawing and wheeling in mid air to spy the carcass that must surely at some time lie. Then comes to the mind of the Indian the numerous stories told in olden times of "Mr. Crow" as he is called.

One must remember that at one time, with the Indians, all animals were people.

Mr. Crow came flying along, he looked this way and he looked that way and soon he saw in the distance a village. Now usually Mr. Crow's first thought is about something to eat, but this time no.

It seems that at this particular time and place all the people were having a festive time. All peoples were gathered. The ducks, geese, swan, wood-peckers, in fact all the fowls of the air were there. It was in the fall of the year just before all peoples left this country for the winter.

Among the visitors were many pretty girls. Now there was one Miss Mallard Duck who was considered the prettiest of all and who was very particular about her choice. She had many suitors but none were encouraged. Mr. Crow listened to all the tales of the unfortunate suitors and presently was inspired to try his luck.

Now Mr. Crow is a very cunning fellow, so he consider for a while and hit upon a plan. Suddenly he disappeared.

"Where is Mr. Crow?"

"Oh, he can't live on what we eat. He's got to find something stronger to live on, never mind him."

So the gaitly went on. Very soon a voice was heard singing, and all eyes looked in the direction of the sound and saw coming along in a birch bark canoe a man splendidly arrayed.

"Who is this that comes now?" they cried.

"Behold it is some chief!"

"Go to, let us receive him as one."

So with much ado they laid a carpet of skins on the ground upon which the chief was to tread. This was a mark of great respect with the people.

Now cunning Mr. Crow had stolen a canoe from the village and gone around the bend of the river and, because he had no beads with which to decorate himself, had gathered straw and ingeniously woven them into imitation necklace and beaded his coat and boots. He painted these black and white and thus presented a very pleasing appearance.

Mr. Crow with great dignity stepped out of the canoe onto the carpet stretched before him. He was ushered into the large dug-out where the people were wont to gather and there placed in a seat of respect with caribou hides upon which to stretch and rest himself should he be so inclined. Mr. Crow was flattering himself. He was making a great "hit."

He stretched himself out upon the skins. The glorious splendour of his apparel was obvious. Very soon refreshment came. Mr. Crow ate prodigiously, in fact he ate so greedily

that comments went around about his gluttonous appetite. Alas, Mr. Crow was loosing respect.

After the refreshments came speech making, singing and dancing. Wrestling contests were also had between the younger men. It was at this contest that Mr. Teal Duck covered himself with glory by throwing all his opponents. The last opponent he conquered being M. Trumpeter Swan whom he threw so hard that he knocked most of the wind out of him, and ever since then he has never been able to make more than a short trumpeting sound for lack of wind.

Mr. Crow saw everything and heard everything, and it happened that a girl same near by and was telling her friend that so and so puppy dogs had died and that she had taken them into the woods and hung them up in the bushes as was their custom. Now Mr. Crow was all ears when he heard this and in spite of his recent bountiful repast, he began to wonder how he could get at what he thought was a more appetizing morsel in the woods. He could not conveniently get away so contented himself to wait until night.

Now in the old habitation of the people there was always a hole in the roof of the dugout for smoke to go thru, and light to come in, and as Mr. Crow went to bed he closely observed this and planned to fly thru this hole and go on his hunt. Thus he would not create suspicion by leaving tracks in the snow, for snow had fallen and lay smooth and white all through the woods. So he lay awake till he thought that everyone was asleep and then started on the execution of his plan. He was quite successful and soon returned being quite satisfied with his doings.

Some one went into the woods and noticed that the puppies had been disturbed. Their eyes were gone and they were mutilated in other ways. Also there were three pronged tracks in the snow, so the report came back.

Every one was quite indignant and disgusted to think that any one should come so close to them and do such a thing as this when there was plenty of food in the village and could be had for the asking. To them it was an insult.

It was finally decided to find out the culprit. Now the only evidence they had by which they could identify the offender was by the foot prints, so it was announced that every one was to have their feet examined.

Mr. Crow didn't like this idea. When he saw everyone willingly remove their foot-gear he became nervous. He would look at the smoke hole and thought, "no, it would not do," so as a last chance he feigned sleep, and there he lay with one eye open. Out of respect for his appearance they had left him to be examined until the very last, but his time came and he tried to resist them. The more he resisted the more suspicious became the crowd, and at last they knew it was him by his actions, so they mobbed him and took off his boots and lo, it was Mr. Crow.

"You crow, you brazen, thieving black crow," they cried.

He spread his wings and cawed loud and flew thru the smoke hole and away. Thus Mr. Crow by his greed again lost all the respect of the people, also his chance to win Miss Mallard Duck.

Now Mr. Crow is a very cunning fellow and later on he gained respect again, but not for long, for his greediness always got the best of him—that is another story.





## The Church at Ketchikan

By the Rev. H. E. Bush

This spring has seen an almost complete change in the personnel of St. John's, Mrs. E. M. Molineux went to Sitka on Friday, May 26th, Miss Henrietta Barlow left Ketchikan on Wednesday, July 2nd, for Sitka for a brief rest and visit with Mrs. Molineux before leaving for her new appointment in Liberia, and Miss Edith M. Harper left on Sunday, July 6th, for her home in New York state, having resigned from the missionary service.

Each of these missionaries had served the church in Ketchikan for many long years. Mrs. Molineux put in eight years as the missionary to the Indians, teaching the day school faithfully and efficiently and ministering to the spiritual and physical needs of the Indian village day and night. After 27 years of continuous

service the church's day school for Indians was closed by Bishop Rowe in response to the request of the city officials. At the close of the school and at her request, the bishop appointed Mrs. Molineux to Sitka in the room of the Rev. Mr. Howard, retired.

Miss Barlow served as superintendent of the Arthur Yates Memorial Hospital for the past ten years and Miss Harper has worked faithfully at her side for the past seven years. Both nurses have tired themselves out in the service and asked the bishop for relief. This relief came on the last day of June in the person of Miss A. Wilson whom the bishop appointed superintendent in the room of Miss Barlow. It had been hoped that the department of Missions would make two appointments to relieve the two



nurses but to date only one appointment has been made. The bishop requested Miss Harper to remain until her successor could be provided but Miss Harper was very tired and thought she couldn't accede to the bishop's request so both of the old nurses left Ketchikan the same week.

With their leaving, one is inclined to make a survey of the work done by Miss Barlow and Miss Harper in Ketchikan. Such a survey reveals an astonishing record. Miss Barlow took charge of the hospital facing a debt of nearly \$2000 and she leaves it with a comfortable balance in the bank account. In the meantime a new X-ray equipment had been added and most of the time a third nurse had been employed, all at the expense of the hospital. Miss Harper had cooperated heartily with her chief in the effort to maintain the institution successfully from the standpoint of finances.

Beside all her regular duties in the hospital Miss Barlow had maintained both the Guild and the Church school as healthy organizations not only during the regimes of the several clergymen but also during the interims between such appointments. Miss Barlow leaves a large gap in the ranks of St. John's Mission, a gap that will be filled with difficulty.

And so ends yesterday. Miss Wilson is an accomplished nurse who in coming to St. John's realizes a dream of a lifetime, the dream of serving in the Mission field as a missionary nurse. She is taking up her duties with enthusiasm and marked efficiency, making some improvements and changes in the hospital necessary to bring the institution up to present day standards. Most of these changes had been planned for Miss Barlow. Their introduction is the connecting-link between the old and new administrations.

St. John's Church school of Ketchikan made a new record when this year's Mite Box offering was found to be \$111. About four-fifths of this amount was the contribution of the "white" department of the school while the other fifth came from the "native" department.

During this our first year in Ketchikan we have been treated to many surprises but I think none impressed us more than the wholesale exodus of the native population during the week after Easter. It was the annual pilgrimage to their summer camps located at different points of vantage on the several islands adjacent. Time runneth not to the contrary. This annual exodus has been enjoyed since legend began.

At these camps the Indians stay for about two months and gather their annual supply of food and clothing in the form of fish, king salmon and halibut, and fish-eggs and seaweed and bark, both hemlock and cedar. The hemlock bark forms a part of the food supply while the cedar bark is used for weaving baskets and blankets and bed-coverings, etc.

One of these ancient camps is located at Cape Chavon at the southern end of Prince of Wales Island. There about 200 gather every year. Late years this number is made up of natives from both the Tsimpsonian and Thlinket nations who have in their midst a sprinkling of Norwegians. For some years past, St. John's has sent out Mr. Casper Mather, the oldest Lay Reader of the Mission, equipped with a large tent and hymnbooks and other supplies, to minister to the spiritual needs of this camp at Cape Chacon.

Mr. Mather wrote the following letter to me and I include it in this article for it tells vividly of the life of the camp.

Cape Chacon, Alaska,  
June 5, 1924.

Dear Mr. Bush:

We are still in existence and everything is all right. We had a good meeting last Sunday, a good congregation, and at noon we also have a Sunday school with lots of children. The big tent is very handy. I built seats for fifty people and a tin stove for heat when it rains. The people are making lots of winter grub; such as hemlock bark dried and seaweed dried and fish eggs dried and white salmon dried and halibut dried. Each family are busy at it. This is the busiest time of the year for the natives when everything goes right to be put up for the long winter. A woman would go down to the beach after sea weed at low water as early as 2 o'clock sometimes and she would come up with a 100 pounds of weed on her back while the kids are making breakfast and the father be out in the sea trying to get fish. Later I'll try to take the picture of our Sunday School children and myself. You ought to have been out here and see the real sport. I wish you would send me some old magazines and some papers or something to read. This is all. Good bye.

Your Friend,  
CASPER MATHER.

Many of the Indians have gasboats now so that in these days the fishing is done not only to secure food but also to sell to the buyers who visit the camps daily. Several of the native men made a very good sum during their eight weeks camp this year besides enjoying an outing with the family and securing an abundance of old time native food.

Most of the fish that is kept for food is sliced thin and sun-dried and afterward smoked in much the same

manner as an oldtime farmer in the eastern states smoked his hams every fall. In both instances a small house is built and smoke made on the floor of the house while the meat is strung on poles above the fire. The only difference between Alaska Indians and white farmers is that the former make smoke from cedar bark while the latter make smoke from corncobs. The weed and eggs and bark are sun-dried and put away for use on the table.

The natives look upon this annual pilgrimage as their big annual lark. Since the white man has come and brought his calendar, this pilgrimage is always made between Easter and the Fourth of July. Since the Fourth the canneries are packing salmon night and day and most of the Indians of Ketchikan are now at work in those places. The canning-season lasts until August 20th. Then comes the end of the working season for the Indian and he is ready to enjoy himself until the next Easter. Being naturally religious, as are all other races, the Indian enjoys his religious exercises and he would spend the winter season in a wholesome, happy fashion. But alas, some white men are devils and their traps snare the unsuspecting natives so that all is not sunshine among the natives during the months of winter. However, one has comfort in the undoubted fact that there is a steady progress being made by the Indians into characters that are "rooted and grounded in love." St. Johns takes a little pardonable pride in that the five Indian men who have stood solid for God and the Christian life and who have done most to bring the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to this native village are all St. Johns men, loyally attached to the old Church which is the "Mother Church" of Ketchikan.

H. E. BUSH.



Episcopalians in the Far North.

## NOTES

### St. Matthews Church

#### Fairbanks

Easter Day was a very happy festival with us. An arch of lilies above the chancel rail formed an attractive setting for the altar with its white hangings. Alaska Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, attended morning prayer in a body. A vested choir of children and adults led in the singing of the joyful Easter hymns. Mr. William Grenfell rendered a baritone solo. The Sunday School Lenten offering amounted to \$14.29.

On Palm Sunday the Junior Guild presented the missionary with a new surplice as an Easter gift.

The annual dance for the benefit of the library was a success socially

and financially. The net proceeds amounted to \$80.00.

On May 25th a memorial service was held at which the local post of the American Legion and the Woman's Auxiliary to the legion were present in a body. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church was also present and took part in the service.

On March 26th the missionary underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Joseph's Hospital. During his convalescence he was made happy by frequent visits from members of the congregation and the Sunday school. The service on Palm Sunday was, for him, a service of thanksgiving for restoration to health and for the many kindnesses shown him during his stay at the hospital.

HENRY H. CHAPMAN.



March 13, 1924.

Mr. K. G. Robinson, Business Mgr.  
The Alaska Churchman  
Cordova, Alaska

My Dear Sir:

I deeply appreciate your letter of Jan. 9th, and particularly your request for suggestions or criticism of these. I have one suggestion and no criticism to offer. The suggestion is that Bishop Rowe contribute as frequently as possible to the magazine. Especially would his reminiscences be appreciated. I hope he may be prevailed upon to do this, for I am certain you and Mr. Ziegler will agree that the bishop's contributions would add much heart interest and inspiration, and moreover there is a glamor of romance about his early days that thrills.

Please do not think I am complaining or resentful in making the inquiries about the subscriptions; for I have written a second letter which is probably in your office now asking about some subs I sent in for Z—— residents. No indeed, I appreciate fully the great burden of work and the manifold cares attached to publishing this magazine, and I think you and Mr. Ziegler show remarkable energy, perseverance, patience and love in your work, and certainly deserve only praise, sympathy and our esteem. Mine and my good wife's you both certainly have. We love The Churchman. We admire its excellent makeup, sketches, editorials, artistic and finished craftsmanship, good type, careful setting—every thing. It is a remarkably fine publication and we are proud of it and love it. We are proud of the achievements of the staff, and feel that we are closely knit together in The Churchman family. It is the one indispensable organ to our widely separated stations, and not the least cause of

this is that it does unite us and make us into a family.

I can say that I experience great difficulty in getting my office work done, and have so far been unable to get out all of my work on time, for I have many and varied interests to serve. That enables me to make a liberal interpretation of your difficulties in publishing The Churchman, and also explains why I have sometimes failed to send an article to meet a coming issue.

You and Mr. Ziegler are very kind, and so much so that I have felt deeply disappointed every time I failed to get an article in The Churchman. I shall send one or two along in the mail by which this letter goes and I hope they arrive in time for the April issue. After this I shall faithfully endeavor to be "on time." I want to help you as much as possible and hinder not at all.

I shall try to get more subscriptions from the states. I think (perhaps another suggestion) you need more agents out there to work up subscribers and to keep in touch with expirations in order to obtain prompt renewals. I shall try to help in this line, too.

I cannot close without adding an apology for that last letter enquiring about local subscriptions. If I said anything that sounded "naughty", please give me credit for not meaning it. I often have to work incredibly late, and sometimes lack of sleep and the ceaseless strain of social work, chores and exposure to the blasts take the cutting edge off my brain and I am apt to make clumsy statements which really say things I do not mean.

The Churchman is doing a great work for us. Please keep it going. God bless you both.



# The Business Manager's Page

## ARE YOU ONE OF THE DELINQUENTS?

During the past few months the Business Manager has sent out more than fifteen hundred letters, the majority of which were in the nature of a reminder that subscriptions were due. Three hundred replies have been received which still leaves quite a few yet to hear from. Will not those of you, who are delinquent, send in your renewals so that the good work may go on?

We are endeavoring to give you a magazine well worth more than the small sum asked for a yearly subscription and at the same time give you information and detail about the Church work in Alaska. You in turn are assisting in the work, not only in keeping the Alaskan Churchman alive but helping the various missions as well. The magazine during the past two years has weathered the storm and is now safely anchored. Shall we remain in port and deteriorate or shall we progressively sail on towards success? Come aboard and travel with us.

## THOSE REMINDER LETTERS.

To those of you who have felt hurt in receiving The Reminder Letter, we sincerely ask your pardon, for it was not our aim to offend a single subscriber by sending them out. As no renewal notices had been sent out for the past three years, due to lack of assistance in the work, it was thought that you had overlooked the matter and the sole aim was to call your attention that the renewal had not been received.

## RENEWAL NOTICES.

Commencing with this, the July, issue, renewal notices will be mailed each quarter stating the subscription has expired and asking for your renewal. So many requests have been received asking for this information that it is impossible not to comply although it means considerable more expense and work to the small staff now on the Churchman.

## THE OCTOBER ISSUE.

The publisher has promised us the October issue for mailing later than November 15th. Look forward to receiving it as we believe you will thoroughly enjoy reading every article.

## TESTIMONIALS

So many compliments have been sent in to us that it is impossible to print them all at this time. The management is truly grateful for the expressions given.

"It is always a most interesting magazine so full of news, and the illustrations are so fine. After reading it I loan it around among some of my Woman's Auxiliary members. News directly from the Mission fields cannot fail to renew our missionary spirit. I feel I must speak of your cover. It is truly artistic and beautiful."

"I am always interested in each magazine and all of the good work in Alaska."

"We have been interested in Alaska missions for many years. The little paper is very interesting and

we think you are all doing a good work out there."

"May I express my pleasure at seeing once more in your paper that far flung map of Alaska. It is so expressive if one can only realize the vast extent of the country and its many and varying needs. We appreciate too, the artistic beauty of the paper."

"I hardly would know what to do without it as I like to read about the work that is being done up there."

"I have been every much interested in Alaska ever since my trip there in 1915. I always enjoy the Churchman and find it most satisfactory magazine."

"I am sorry you had to remind me of my unpaid subscription to the 'Alaskan Churchman', so many months overdue. I do not want you to be out even two cents a year to jog my delinquent memory, so please allow me to send you now five dollars for five years which is sent with best wishes and deep appreciation of your little magazine."

"I have long been interested in the Alaskan work of our Church and have enjoyed reading the magazine." Deaconess H. M. Bedell is a dear friend and I am much interested in her work. I have had some correspondence with Mrs. Clegg and am interested in her work. Always glad to contribute a few small articles of my own work for their sales and will be glad to do my bit when more are needed."

"Was shocked to learn I was behind in my subscription to the Alaskan Churchman. Enjoy the

magazine very much and often quote it to our auxiliary hoping by so doing to get some new subscribers."

"The Churchman is of much interest to us. It is carefully read at our auxiliary meetings and we always welcome its arrival, always find something to strengthen our heartfelt interest in the wonderful work being done in the northland."

"Your paper is a real joy to me and I only regret it comes so seldom. It is filled with real life and love and service and so free from the CONTROVERSIES and CONTENTIONS that fill practically all the pages of our Church papers today."

"I like your new plan of notifying subscribers when their subscriptions are due and of dropping them from your mailing list when the subscriptions are not received. It is pleasant too to have subscriptions acknowledged. The sender is then sure it has reached its right destination. The Alaskan Churchman has been my 'Geography of Alaska' and I will always be grateful to it for having taught me much I have never known, had I not been a Subscriber."

"The Alaskan Churchman is not only intensely interesting, but its 'make up' and workmanship would do credit to any printing office in the 'States' not to mention the excellent illustrations. As I read proof for more than thirty years, I am perhaps a better judge than the average layman."

"The Alaskan Churchman is a most delightfully and interesting little paper and we have enjoyed especially the charming illustrations."

## Appeals

1. For St. Mark's School, the sum of \$200 as an annual scholarship for ten of the children of this boarding school. These appeals sometimes bring in new scholarships, and we assure our readers that the appeal is urgent. For this past year our expenses amounted to \$10,000 with resources totaling only \$5,000, leaving the balance to be raised by Bishop Rowe. This means an ever-increasing burden on him and the rest of the workers. Send in your scholarships either direct to St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, or mark "Special for St. Mark's Nenana," and send to the Treasurer of the Missionary Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

2. For Christ's Church Mission School, Anvik. The above appeal should also be applied to the Anvik School, as the needs are the same.

3. At St. Mark's, Nenana. Clothing of all kinds for boys and girls of from three years to fifteen. Quite often we

experience a shortage of clothing for the boys and girls entrusted to us at our boarding school. Then when there is clothing to spare, it is possible for us to trade the same to the Natives of the vicinity for such necessities as fresh meat, berries and mocassins, which we must have for the children. The Natives in turn profit, for from us they can thereby obtain better clothing than can possibly be procured at the stores, in exchange for articles that are not always negotiable at the stores.

4. Material for making dresses is also asked for, as the girls at St. Mary's are taught to sew and make their own clothes.

5. Books and magazines are requested for St. Mathew's Magazine Committee, Fairbanks. There is a ready call for all that you can send.

6. Books, subscriptions to magazines for the Red Dragon Club House, Cordova, Alaska.



Interior Alaska School and Mission House.

## The Woman's Auxiliary to the Presiding Bishop and Council.

### OFFICERS OF THE MISSIONARY JURISDICTION OF ALASKA.

President—Mrs. Lou Smith, Cordova.

Vice President—Mrs. E. L. Harwood, Cordova.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Ziegler, Cordova.





## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

### DIOCESE

- Asheville—Mrs F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.  
Bethlehem — Miss Fannie M. Butler, Mauch Chunk, Pa.  
California—Rev. Frank P. Church, 1217 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.  
Carolina—Mrs. M. J. Dauer, 103 North 7th. St., Wilmington, N. Car.  
Connecticut—Mr. Rowland M. Beach, 16 France St., Norwalk, Conn.  
Cuba—Miss R. S. Harris, care Harris Bros. & Co., O'Reilley 104 Havana.  
Dallas—Mrs. Helen Easton, 1921 Pine St., Dallas, Tex.  
Delaware—Mrs. R. B. Rayner, 903 Franklin St., Wilmington, Delaware.  
Fond du Lac—Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.  
Georgia—Miss Gertrude J. Corney, 872 Hickman Road, Augusta, Ga.  
Georgia—Mrs. M. D. Dickenson, Douglas, Georgia.  
Evanston, Ill.—Mabel V. Holgate, 2651 Stewart Ave.  
Indianapolis—Miss M. J. Collis, 1314 First Ave., Evansville, Ind.  
Iowa—Mrs. John Arthur, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  
Louisiana—Miss Gladys M. Fry, 908 Fern St., New Orleans.  
Long Island—Mrs. W. W. Sabine, Nyack 960 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York.  
Los Angeles—Mrs. Abiel Leonard, 316 S. Ardmore Av., Los Angeles.  
Los Angeles — Miss Marriott, 2279 29th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Maryland—Mr. H. W. Atkinson, 10 Bishop's Road, Bullford, Baltimore.  
Milwaukee—Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.  
Missouri—Mrs. May Scovern Hunt, Macon, Missouri.  
Minnesota—Mrs. B. I. Stanton, 542 Portland Ave., St. Paul  
New Hampshire — Mrs. Robert Alex. Southworth, Little Boars Head.  
New Jersey—Miss M. F. Jones, 137 Aberdeen Road, Elizabeth.  
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Rhode Island—Mrs. Winslow Upton, 30 Forest St., Providence.  
Southern Ohio—Mrs. W. K. Schoepf, 622 Oak St., Cincinnati.  
South Carolina—Mrs. Wyndham Manning, 900 Lawrens St., Columbia, S. C.  
Southwestern Virginia—Mrs. Gordon H. Baker, Roanoke, Virginia.  
Spokane—Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St., Spokane, Wash.  
Washington, D. C.—Miss Frances C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Pl. N. W.  
Washington—Mrs. F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.  
West Texas—Mrs. J. M. Pettus, Goliad, Texas.  
Western New York—Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.

## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan postoffices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Anchorage. Other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail.

All points in the Interior receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik re-

ceives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any article which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, The Red Dragon, Cordova, Alaska.

# Directory of Alaskan Workers

## BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble  
Rowe, D. D. (Office, 418 Mutual Life  
Building, Seattle, Washington.)

## ARCHDEACON

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (1915), Fort  
Yukon, Alaska.

## MISSION STATIONS

**Allakaket**—(P. O. address, Allakaket, via  
Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket,  
Koyukuk River — St. John's-in-the-  
Wilderness:—  
Deaconess Muriel A. Thayer (1921).  
Miss Amelia E. Hill, R. N. (1922).

**Anchorage**—Outlying Camps, Railroad  
Work, etc.:—  
Rev. Burdette Landsdowne.

**Anvik**—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman, D. D.  
Rev. John B. Bentley, assistant (1921).  
Miss Susan E. Smith (1921).  
Miss Ella B. Lucas, Housemother.  
(1923).

**Chena**—St. Paul's Chapel:  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Chena Native Village**—St. Barnabas':—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Circle City**—Church of the Heavenly  
Rest (vacant).

**Cordova**—St. George's Church, Red  
Dragon Club House and Alaskan  
Churchman Scriptorium:—  
Rev. Eustace P. Ziegler (1909).

**Chitina**—(Visited from Cordova).

**McCarthy**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Kennecott**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Douglas Island**—St. Luke's Church:—  
(Visited from Juneau).

**Eagle**—St. Paul's Mission:  
Rev. B. W. Galthier.

**Fairbanks**—St. Matthew's Church and  
Reading Room. Camps visited: Ester  
City, Chatanika, Livengood.  
Rev. Henry H. Chapman.

**Fort Yukon**—St. Stephen's Mission and  
Church.  
Rev. Grafton Burke, M. D.  
Miss E. B. Gunz, R. N., (1920)  
David Wallis, Staff Reader and  
Interpreter.  
Arctic Village.  
Bishop Rowe Chapel.  
Albert E. Trip.  
Native Lay Reader.

**Ketchikan**—St. John's Church, Hospital  
and School:—  
Rev. Homer E. Bush.  
Miss Barlow.  
Mrs. J. H. Molineux.  
Miss Edith Harper.

**Juneau**—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—  
Very Rev. Charles Rice, Dean.  
Camps visited: Douglas, Thane and  
Perseverance.

**Nenana**—St. Mark's Mission (See Tanana  
Valley Mission).  
Miss Eola Clark.  
Deaconess Agnes Olivia Willing.  
Miss Alice Wright (1914).  
Miss B. B. Backnall.  
Miss Lossie de R. Cotchett, R. N.  
(1921).  
Blind Moses, Native Lay Reader.

**Nome**—St. Mary's Church. (Vacant).

**Point Hope (Tigara)**—St. Thomas' Mis-  
sion:—  
Rev. W. A. Thomas  
Tony Joule, Assistant Teacher.

**Salchaket**—St. Luke's Mission. (Vacant).

**Seward**—St. Peter's Church:—  
Visited from Anchorage.

**Sitka**—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

**Skagway**—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

**Stephen's Village**:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.  
Henry Moses, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana**—St. James' Church. (Vacant).

**Tanana Indian Village**—Mission of Our  
Saviour:—  
Deaconess Gertrude M. Stearne.  
Miss Nellie M. Laudon, R. N.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana Crossing**—St. Timothy's Mis-  
sion:—  
Rev. Arthur Wright.

**Tanana Valley Mission**—Including Native  
Missions on the Tanana River; Nenana,  
Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Cross-  
ing:—  
Visited from Nenana.

**Valdez**—Epiphany Church and Every-  
man's Club House:—  
Visited from Cordova.

**Wrangell**—St. Philip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

**Missionaries on furlough in the States**  
(address at the Church Missions House,  
281 Fourth Avenue, New York City):—  
Miss E. J. Ridgeway.  
Miss Marguerite Bartberger.  
Rev. Robert G. Tatum (1921).

# How About Sending Us Some Subscriptions ?

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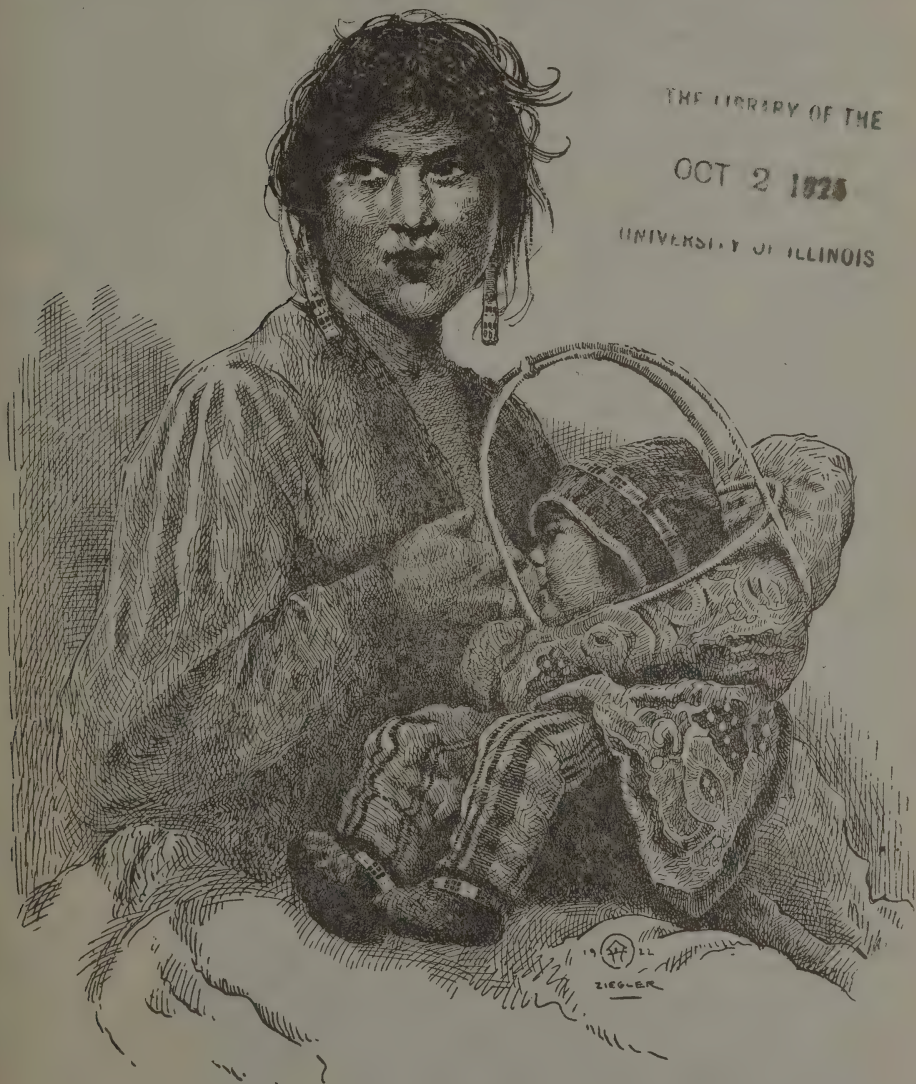
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# The Alaskan Churchman

VOL. XVIII.

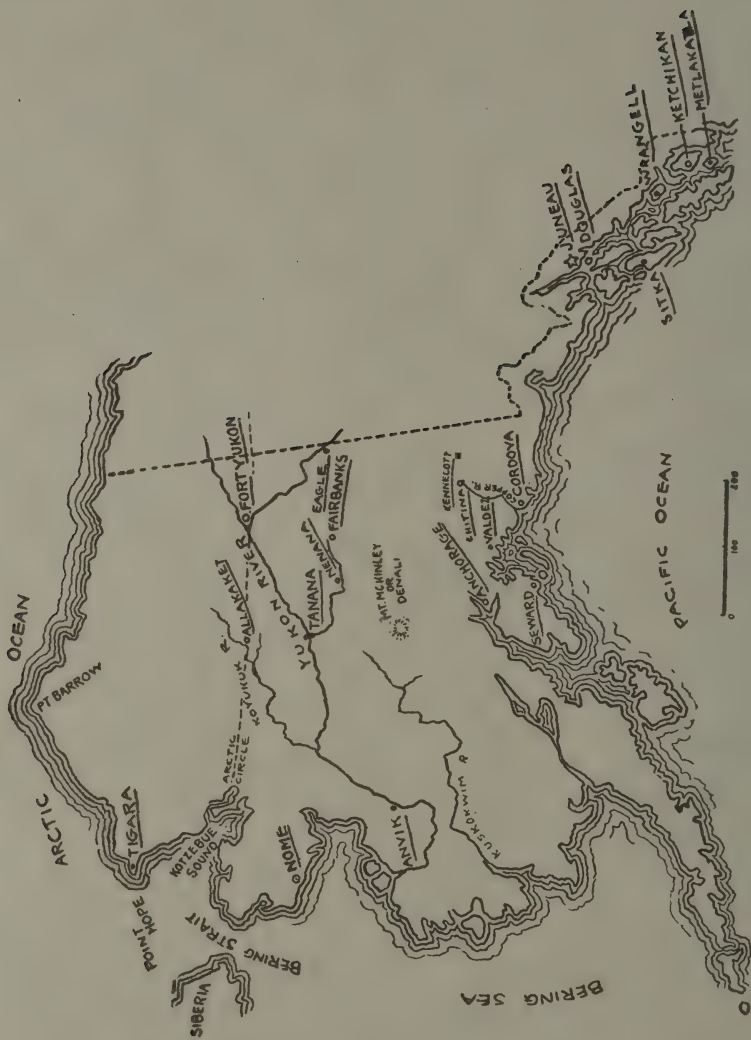
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The Rev. E. P. Ziegler, Retiring Editor of the  
Alaskan Churchman

# The Alaskan Churchman

Founded by Reverend Charles Eugene Betticher, Jr., 1906.

Published Quarterly at the Red Dragon, Cordova, in the Interests of the Church's Work in Alaska.

**KENT G. ROBINSON,**  
Editor and Business Manager.

**FRANK H. FOSTER,**  
Associate Editor.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year.

Entered as second class matter, January 6, 1922, at the postoffice at Cordova, Alaska, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

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OCTOBER, 1924

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## Editorial

With the issuance of this number of the Alaskan Churchman, a new phase in the life of this little publication begins. The Reverend Eustace P. Ziegler, who has made Cordova his home for the past sixteen years, the last three of which has been spent in the editor's chair along with his many other church duties, has severed his connection with all church work in Alaska and left for Seattle, Wash., where he and his family will make their future home.

We will feel the Reverend Mr. Ziegler's absence keenly. His clever drawings and interesting articles have been a feature which it will be hard to fill. In his editorial in the January, 1922, issue of the Churchman, he promised the readers

he was going to improve the little magazine and stated that his aim was to make it the best of its kind, not only in North America, but in the world. This was rather a large contract to undertake, but we, who are left in charge of the magazine, feel that what was undertaken was fulfilled as evidenced by the many testimonials received, some of which have been published in the business manager's page.

In continuing the high standard set by the departing editor we feel that it is a large order to fill but we shall carry on to the best of our ability. Commencing with the January issue, we have been promised a John Bunyan story for each issue and also sketches from time to time of the Reverend Mr. Ziegler's work. In addition arrangements have been made to give our readers more of the Church's work in Alaska as well as the legends of the natives. With these and special features it will be our pleasure to continue the work so efficiently handled in the past.

---

The census of 1920 showed an Indian population in Alaska of something like twenty-six thousand and a white population about a thousand greater. The same report shows that about half the number of whites are not citizens of the United States. By a recent Act of Congress all Indians in the United States, whether they are living in tribal relations or otherwise, are admitted to full citizenship with all the rights and privileges incident thereto. Therefore, as the situation now stands, we have approximately fourteen thousand whites of whom those over the age of twenty-one are entitled to vote, as against twenty-six thousand Indians having the



same rights. The Indians are largely illiterate while the percentage of illiteracy among the whites is negligible. Thus the situation which presents itself to the people of Alaska seems to be a rather alarming one. With the large majority of the qualified electors unable to read or write, the opportunity for mass voting through the schemes of designing politicians, white or native, has caused much apprehension.

Much is being done by the Government as well as by the various church schools, to qualify the native for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, but the goal is still far in the future. We are afraid that the action of Congress was a trifle premature as regards the situation in Alaska.

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Morning and evening prayer and the holy communion together with selections of the psalms. Translated into the Eskimo language of the Tigara Tribe of Arctic, Alaska. By the Rev. Frederick W. Goodman. New York. Fisher and Thul. 1924.

Pp. 91.

It is most significant that the first time the language of the Tigaras is put into print should be in a translation of the Liturgy and Daily Offices made by a priest of the church and set forth with the authority of the Apostle of Alaska, Bishop Rowe. Although the reviewer does not know the language of the Tigaras—in fact, Mr. Goodman is one of the very few outside the Tigara tribe who knows the language—he has definite reasons for believing that the work has been done accurately and well.

With the aid of Mr. Goodman, the reviewer has studied this book philologically in the light of a persistent tradition among the Tigara people that they originated in Asia. By reason

of their remoteness from civilization many words in their language have retained their primitive form. It is therefore interesting to find that in many cases roots, suffixes and prefixes of Tigara bear a remarkable resemblance to the ancient Sumerian language of Lower Mesopotamia. Thus the root *kin* or *gin* or *ki* means "to come" or "go," the root *lu* or *loo*, indicates the negative, the suffix *me-en*, *min* or *nin* is the first person plural, pronominal suffix and the suffix *k*, *ak*, indicates the genitive. There is also noticeable the use of infixes so characteristic of Sumerian.

These are only a few of the many similarities between these two languages which a casual examination reveals. Likewise the legends of the Tigara people contain striking parallels to those of Sumeria, especially those which have to do with burial customs and with the idea of divorce.

This translation, revealing as it does so strongly Sumerian characteristics, will go far towards determining the origin and migration of these Eskimo people who have lived for unknown generations on the shores of the Polar Sea.

The points so far made are of a special character. What is of more general importance is that now that the Tigara people are practically 100 per cent Christian they should no longer be denied the Bible and prayer book in their own language. Or, at least, further portions of them ought to be translated as soon as possible. The translator of this book has made a splendid beginning. The whole of the church is indebted to him. He should, by all means, be encouraged and enabled by the church to continue his work of translation. The Gospels, or at least one of the Gospels, should as soon as possible be rendered into the Tigara language. That in itself

would take two or more years, as the translator is faced with the difficult problem of pioneer work—of rendering into a strange language not only the words, but also the ideas underlying the text of the prayer book and the Bible. His splendid work de-

serves the very best backing of the church in her missionary work.

SAMUEL A. B. MERCER,  
University of Toronto.

Book Review Southern Churchman  
Sept. 20, 1924.





St. George's Church, Cordova

## The Little Minister

By EDWARD F. MEDLEY

Name: Eustace Paul Ziegler.

Born: Detroit, Mich., 1881.

Arrived in Alaska: January, 1909.  
Cordova, Alaska

Position: Superintendent Red Dragon Clubhouse, under supervision of Bishop P. T. Rowe, D. D., of Episcopal Church.

Married to Mary Neville Boyle Feb. 28, 1911.

Ordained to Diaconate March 10, 1911.

Spent year at Berkeley Theological Seminary, Middletown, Conn., 1915.

Advanced to priesthood: Sept. 17, 1916.

Built St. George's Mission Church in Cordova 1919.

Spent year at Yale Art School 1920.

Editor Alaskan Churchman 1920 to 1924

Vocation: Clergyman.

Avocation: Artist.

Hobby: Two daughters, Elizabeth Boyle Ziegler and Patricia Ann Ziegler.

Chief outdoor sport: Washing dishes on a camping trip.

Chief indoor sport: Carving a bird for homeless bachelors and strays on Christmas and other days.

Commissioned to write a sketch on the above subject, hesitating to assume the task solely on the ground of inability to do adequate justice to my good friend Mr. Ziegler, disclaiming all pretense to literary style and

ability, I thought it best to get the biographical data out of my system in the beginning, and from now on I will simply chat with my readers and tell them something about one of the outstanding characters of the Copper

River valley district of Alaska. In explanation I must state that I am not an Episcopalian, but simply one of the many non-church-members who, when worshiping at all, attended divine services at the Red Dragon in Cordova or in the present St. George's Mission church. The personality of Mr. Ziegler attracted many such as I. Of the value of his services to the church I cannot speak. Of the value of his services to humanity in the rough as existing in Alaska I cannot say too much. My acquaintance extends over a period of almost twelve years. I have played pool with him, learned to ski with him, broken bread at his board, discovered a common liking for literature, had differences of opinion with him, praised him, criticized him and admired him. Now I am to tell such part of the world as reads *The Churchman* what I know about him. The reason for all this is that he is leaving Cordova, and Alaska.

He came here first in 1909 with a cultural background not common to Alaskans of that day. Coming from a long line of American ancestors extending back to and beyond the revolutionary days, raised in a clerical atmosphere (his father and three brothers were clergymen) Eustace Paul Ziegler found his niche among the Cordovans of that day, men rough, uncouth, hard drinking, hard fighting, muscular and oftentimes quarrelsome. Small in stature, ascetic in appearance sometimes dwarfed by the size of the pipes he smoked, he met these men on the level of general manhood and in no way gave them any suggestion of superiority or inferiority.

His job in Cordova was to take charge of the Red Dragon, a unique clubhouse for men erected by Bishop P. T. Rowe of the Episcopal church. For six days of the week the Red

Dragon was a clubhouse. Mr. Ziegler lived there, and on many nights he had homeless and penniless men for bedfellows, turning them out in the morning with a warm meal under their belts, a word of advice as to the future and a friendly slap on the shoulder that put new courage into the down-and-outs. On Sundays, as a lay reader, he conducted divine services in the Dragon, sometimes using the pool table for an altar, and re-arranging the room with such taste and delicacy that the atmosphere of Christliness was never absent. There was no incongruity about those church services. He talked to his somewhat motley congregation on the simple virtues of life and of the beauty and truth of the teachings of the Master. Perhaps he did not make many converts. The men he was dealing with were those described in the immortal words of Kipling:

"To these from birth is Belief forbidden;  
from these till death is Relief afar

"They are concerned with matters hidden—  
under the earth line their altars are."

They were workers, "Sons of Martha," men familiar with the business end of a muck-stick. Each of them performed his task:

"Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven;  
not as an altar to any creed,  
"But simple service simply given to  
his own kind in their common need."

Among these men Mr. Ziegler was a brother. They warmed to him even as he warmed to them. Each recognized the streak of pure gold in the other, the essential manhood, the quality of serving for the good of the job instead of for the hope of reward. Among the flotsam and jetsam which were cast in through the door of the Red Dragon were many men of edu-



cation, of former refinement, who were in the North seeking adventure, or giving vent to an uncontrollable wander lust, or perhaps hiding in shame from a wrongful deed, or merely sunk low in the social scale from dissipation. These found a sincere welcome in the Red Dragon as administered by "Zieg." He can tell many tales of such men, such stories of real happenings as occur only on frontiers. Those habitués of the Red Dragon are scattered now. They came with the boom days of Cordova when the "Iron Trail," of which Rex Beach wrote, was being constructed, and they drifted away to other frontiers when construction days were over. They left their indelible impress on The Little Minister.

It was in the early days of the Red Dragon in his association with these men that the special abilities of Mr. Ziegler were best displayed. We who remain are less colorful, more sedate, more respectable, if you will, but far less interesting and no more manly. This article could be extended to book size with stories of Mr. Ziegler's charges. They loved him, called him bad names affectionately, swore by him and perhaps occasionally at him. He was the kind of a rock they could tie to and they did. Mr. Ziegler treasures a letter from one of these men written partly in prose and partly in poetry. Its uniqueness merits a place here. It was written from a construction camp at Mile 59 on the railroad and is as follows:

"Take thou heed, vermin, and read with care what is hereinafter set down. 'Tis an important message to the noble pastor, Useless Be Ziegler, Bishop of Cordova, Janitor of Ye Ded Dragon Pool Room, Knight of the Golden Fleas, etc.

#### THE MESSAGE

to-wit:

Dear Zieg, (Alias Jellyfish and Roach)

This billet heralds my destined approach  
To Cordova, for a few short days of joy  
And recreation, sans all impious alloy  
Of all things evil that would fain encroach.

This journey, planned with all due thought and care,  
Will terminate in my arriving there,  
Some time that comes within the week that comes apace,  
The next, from this, that's due to take its place,  
Amongst the weeks that aggregate the year.

Cold winter, with its scourge of ice and frost,  
Approaches, and before more time is lost,  
I needs must purchase things to keep me warm  
And shield my person from the frigid storm.  
Or for my folly soon I'll pay the cost.

So in ten days; mayhap but six or eight,  
Whatever day is smiled upon by fate,  
Take heed and watch for my approach with care,  
For I fain would have it when I get there  
That thou shouldst greet me and thy joy to demonstrate.

To the man who wrote that, one can easily see that Mr. Ziegler was a haven of refuge in the wilderness. The author of the poem wanted something more in his wilderness than a "loaf of bread, a jug of wine." He wanted the social companionship of a man who understood and loved the finer things of life: Music, good books, a pipe and the blessed solace of friendly talk. Among the fortune hunters of the north there were many such

and they were drawn to The Little Minister as by a magnet. His presence heartened them and they returned to their outposts of work refreshed and invigorated by plenteous draughts from his never ending supply of good fellowship. There was no hint of institutionalism about the Red Dragon and its mentor and therein reposed the secret of their success.

And the Red Dragon was a success, and much of its success must be attributed to "Zieg." It fitted him and he fitted it. But the times have now changed. Cordova has grown more civilized. The Red Dragon still stands, but today it is only a clubhouse, a place where the Women's Guild holds its meetings, and where socials are given with congenial spirits gathered around the great log fire. The church services are now held in a fine little church edifice, St. George's Mission church. The new church fits the present community as the Red Dragon suited the earlier town. Maybe Mr. Ziegler doesn't fit it quite so well as he fitted the Dragon. His roughneck friends are scattered to the four corners of the world. Cordova is settled and sedate. The town now boasts established industries, concrete buildings, theatres with pipe organs and other evidences of having arrived. And so we, his friends, learn with regret that the constant urge of change is affecting him also. He has resigned his pastorate. He, who has never yet failed to heed a call from the length and breadth of the Copper River valley, from Cordova to Kennecott, from the placer diggings of the Nizina, from out the trail Fairbanksward, is going Outside.

During his years with us he has left his impression on the country in other ways than by good deeds, by marrying us, by burying the dead, by baptizing our children. He has stead-

ily progressed in power and finish in another work of love. He is an artist of poise and beauty and from now on he will devote his talents chiefly to reproducing on canvas many of the scenes and incidents of the north with which he is familiar. This is not the place to speak of his talents with the brush. They have received recognition and this magazine, The Churchman, which has been edited and managed by him, bears on its pages many examples of his beauty of workmanship and accuracy or design. The "Zieg" which the Red Dragon has helped to fashion will now express himself in a more facile medium than human-kind. We, who are left behind, send him forth from us reluctantly, with the assurance that he will continue to let his light shine forth, whenever the weary and downhearted call upon him.

It has not been my purpose in this brief summary to eulogize Mr. Ziegler beyond his deserts. If I could paint character with words, as truly as he does with his brush, I could make you see him and love him as we of the north do. Perhaps you will understand him better when I tell you that more than any clergyman I have ever known he has drawn to his church services men of all creeds and men of no creed. Catholic, Jew and Protestant have gathered in the Red Dragon and taken part in the simple Sunday services. In this age and land where the K. K. K. flourishes with its doctrines of racial and religious discord, what finer tribute can we pay to The Little Minister than that? He drew unto him and did his share to fuse into a harmonious whole those elements which in other communities, less tolerant than the north, have been separated by the serpent of bigotry to the injury of our country. To some of us Mr. Ziegler has such a true cath-

olicity of religion, such freedom from bias, such a receptive friendliness to all beliefs, that it must stand forth as his chief characteristic. He was

a Minister of God. He plowed the field and brought forth good works. Alaska needed him and still needs him. We of the north hope he comes back.



# A Conflict Between Two Medicines

By MYRTLE R. WRIGHT, R. N.,

Of St. Timothy's Mission.

Have you ever stood and watched one child ailing unto death—dying—without being able to save it when you knew it could be saved? Have you ever had to see not one but many die in the course of a few years, and feel a blinding anger surging within you at the apparent coldness and indifference of human beings? Then you know how some of us feel at times in the isolated mission stations of Alaska.

Last month the first doctor in ten years visited St. Timothy's Mission on the upper Tanana River. His visit to Tetlin, a native village forty miles distant, was the first, the very first visit of an M. D. to the Indians of that region, and yet white men have been passing through and living there since the Dawson stampede, and a traveling missionary has visited there almost once or twice yearly for about fifteen years.

Since the advent of the white man among these native peoples of the upper Tanana they and their children have been dying from tuberculosis. They could every one be helped or saved if they could be taught and cared for properly. There are miles and miles of clean, fresh, open country, and clean, fresh air. Caribou—hundreds and hundreds pass through this country and along the mountain sides every spring and fall, the rivers and lakes have plenty of whitefish and greyling, and yet the children starve and cough and are kept confined to the hot, smelly one-room cab-

ins when they have reached an advanced stage of their illnesses, and we wish it might be different.

The Indians in this particular section of Alaska had no knowledge of the use of simple remedies for the sick. If a child became constipated and remained so for three, six, eight or more days, and became naturally feverish and dull with no desire to eat, etc., the medicine men were called in to find out whether the child was destined to live or die. All the people gathered, crowding into the one-room cabin or "dug-out", chanting the weird "medicine songs" to the time of the drum while the medicine men went into their trances. They then would say that the child had "a very bad sickness" and could not recover, after that the child would probably be rolled and mauled about while the noise of the drum and singing continued. Then the child would be left lying, without any clothing, on a skin in a corner covered with a bit of skin or old blanket until it died. After the crude burial the parents would give a little feast to lighten their hearts and also as an expression of their gratitude to those who helped with the burial. These customs are still practiced in this section.

If the medicine man says a person is to die, it is almost useless to interfere, for if you save the person's life a little longer you are bringing bad luck on everyone for defying the word spoken by the medicine man.



Of course, since the mission was started here eleven years ago, these people are easier to help now, some of the younger parents are beginning to listen to us when we say their children need not nor should not die, and the death rate is gradually lessening. If we can get the child during the very first symptoms of their ailments, we can do a great deal, considering the lack of equipment, etc. But if the child has been away for a time at a hunting camp and then returns seriously ill, we cannot save it.

One little girl began complaining of pain in the hip last summer, she was losing weight, would not eat properly, etc. Of course she needed to be in a hospital under a doctor's care. The best we could give was repeated warnings and advice, "plenty of good food, plenty of fresh air." The child was soon unable to walk without a great deal of pain both in the hip and knee. She was put to bed in a one-room cabin where the family live, eat, sleep and entertain, and there she remained. We urged her parents to take her out of doors daily in a sled, to make her drink the canned milk we would supply, to eat the nourishing dishes I prepared, all in vain, once in bed there she must remain. "She no like milk, she no want rice, mush, etc., dried apples, that's all she wants." You may wonder why we didn't make them take her out of doors, make her eat, etc. We knew the poor little one could not live long, if we interfered too much, strange to say, they would bitterly blame us for her death and it would be a long time before we could do anything from a medical standpoint again.

As long as we are not able to take the children away from their parents when they are sick we cannot control them, and a sick Indian child is never

made to do anything. If I occasionally "make" a child take a dose of castor oil, the mother often suffers and weeps more than the child. Some mothers know now that if their child gets a needed dose he recovers immediately, but they will not give the medicine if "he no want it," I must give it.

We need a dispensary and a nurse, and a traveling doctor, at least, who could visit all these villages at least once a year. I have my own home work and the baby to care for, I cannot care for and instruct these people as they need to be cared for. They need so much practical instruction in the first principles of sanitation and hygiene. One of my hopes is to get a little place arranged where I might in time persuade the mothers to come at childbirth and be cared for as they cannot be in those one-room cabins with men, women and children running in and out continually.

When Dr. Sutherland visited here last month he helped us in our work more than he could ever know. He was with the government party sent to investigate a murder case at Tetlin. The Indians are in awe of the government men! Dr. Sutherland told them many things we have been telling them, it makes more impression to have a stranger tell the same things.

The doctor very kindly examined all our ailing people, prescribing for them, incising tubercular abscesses, etc., so I have been quite busy with a daily dispensary since. There are several children in the near villages suffering from tubercular glands which should be operated upon. We are 550 miles from the nearest hospital, which is at Fairbanks. Our modes of travel are poling boat in summer and dog team in the winter. One trip a summer is made by a freighting steam-

boat, no passenger boat ventures this far. Mail comes once a month from Chicken by pack-horse in the summer, and dog team in the winter.

The Indians cannot pay the large doctor and hospital bills at Fairbanks, so those glands enlarge and drain and grow worse. Then the cough begins and we must stand by and watch another child die when it might have been well and strong.

And yet all this big, wonderful country belongs to our own United States, the Indians are our charges. As American citizens we should remember they are here. Besides they are a long way as yet from taking our word and advice when it is contrary to the medicine man's, but how can we expect otherwise when in all this vast country with a radius of 150 miles there are seven native villages with but one missionary and his wife, and two day schools. The government is starting a day school at Tetlin, and we have one here at St. Timothy's when possible. The other five villages have a church service once or twice a year or none at all, and the children never go to school!

If our church or the government does not come to take care of these, their

own children, soon, there won't be many to care for by and by. It seems unfair to me that so much goes to take care of the sick and unlearned of our neighbor's children, and our own children of our own United States are left to die because we will not help them. We have invaded their native land brought the "bad sicknesses" of tuberculosis and influenza to them, trapped out their furs and added much to the wealth of our country, but give them nothing good in return. They too are God's children, but few of them know it. Are we, as followers of Christ, never going to help them to find Him? Are we, as American citizens, never going to realize our responsibility to these peoples and go on depriving them of schools, of medical care, of religious teaching?

The missionaries of Alaska are doing the best they can, but there is so much to do and so few to do it. Some of us are apt to get a little discouraged sometimes, especially when we see little children dying because of the blinding superstitions of their parents and our inability to counteract them because of our lack of equipment and workers.





Mission of St. Johns--Allakaket

## Christmas, 1923

### At the Mission of St. John's in the Wilderness

By DEACONESS MURIEL THAYER

Due to a mix up in the mails, Deaconess Thayer's article should have arrived before her article, "The First Three Months of 1924 at the Mission of St. John's in the Wilderness," which was published in the April issue of *The Alaskan Churchman*.

So that our readers may better understand the conditions at the Mission the time the article was written, it was thought best to publish the story just as it was written instead of re-writing it to follow the story already published.

THE EDITOR.

Christmas Day this year found only a part of our natives gathered here. This was due to the scarcity of skins and their heavy debts at all the stores, also there has been only four and one-half inches of snow and the trails are almost impossible for families where there are many small children. Only one hundred and five of our natives assembled. The Kobuks were very few in number this year.

At present none of these natives are in need of anything, but unless the returns from the trap-lines increase during the remaining winter

months, I fear these natives will suffer next year. All the stores have issued credit to these natives, expecting to receive sufficient skins from them to clear their accounts, but so far skins have been scarce this winter and the traders are likely to suffer great loss this year, which these natives will have to make good next year.

Twenty-three of our little school boys and girls hung their stockings in the Mission cabin Christmas Eve. These natives had a fine dance Christmas Eve until midnight, when we had the watch service in church, after which most of the natives continued dancing until four o'clock Christmas morning.

At nine o'clock Christmas morning the school children assembled for their stockings, many having rushed to the cabin as soon as they awoke, not even waiting for their breakfasts, as the older folks were still sleeping after dancing so late. All the girls received a nicely dressed doll and the boys had knives, or watches or fine rubber balls. Morning service was held at eleven in the nicely decorated church and at five o'clock all gathered in the decorated dance hall, and while gathered near a well trimmed spruce tree singing carols, "Santa and His Pack Arrived.

Mr. Ulmer, en route over the Alatna, arrived the day before Christmas and assumed the character of "Santa" for our tree celebration. He made a splendid "Santa" causing many shouts at his actions and some tears on the part of little ones, so easily alarmed by strange people. After "Santa" had distributed a gift to each man, woman and little child, dancing began and continued until four in the morning. Everybody enjoyed themselves and all were quite happy.

Although in a native community, away in the wilderness, we were fortunate in having a fair gathering of whites.

The mail carrier of this route, Mr. John Adams and his wife, arrived from Tanana two days before Christmas and spent Christmas with us, continuing on their way to Wiseman, early on the 26th. Mr. Ulmer, on his trail testing trip through the Alatna arrived from Tanana the day before Christmas. These visitors together with the three local traders and ourselves made a fine white gathering so far north.

There is to be a large potlatch at Hughes about New Year, so some of our Indians have left here now to attend that potlatch. It was strange having so few natives in for Christmas.







The Late C. W. Scarborough With Goats Killed Near Cordova

## Death of Charles Scarborough

The following letters give the details of the tragic death of Chas. W. Scarborough, who was the author of that interesting story "The Trip That Failed" in the October, 1923, issue of the Alaskan Churchman.

Mr. Scarborough made his home in Cordova for several years and was well liked by all he met. Truly we have lost a man who was our friend while Alaska has lost a good and upright citizen.

BARROW, ALASKA,  
MAY 27, 1924.

THE MAYOR,  
CORDOVA, ALASKA.  
DEAR SIR:

I take the liberty to advise you of the fatal venture of the late Charles W. Scarborough, who, I take it for granted, had friends and ac-

quaintances in your city, having known him a short time and judging from his personal letters that are here.

After having worked in Nome for a year, Mr. Scarborough joined a small trading expedition, intending to spend two or three years among the Eskimos of Banks Land and

Coronation Gulf to take motion pictures of the life of the different tribes in that part of the country.

The party of five white men left Nome in the fall of 1923, and did not reach Barrow until about the tenth of September which is the time for ships to be leaving the Arctic Ocean. Since they were so late, their ship the Duxbury, got only as far as Flaxman Island, where they were prevented from making further progress on account of the incoming ice-pack. They made preparations to winter there.

It was while on a hunting trip for caribou, that Mr. Scarborough left the rest of the party much against their wishes and warnings, was lost in a snowstorm an hour afterwards and was never seen again, as the following copy of a letter from C. K. Larsen, Captain of the Duxbury, to Mr. Brower, the local trader, will explain.

The letter is as follows:

FLAXMAN ISLAND.

FEBRUARY 23, 1924.

MR. CHAS. BROWER,

POINT BARROW, ALASKA.

DEAR SIR:

This is the first opportunity of getting any mail to you to notify you of the sad mishap of losing one of my party, Charles Scarborough, the photographer.

Three of us went up Canning River on a hunting trip and we were returning with a load of meat. We had traveled three days down river which was slow going on account of overflows on the ice and heavy load. We camped on November 26 about 45 miles from the mouth of the river. He spoke of going straight to Flaxman Island the next day, which he said could not be as far as we said it was. He was warned

by both my partner and I not to try that, not even to leave the sled, for some accident might befall him. He had gotten his feet wet the day before this in the overflows. On the morning of November 27 we left our tent very early in the morning to get the benefit of the morning moon. He leaving about 20 minutes or a half hour before the sled. About three hours after we left camp a wind sprang up which turned into a blinding blizzard which made travel with the sled slow although the wind was pretty near in our backs. We could not see where we were going only by following the ice. Evidently he never stopped. He tried to make Flaxman Island camp for we never saw him again. We were four days getting to the mouth of the river with the sled. We went down the east-fork which is better going on account of the ice to travel on. At the mouth of the river we met Keesik boy, so we left our sled and went over to his place that night.

Keesik had been down the coast that day, which was the first good day we had since the storm started. He told us of seeing tracks which were those of a white man who seemed to have his feet frozen, because he was taking very short steps. He had missed Keesik's cabin on Konganevik Point, although he found the other cabin about nine miles below there where he had gone inside and tried to start a fire with some yarn which he had torn from his mitten string, but he failed to get a fire started probably because his hands were too cold or his matches were wet.

From the cabin his tracks were followed right straight out on the ice to an open lead where no more trace of him could be found. Had

he followed the beach he would have found a cabin in either direction within 100 miles.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) C. K. LARSON.

Captain Schooner Duxbury.

Mr. Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, who with the rest of the members of his expedition came here by way of the east coast and met the men of the Duxbury, confirms his opinion with what we had previously supposed; namely that it was after a quarrel which

followed the disagreement as to the distance that they were from home which led Scarborough to go his own way and refuse to listen to advice. The men urged him to take a sleeping bag with him on his back. If he had only done that, he would probably have been able to survive the storm, but he invited death through his stubbornness.

Yours very truly,

P. H. VANDER STEERE,  
U. S. Government Teacher.





# Our Archdeacon Takes Unto Himself A Bride



Attracted to each other when children going to school and the attraction having grown so strong that it was irresistible, Miss Rebecca V. Wood of Edenton, North Carolina, left her southern home headed for Seattle, Washington. Up in the far north the attraction had grown even stronger, and the Archdeacon of the Yukon, Frederick B. Drane, no longer able to resist, started traveling south, also headed for Seattle.

Both reached their destination safely and on Tuesday morning, September 23, at Trinity Church, Canon W. H. Bliss performed the beautiful Episcopal ceremony which united them in

marriage. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple embarked on the good steamer Admiral Watson, which was to carry them the first 2,000 miles toward their home in Nenana.

The acting editor had the pleasure of meeting the Archdeacon and his charming bride and was only too sorry that the steamer was not longer in port so that better entertainment could have been provided and a better acquaintance made.

The Alaskan Churchman joins with their many friends in wishing the newlyweds happiness and prosperity.





# The Business Manager's Page

## FIRST YEAR'S WORK COMPLETED

With this, the October issue, the first year's service as business manager of the Alaskan Churchman is completed. While it is true that all has not been accomplished that was planned, yet in looking over the year's work, feel that it was worth while and the results obtained have been more than gratifying. Due credit for the success obtained is given to the editor and his associate for their timely suggestions and ever ready willingness to assist when the work was heavy.

## THE JANUARY ISSUE

The past year has seen the Churchman late on its issue dates. This has been a hard matter to overcome for various reasons and the January issue will be no exception to the past year's issuance, as it will not be before February 1 that it is mailed. The business manager is human like the reader and after six years of work in Alaska has decided to take a vacation and visit with relatives in California returning to headquarters about January 10. Immediately on his return every effort will be made to get the publication out as soon as possible.

## TESTIMONIALS

"I am much interested in your paper and wish it all possible success and many subscribers who are punctual in renewing their subscriptions."

"Your paper is always of much interest and well conducted."

"I always enjoy the Churchman and am interested in our work in that (to us) far away land."

"I take pleasure in sending you check for one dollar for another year's payment of subscription to your very interesting paper."

"I enjoy the Churchman greatly, also your fine drawings. It is so different from our other church papers."

"I do not wish to be without the paper for it certainly is a fine periodical and I am deeply interested in its circulation."

"I enjoy the paper greatly and always want to have it as do the other ladies for whom I am renewing subscriptions."

"I hope you will pardon my letting the subscription go so long but it has been an oversight as I had not received a bill before. I am very much interested in the Churchman, having taken the inside trip to Alaska and having met so many of the missionaries."

"I enjoy reading this missionary magazine very very much. It is always so full of interesting matter."

"I think your magazine most interesting and improving all the time. The illustrations are especially charming."

"I have taken it for a good many years and have enjoyed it so much and would not give it up."

"The Alaskan Churchman has real live intensely interesting articles of work, adventure and heroism. It is equal to the Geographic Magazine and I would not want to be without it. My heartiest good wishes to all who live and work in Alaska, not forgetting the valuable and wonderful friends the Alaskan dogs who are pioneers too, in the Church's noble work as well as the friends to all men.

"I enjoy every page of the Alaskan Churchman, in fact I think it almost the best of Church periodicals I receive, at least the most satisfactory. It is wonderfully attractive as is everything connected with our missions in Alaska."

"Am sorry I did not realize my subscription had expired or would have renewed it before."

"I think it wonderful that such an attractive little magazine can be published in the far north and feel that those of you who do the work deserve a tremendous amount of credit both for the Churchman and all other branches. The illustrations are particularly fine. I only wish that I could do more to help."

"My subscription price is enclosed and I just want to add how much I appreciate the Churchman, the only church paper I read with satisfaction, and congratulate you upon its most attractive make up."

"I read with great interest your Alaskan paper and am sorry to have neglected payment for it. Just overlooked the date."

"I am sorry the subscription was overlooked for I would be sorry not to receive the magazine."

"My failure to send in my subscription to your good little magazine was entirely an oversight. Was under the impression I had done so as I would never forego the pleasure of getting it."

"Truly regret having overlooked my subscription to the Alaskan Churchman last year and hope it will not occur again. Take much interest in the Churchman and Missions therefore will not willingly omit my renewal subscription."

"I am glad to send a check for two dollars, one for subscription, one for luck. The Churchman interests me greatly and I would not give it up."

"I thank you very much for letting me know that my subscription to the Churchman was delinquent. The Alaskan Churchman is a splendid magazine and I sincerely hope that you have reason for encouragement."

"Am only too glad to renew my subscription to the Alaskan Churchman as I have been a subscriber ever since the paper was started. Forward my copy to my daughter in Tasmania so the interest in the Alaskan work goes round the world. Wishing you all success."

"I think the Churchman is most interesting. Was so sorry to learn of the fire in the girls school at Anvik and hope our Woman's Auxiliary can send a small contribution."

"Thank you for notifying me that my subscription to the Alaskan Churchman was due. I certainly enjoy reading about the missions that are dear to the hearts of all Auxiliary women."



Dr Chapman's Residence at Anvik

## Mission Notes

### Fire at Anvik

By THE REV. H. H. CHAPMAN

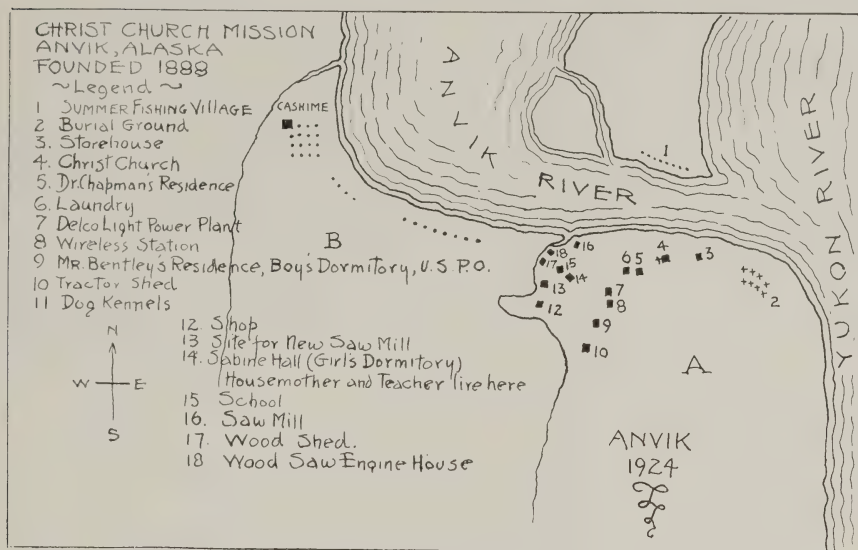
The girl's dormitory and the schoolhouse at Anvik were destroyed by fire early on the morning of June 25th. The blaze was discovered at two o'clock in the morning and gave Miss Lucas and the girls barely time to escape.

The fire originated in the girl's house, which included the dining room for both girls and boys and

rooms for the housekeeper and the school teacher. Thence it spread to the schoolhouse close by.

Everything in the dormitory was lost, but the contents of the schoolhouse were saved and no one was injured. The loss is only partly covered by insurance.

As before, the neighbors turned out to help, and it was due their cooperation that the fire was kept from spreading to the woodshed and the woodpile, containing between sixty and seventy cords of wood.



Dr. Chapman plans to build a new wing on the boy's house and fit it up as a temporary dwelling for the girls and the ladies of the staff. The work of rebuilding is now under way.

## Christ Church Mission Anvik, Alaska

By REV. JOHN W. CHAPMAN, D. D.

### Progress of the New Building.

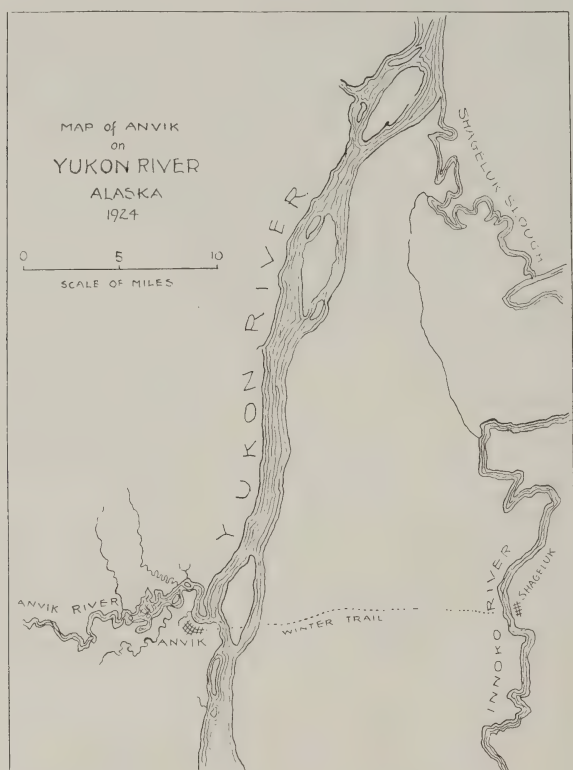
The building has the same dimensions as the one that was destroyed by fire last June. That is 55 feet by 25 feet. It is, however, to be a frame and not a log house. Before work could be begun upon the building, it was necessary to saw out some 15,000 feet of lumber. Before the lumber could be sawed it was necessary to install the new sawmill brought in last year, and to try it out, as well as to put in a log way and hoist and haul up 180 logs. The mill works to perfection. The logs have

been hauled out and most of them have been sawed. The house has been framed and the sheathing of the roof has been laid. This has been done during the busy fishing season and during two weeks of extremely wet weather. The prospect of having all our people housed before winter is very good indeed. Great credit is due to our foreman, Mr. Chase, and to the workmen who "carried on."

### Fish and Berries.

The present season has been one of the greatest salmon seasons known for several years, but the rains have caused the loss of many of the fish that were drying upon the open racks. The men who had smoke houses saved their fish and the market is well supplied. Blueberries are abundant. A party, consisting of three or four families, with several little children, returned from a trip up the Anvik river last week, with their pails full. Bear tracks were abundant and Kate Painter saw the bear that made them at a distance of about thirty yards. She





reported to one of the men, who shot the bear.

#### The Menace of Liquor.

It is only within the past two years in this neighborhood. Liquor is being made at Hall's Rapids, thirty miles above Anvik, and during the past year it has caused trouble at Anvik, Shageluk and Bonasila. On the night of the fire, June 25th, nearly every man in the village came to our assistance, but one individual did not appear. He remained in the village and was reported as drunk and offensive. At Shageluk

last winter, a woman had to ask the trader to protect her from a drunken man, and two of the women at Anvik complained that they had been put to fear by drunken men. A man of Anvik complained that he had been urged to drink by a transient from another locality and the offender was called up before the Anvik council.

It is reported that this man and his brother were drinking together at Bonasila last week, and that the older of the two afterwards fell from his boat while drunk and was drowned.

## St. George's Church Cordova

Miss Elsie Waitz of Berkeley, California, has taken charge of the church school of St. George's Church since the departure of the Rev. Mr. Ziegler.

The church school is in excellent shape, about thirty children being present each Sunday.

Miss Betty Foster is the organist and assists Miss Waitz in teaching.

### A PLEASANT VISIT

Deaconess Muriel Alice Thayer recently passed through Cordova on her way to Crockett, California, from St. John's Mission in the Wilderness at Allakaket, where she has been stationed for some time.

During the short stay of the steamer she was on, in Cordova, the Reverend E. P. Ziegler and the Business Manager had a very pleasant visit with her and trust that when she passes this way again, the visit will be of longer duration.

### THE ALASKAN CHURCHMAN CALENDAR NOW READY

The 1925 Alaskan Churchman Calendar, printed in clear, plain type with the church days of each month marked and containing twelve Alaskan views,, is now ready for distribution.

Send all orders to The Alaskan Churchman Calendar, P. O. Box 6, Haverford, Pa., and your letter will be given prompt attention. The price of the calendar is 50 cents.

### ON FURLOUGH

The Rev. B. W. and Mrs. Gaither left St. Paul's Mission at Eagle during September, on a year's furlough to their home in Tarboro, N. C.

The Victoria, on which they sailed from Seward for Seattle, did not put in at Cordova and consequently we, in Cordova, did not have the pleasure of meeting them, but are looking forward to that pleasure on their return to Alaska.

### FAREWELL PARTY GIVEN TO REV. AND MRS. ZIEGLER

On Friday evening, September 19, the Women's Auxiliary of St. George's church gave a farewell party to Rev. and Mrs. Ziegler, who had announced their sailing date from Cordova for Seattle, Washington, where they will make their future home.

Meeting at a designated place, the party of eighteen first attended the show at the Empress Theatre, and afterwards went to the Model Cafe, where a delicious repast was served.

Mrs. J. A. White, the president of Women's Guild in a few well-chosen words presented to Rev. and Mrs. Ziegler, as a parting gift, an inkwell, made of three different kinds of copper ore, which had been taken from the mines adjacent to Cordova.

At a late hour the party broke up and as good nights were said, all felt that although the contemplated departure had been known for some time, the first ties of sixteen years of friendship had been broken and we could no longer call the Rev. and Mrs. Ziegler our own.





St. Matthew's Church—Fairbanks  
(Courtesy of Mr. Manger)

## Memorial Tablet Unveiled at St. Matthew's Church, Fairbanks

By THE REV. H. H. CHAPMAN

St. Matthew's Church was the scene of a beautiful and impressive ceremony on July 25th, when a bronze tablet in memory of Archdeacon Stuck and Hunter B. Temple was unveiled and dedicated. Mr. Temple was an acolyte of St. Matthew's Cathedral, Dallas, who lost his life in an airplane crash on April 14, 1924. The tablet is the gift of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Temple.

Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker of Dallas delivered the address. Following the address Archdeacon Stuck's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung.

The tablet was unveiled by Miss Jean Bunnell, daughter of President Charles E. Bunnell of the Alaska Agricultural College. Included in the congregation were a number of tourists from Dallas, among them members of St. Matthew's Cathedral.



Mission of St. John's—Fort Yukon

## Mission Residence at Fort Yukon Destroyed by Fire

The Cordova Daily Times of October 2 contained the following news dispatch covering the destruction of the mission at Fort Yukon. There has not been time for a letter to come from the interior giving the full details so we are publishing the news item as received:

DAWSON, Y. T., Oct. 2.—The residence and mission buildings at Fort Yukon were consumed by fire, including the contents, which consisted of winter supplies and clothing. Defective wiring is blamed for the catastrophe. The hospital building was saved. The news was brought here by the steamer Yukon. Dr. Grafton Burke was in charge and has been for years past, working under Archdeacon Stuck. Although most of the time Fort Yukon is a small and quiet vil-

lage, yet for a time during the summer and toward Christmas, when the fur buyers and hunters congregate there the population is increased to about 200 whites and 400 natives. This is one of the greatest fur centers in the north.

ANCHORAGE, Oct. 2.—Additional reports received here indicate that the recent fire at Fort Yukon burned the mission and headquarters of the Episcopal church in Alaska. The mission house was two stories high and was occupied by native girls who were attending the school. It contained a valuable library and works of art, gifts of renowned travelers. It was the former home of Archdeacon Stuck. The orphan girls have been moved into one of the Bureau of Education buildings.



## Appeals

1. For St. Mark's School, the sum of \$200 as an annual scholarship for ten of the children of this boarding school. These appeals sometimes bring in new scholarships, and we assure our readers that the appeal is urgent. For this past year our expenses amounted to \$10,000 with resources totaling only \$5,000, leaving the balance to be raised by Bishop Rowe. This means an ever-increasing burden on him and the rest of the workers. Send in your scholarships either direct to St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, or mark "Special for St. Mark's Nenana," and send to the Treasurer of the Missionary Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

2. For Christ's Church Mission School, Anvik. The above appeal should also be applied to the Anvik School, as the needs are the same.

3. At St. Mark's, Nenana. Clothing of all kinds for boys and girls of from three years to fifteen. Quite often we

experience a shortage of clothing for the boys and girls entrusted to us at our boarding school. Then when there is clothing to spare, it is possible for us to trade the same to the Natives of the vicinity for such necessities as fresh meat, berries and mocassins, which we must have for the children. The Natives in turn profit, for from us they can thereby obtain better clothing than can possibly be procured at the stores, in exchange for articles that are not always negotiable at the stores.

4. Material for making dresses is also asked for, as the girls at St. Mary's are taught to sew and make their own clothes.

5. Books and magazines are requested for St. Mathew's Magazine Committee, Fairbanks. There is a ready call for all that you can send.

6. Books, subscriptions to magazines for the Red Dragon Club House, Cordova, Alaska.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

### CALIFORNIA

#### Diocese—

San Francisco—The Rev. Frank P. Church, 1217 Sacramento Street.

Los Angeles—Mrs. Abiel Leonard, 316 S. Ardmore Avenue.

Los Angeles—Miss Marriott, 2279 29th Place.

### CUBA

Cuba—Miss R. S. Harris, Care Harris Bros. & Company, O'Reilly 104 Havana.

### CONNECTICUT

Connecticut—Mr. Rowland M. Beach, 16 France Street, Norwalk.

### DELAWARE

Delaware—Mrs. R. B. Raynor, 903 Franklin Street, Wilmington.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Miss Frances C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, N. W.

### GEORGIA

Georgia—Miss Gertrude J. Corney, 872 Hickman Road, Augusta.

Georgia—Mrs. M. D. Dickenson, Douglas.

### ILLINOIS

Evanston—Miss Mabel V. Holgate, 2651 Stewart Avenue, Evanston.

### INDIANA

Indianapolis—Miss M. J. Collis, 1314 First Avenue, Indianapolis.

### IOWA

#### Diocese—

Iowa—Mrs. John Arthur, Cedar Rapids.

### LOUISIANA

Louisiana—Miss Gladys M. Fry, 908 Fern Street, New Orleans.

### MINNESOTA

Minnesota—Mrs. B. I. Stanton, 542 Portland Avenue, St. Paul.

### MISSOURI

Missouri—Mrs. May Scovern Hunt, Macon.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire—Mrs. Robert Alex. Southworth, Little Boars Head.

### NEW JERSEY

New Jersey—Miss M. F. Jones, 137 Aberdeen Road, Elizabeth.

### NEW YORK

Long Island—Mrs. W. W. Sabine, Nyack 960 Park Place, Brooklyn.

New York—Mrs. W. A. Bridgeman, River View Manor, Hastings-on-Hudson.

New York—Miss Alice Wood Daley, 393 St. Paul's Avenue, Stapleton, Staten Island.

Western New York—Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Avenue, Rochester.

### NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville—Mrs. F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon.

North Carolina—Mrs. M. J. Dauer, 103 N. 7th Street, Wilmington.

North Carolina—Miss Emma J. Hall 800 N. Tryon Street, Charlotte.

### OHIO

Southern Ohio—Mrs. W. K. Schoepf, 622 Oak Street, Cincinnati.

### OREGON

Oregon—Mr. John W. Lethaby, 10-11 Ainsworth Bldg., Portland.

### PENNSYLVANIA

Bethlehem—Miss Fannie M. Butler, Mauch Chunk.

Pennsylvania—Miss Ann Booth, Haverford.

### RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island—Mrs. Winslow Upton, 30 Forest Street, Providence.

### SOUTH CAROLINA

South Carolina—Mrs. Wyndam Manning, 900 Lawrens Street, Columbia.

### TEXAS

Dallas—Mrs. Helen Easton, 1921 Pine Street.

West Texas—Mrs. J. M. Pettus, Gollad.

### VIRGINIA

S. W. Virginia—Mrs. Gordon H. Baker, Reanoke.

### WISCONSIN

Milwaukee—Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac.

# Directory of Alaskan Workers

## BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office, 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

## ARCHDEACON

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (1915)  
Nenana, Alaska.

## MISSION STATIONS

**Allakaket**—(P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River — St. John's-in-the Wilderness:—  
Miss Amelia E. Hill, R. N. (1922).  
Miss Florence Huband.

**Anchorage**—Outlying Camps, Railroad Work, etc:—  
Rev. Burdette Lansdowne.

**Anvik**—Christ Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman, D. D.  
Rev. John B. Bentley, assistant (1921).  
Miss Marguerite Bartberger.  
Miss Ella B. Lucas, Housemother, (1923).  
Miss Keefe, Nurse.

**Chena**—St. Paul's Chapel:  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Chena Native Village—St. Barnabas:**—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission).

**Circle City**—Church of the Heavenly Rest (vacant).

**Cordova**—St. George's Church, Red Dragon Club House and Alaskan Churchman Scriptorium:—  
Priest on furlough.  
Miss Elsie Waitz in charge of church school.

**Chitina**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Douglas Island**—St. Luke's Church:—  
(Visited from Juneau).

**Eagle**—St. Paul's Mission:  
Priest on furlough.  
Walter Benjamin, Native Lay reader.

**Fairbanks**—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room. Camps visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood.  
Rev. Henry H. Chapman.

**Fort Yukon**—St. Stephen's Mission and Church.  
Rev. Grafton Burke, M. D.  
Miss Sands.  
David Wallis Staff Reader and Interpreter.  
Arctic Village.  
Bishop Rowe Chapel.  
Albert E. Trit.  
Native Lay Reader.

**Juneau**—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—  
Very Rev. Charles Rice Dean.  
Camps visited: Douglas Thane and Perseverance.

**Ketchikan**—St. John's Church Hospital and School:—  
Rev. Homer E. Bush.  
Miss A. Wilson Supt. of Hospital.

**Kennecott**—Visited from Cordova).

**McCarthy**—(Visited from Cordova).

**Nenana**—St. Mark's Mission (See Tanana Valley Mission).  
Miss Eola Clark.  
Deaconess Agnes Olivia Willing.  
Miss B. B. Blacknall (1921).  
Blind Moses, Native Lay Reader.

**Nome**—St. Mary's Church. (Vacant).

**Point Hope (Tigara)**—St. Thomas' Mission:—  
Rev. W. A. Thomas.  
Tony Joule, Assistant Teacher.

**Salchaket**—St. Luke's Mission (Vacant).

**Seward**—St. Peter's Church:—  
(Visited from Anchorage).

**Sitka**—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Mrs. J. H. Molineux.

**Skagway**—St. Saviour's Church:—  
(Visited from Juneau).

**Stephen's Village:**—  
Deaconess Harriet M. Bedell.  
Henry Hoses, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana**—St. James' Church. (Vacant).  
M. A. Fullerton, Lay Reader in Charge.

**Tanana Indian Village**—Mission of Our Saviour:—  
Deaconess Gertrude M. Stearne.  
Miss Nellie M. Landon, R. N.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

**Tanana Crossing**—St. Timothy's Mission:—  
Rev. Arthur R. Wright.

**Tanana Valley Mission**—Including Native Missions on the Tanana River; Nenana, Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing:—  
(Visited from Nenana.)

**Valdez**—Epiphany Church and Everyman's Club House:—  
(Visited from Cordova).

**Wrangell**—St. Philip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

Missionaries on furlough in the States, (address at the Church Mission House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City:—  
Miss Alice Wright (1914).  
Miss Lossie de R. Cotchett, R. N. (1921).  
Rev. B. W. Gaither.  
Miss Susan E. Smith (1921).  
Deaconess Muriel A. Thayer (1921.)

## The Woman's Auxiliary to the Presiding Bishop and Council.

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### OFFICERS OF THE MISSIONARY JURISDICTION OF ALASKA

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President—Mrs. Lou Smith, Cordova.

Vice President—Mrs. E. L. Harwood,  
Cordova.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Elsie C.  
Waitz, Cordova.

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## Standing Notices

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**MAIL**—All Alaskan postoffices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Anchorage. Other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trials for their mail.

All points in the Interior receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which

has a weekly service. Anvik receives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any article which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

**FREIGHT**—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

**EXPRESS**—There are offices of the Wells Fargo Express Company throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

**NOTE**—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, The Red Dragon, Cordova, Alaska.



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